

JERSEY BEAT

ISSUE #56

Spring 1996

Two Dollars

ABC No Rio

Behind the
scenes at
the scrungiest
punk scene
in America

CHISEL

Hell No

Melting Hopefuls

Resolve

Solution AD

Punk Tour Diary


SXSW Report

Lots & lots of reviews



Cover by Joel Menter

SUPERDUDE



CD \$12

Cassette \$ 7

12" single \$ 4

Poster \$ 4

T-Shirt \$ 14

Prices are postpaid

GUERRILLA ROCK

"Rocks In Your Head"

Make check or money order payable to:

SUPERDUDE
97 Summit Street
Brooklyn, NY 11231

For more info call J.P. Productions
(718) 403-0463 (800) 407-2690



JERSEY BEAT

Issue 56, Spring 1996

418 Gregory Avenue
Weehawken NJ 07087
(201) 864-9054

email jimjbeat@aol.com

ad rates faxed on request

We appreciate receiving CD's and tapes to review but regret we can't possibly write about everything people send us. If we do review your work, we'll send you a copy. Feel free to follow up with a phone call or email, but I will probably only call you back if I haven't received your package or if I need more information for a story or review.

- Jim Testa

Editor & Publisher

Jim Testa

Columnists

David Brock, Mick Hale, Rodney Leighton, Greg Matherly, Dave Thirsty

Circulation

Dave Urbano

Contributors

Michele Amabile, Paul Barger, Jason Borucki, Tom Brebric, Jon Clark, Justine Demetrick, Donny The Punk, Dan Eldridge, Mike Fournier, Mike Glumac, Mat Gard, Keith Gordon, Amy Jacob, Howie Kutner, Bill Lutz, Frank Phobia, Phil Pinto, Johnny Puke, Dave Run It, Dave Sapp, Alex Saville, Shawn Scallen, Paul Silver, Brandon Stosuy, Alex Swain, Suzanne Thompson, Jamie Turner, Pat Waara

Ask Dr. DIY



dear JBeat:

i was just reading your new issue (editorial) and felt that it was time for me to spill the beans. i'm a one-sided knife!! here i am in a band and i'm not even sure if i can stand the people i'm playing to. and now that i think about it i wish other people in bands would feel the same. ok here it is. i think about shows that i've played and shows i've seen and the only thing i say to myself is why am i

here? i mean, all i see are a bunch of kids in some sort of big fashion state. then at the same time i think it is no different than the fashion show here 15 yrs ago. some how it just seems strange to me.

i find myself wanting to say to a bunch of kids with young faces to please hate me. beg beg for their hatred toward me. and at the same time it's always nice to play to a large crowd instead of no one. am i just crying for attention? or maybe i am just moody. i haven't figured it out yet. one side of me will cut through all the crap with huge insults toward all the fans of my band and all the kids that hate us. and the other is some kind of weak side that is a wimp for not saying all this out loud. this side also wants to be liked with open arms. which side is the truth? this what i have to figure out by myself. but do the kids that listen really care?

everytime i go into the punk chat room on aol the kids are just fighting over who is punker, NOFX or GREENDAY. it really depresses me. i think i should just stop caring. thank you for your time

Marc

Dear Marc,

The feelings you describe aren't at all unusual. Once I asked Jon Ginoli of Pansy Division what it was like to open for Green Day in big arenas. Jon said, "I looked out into the audience and you know what I saw? All the guys who used to beat me up in high school, calling out the songs they wanted to hear."

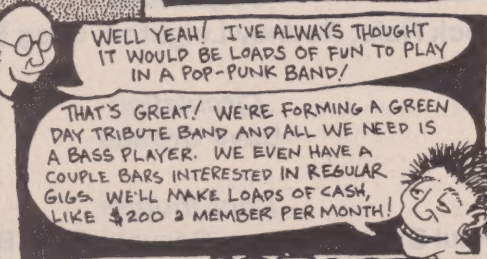
I think there are a couple of things going on here. First, you are being too hard on yourself. You pour a good part of your life into your band - time, energy, money. Why? To make music. To entertain people. Don't lose sight of that. The principles and beliefs behind punk rock are important, but it's still a form of entertainment. All the great hardcore and punk bands had a message, sure, but they also put on a helluva show. Making people think is noble; making them happy is a gift.

Secondly, you are being way too hard on your audience. You look

out at a crowd of young faces and see nothing but a fashion show? Look again. Those kids could have gone to the mall. They could have spent the afternoon shooting hoops in the park, or in their bedroom sniffing glue. The fact that they came to see your band means they are at least making an effort to make a connection with punk rock, to identify with values that are different from what most of their friends (and probably their parents, and teachers) are telling them. If all they find there is an elitist contempt for their efforts, then they're going to turn their backs on punk and look elsewhere for their fun, and their sense of community.

You should look at the kids who come to see your band as an opportunity, not a problem. Your first duty is to entertain them. Put on a great show. Make them go home thinking that they made the right choice in coming to a punk show, instead of all the other things they could have been doing. But don't be afraid to educate them as well. Look them in the eye and question their values, raise issues, make them think. Just don't insult their intelligence.

After all, they were smart enough to come see your band. That ought to count for something.



WHAT SHOULD WL' JIMMY PUNK DO?
SEND ME YOUR IDEAS FOR THE CONCLUSION
AND I'LL BASE THE NEXT STRIP ON
THE SUBMISSION I LIKE THE BEST.
SEND THEM TO: JOEL c/b JERSEY BEAT

EDITORIAL

Gabba, Gabba, We Respect You

The issue marks Jersey Beat's 14th anniversary, believe it or not. And to borrow a line from one of our more pre-eminent western philosophers, what a long strange trip it's been.

Twenty years ago, a friend and I braved our way down to CBGB's for the first time and saw the Ramones. In fact, I got to interview Joey and Johnny for my college newspaper. The Bowery in those days was a bleak and scary place, nowhere for two nice college boys from New Jersey to be wandering after dark. Back then, CBGB used to book two bands a night and have them each play two sets, except for the really popular acts like the Ramones, who'd take over a whole night and do three or four sets by themselves. A few vivid memories remain from that night: I remember how loud the Ramones were, louder than anything I had ever experienced before. And I recall how nice Johnny and Joey were when I interviewed them. Johnny showed me how he played barre chords and explained that his strokes gave off harmonics that weren't like what other rhythm guitarists played. (He was right, too. Lots of bands played power chords; none of them managed to sound like Johnny Ramone.) What I remember most of all is that after the interview, which we did after the band's first set, when my friend and I went back to our seats, Danny Fields (the Ramones' manager at the time) asked if we could scrunch into the corner so he could fit two more chairs at our front table. We scrunched... and Patti Smith and Bryan Ferry sat down next to us for the next set. That's what punk rock was in 1976, this tiny cabal of people discovering this loud new music. No poses, no fancy clothes, no labels, no rules... and most of all, no rock stars.

Just before this issue went to press, I went to see the Ramones again, one of the band's final New York City shows as part of its farewell tour. The show was at Coney Island High, a new club on St. Mark's Place, just a few blocks from CBGB and about the same size. It had been a long time since I had seen the Ramones, and probably more than 15 years since I had seen them in a venue smaller than a theater. I'm sorry now that I went. I expected - no, *needed* - transcendence. What I got was a band clearly over the hill and, despite the semi-historic nature of the occasion - clearly bored with what they were doing. In short, the Ramones sucked. Yes, they were still loud - those Marshall stacks packed in a crackerbox room like Coney Island High made it seem like sticking your head inside a jet engine - but the sound was mushy and badly distorted. The band was sloppy and out of sync; Johnny and Marky kept losing the beat, tripping over one another. Joey was even worse, slurring his way through half the songs as if he couldn't be bothered to remember or sing all the lyrics. Even when he starting pumping his fists during the big finale, he looked bored and unenthusiastic.

I can remember going to see the Ramones in the mid-Eighties and pogoing frantically through the whole set, singing along with every song, grinning ear to ear, and bouncing around like a maniac. At this show - jammed shoulder to shoulder with a motley collection of bikers, stoners, freaky kids with pierced eyebrows, and way too many blue collar shmoees from Jersey with beards and beer guts - all I wanted to do was leave. With the exception of a handful of kids in their painted black leather jackets, the night was about as "punk" as a Bruce Springsteen concert.

The moral to this story, I guess, is that nothing lasts forever and everything changes. The Ramones remained rock steady and true to their vision of themselves longer than almost any other band I can think of, but that farewell show convinced me that the time had come to say, "Adios, amigos." It's not that bad. I still have my memories of that show in 1976, back when the Ramones played with fire and

precision and could take your breath away. And when I need that adrenalin rush these days, I can always listen to the Queens, for whom punk is still a passion, and who I make me happy every time I hear them.

Speaking of passion, this issue is dedicated to the memory of Carol Schutzbank, the godmother of the Philly music scene, who passed away in December. Carol was a constant source of inspiration, one of the sweetest, most generous, and most passionate people I've ever known. We're all going to miss her. Her good friend Frank Phobia says good-bye elsewhere in this issue.

Our feature story on ABC No Rio does two things -- tries to recapture the excitement, fun, and creative energy that came out of the scene there in the early 1990's, as well as updating everyone on the current state of ABC's struggle for survival. We talk to two bands - Hell No and Chisel - who can trace their roots to that early ABC No Rio scene, and sample opinions - pro and con - about what happened when the fun stopped and the scene there slid into decline.

Lots of things went wrong that resulted in this issue being about a month late. I went to spend a weekend in New England with the Queens and wound up sick as a dog with a fever, my entire jaw swollen from a nasty infection. My camera broke and I lost several rolls of film. Special thanks go out to Justine Demetrick, who bailed us out with some primo photos; to our newest staffer, Michele Amabile; and to all the regulars who contributed stories, reviews, photos, and artwork. We apologize to everyone who sent us something to review that we didn't get to; the mail around here has been overwhelming. If you have any comments, complaints, compliments, or questions, send us a letter or an email.

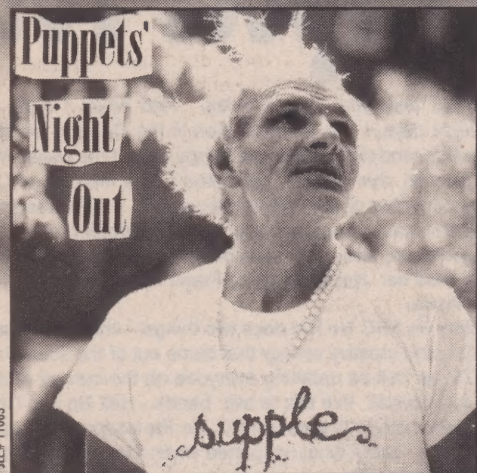
I hope you enjoy the rest of the issue. We'll see you again in the summer. Gabba gabba hey.

- Jim Testa



NO ED, THE SKY IS NOT FALLING...

IT'S NEW STUFF
FROM **FUTURIST!**



SEL # 11083

"PUPPETS' Night Out"
The Debut
FROM NYC's SUPPLE!

FUTURIST **RLG**

The Futurist Label Group, 6 Greene St., 2nd Flr., NY, NY 10013

also available:
Sometime Sweet Susan
"The Coming Lights"
Hooch "Maximum Shindig"



SEL # 11070

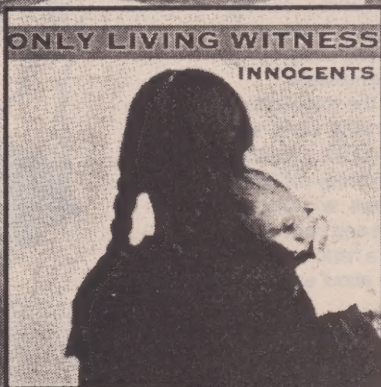


SEL # 11068

ALL MY HEROES LET ME DOWN

ONLY LIVING WITNESS
INNOCENTS

long awaited, finally here



CD 7815-2 MC 7815-4

**CENTURY
MEDIA**

For more info or free catalog write: Century Media Records 1453A 14th St., Suite 324, Santa Monica, CA. 90404 USA



Guest Editorial

Is ABC No Rio Worth Saving?

by Donny The Punk

It is not uncommon to be puzzled by one's own feelings (or lack of them), but in my experience there is usually something to be gained by examining the matter further and trying to figure out what the source of the feelings (or lack of them) might be. A few months ago, it struck me that I am relatively unmoved at the probable impending extinction of ABC No Rio, New York City's main (and only punk-run) club. Since I'd sought a punk-run club for punx in NYC since the mid-1980s, when I was coordinator of the Alternative Press & Radio Council for Greater New York (APRC), and it had been a dream of NYC punx since at least the 70s to have a full-time space of our own, this was puzzling.

First some background: when I got out of prison again in Sept 1990, I was glad to find ABC available to punx on Saturday afternoons and started going to shows there. Fast forward to May 1993, when the previous Board of Directors resigned and the punx took over the corporation, with me as Secretary of the Board. I enthusiastically undertook the duties of Secretary and attended most of the biweekly "core group" meetings of the collective which actually ran ABC in a democratic/anarchist fashion. When ABC lost its lease in May 94, I also went to all the meetings and helped organize the effort to keep the club alive.

Last fall, however, when the Board of Directors finally got around to holding its Annual Meeting (which should have been in May), I declined to serve another term and not only left the Board but also stopped attending the "core group" meetings, tho I continued to attend shows regularly for the rest of the year. Now that ABC is up against the wall, I find myself unable to summon up much enthusiasm for the fight.

Oh sure, in my head I hope that ABC survives. It is the mainstay of the noncommercial punk scene, it has been for years the vehicle for our dreams, and its loss would be a devastating blow. All my ideals tell me I should be in there fighting for it. It is a multi-arts center and I have always said punk is more than music. It is not out for profit, has no bouncers, is peaceful, anarchistic. You can smoke pot upstairs or in the backyard, go in and out, take all your clothes off, buy records cheaper at the tables than anywhere else in the city, meet all kinds of interesting people, have fun conversations even when the bands are boring, find people who are friendly rather than standoffish (which is rare in New York social establishments!). What's more, it's all-ages, you can buy cheap beer in the delis across the street and bring it in with you, booking is run by punx for punx, it's a dependable place to keep meeting friends, it's cheap (\$5 admission regardless of event), and it embodies the principles of community self-governance that any anarchist should embrace as an alternative to the capitalist profit-oriented rent-a-cop structure that otherwise prevails.

So my head says "do everything you can to save ABC", and it's my head that has been posting news on the net on behalf of ABC and interceding with Neil Strauss at the NY Times to write on behalf of the club, and that's been providing address lists to ABC people to use in their campaign to keep the club open.

BUT - my heart is no longer in it. Months ago I went down there to see the DC band THE SUSPECTS, taking a friend with me. We missed the opening band, which is not unusual. And the opening band turned out to be The Suspects, who had been billed 2nd out of 5 bands. This is about the fifth time this has happened to me lately, and of course I was mightily pissed off.

If ABC were to follow an explicitly anti-hierarchical playing order policy (which I urged back in my APRC days, when the APRC

shows had the bands play in an order determined by lot, not by popularity) then I would applaud, and I would probably be there at 4 pm more often, and would not feel like I've been deprived of anything. If I come late and miss the band I came to see. But it doesn't; it's like any other club in having a billing order and few fans there at the opening. And most of the time, the opening band is boring and if you do come early, you regret it. So I do often miss the openers. But ABC unexpectedly puts the best band on first just often enough to infuriate me when it happens. And I know this doesn't happen at a commercially-run club. (Incidentally, I have seen many hundreds

ABC'S BOOKING POLICY IS: ANYBODY CAN PLAY, PRETTY MUCH WITHOUT REGARD TO TALENT (BUT LYRICS ARE SCREENED FOR RACISM, SEXISM AND HOMOPHOBIA). THIS IS FINE IN PRINCIPLE, ACCORDS WITH THE PUNK IDEA THAT ANYONE CAN BE IN A PUNK BAND. BUT IN THESE DAYS OF THE DECLINE OF HARDCORE MUSIC'S CREATIVITY, THE RESULT, TO ME, IS STILL DISASTROUS. OBVIOUSLY THIS IS A VERY PERSONAL REACTION, BUT I'M HARDLY ALONE IN IT.

of opening bands, maybe over a thousand already. Back when my time was not so much in demand, I used to go religiously to catch the opening band. I even wrote a column for MRR called "Recon Report" which was strictly about opening bands. So don't think I'm callous about opening bands; it's just that I don't have as much time as I used to.)

This brings me to the problem of the music. If ABC's bands were usually interesting, I would go out of the way to get there early much more often. But frankly, most of the time, the bands at ABC simply bore me. ABC's booking policy is: anybody can play, pretty much without regard to talent (but lyrics are screened for racism, sexism and homophobia). This is fine in principle, accords with the punk idea that anyone can be in a punk band. But in these days of the decline of hardcore music's creativity, the result, to me, is still disastrous. Obviously this is a very personal reaction, but I'm hardly alone in it.

Very often there are more fans talking in the upstairs art gallery than watching the band downstairs. Most of the time there are more punx upstairs, in the backyard, or on the sidewalk than there are downstairs watching the band. Frankly, the bands at ABC, by and large, just haven't been interesting. They do nothing on stage but stand there and play, which is why a lot of people don't bother eyeballing them. And their music tends to be the same from band to band and from song to song. Obviously there are worthy

exceptions, but I'm giving my impression of the majority of bands I see. A lot of this is a general problem with hardcore, but also much of it is specific to ABC. ABC makes no attempt to get good bands, but passively reacts to the inquiries which come in from bands wanting to play there.

ABC refuses to advertise, as a matter of principle, OK. They also don't post or handout flyers or do much of anything else to interest people in coming. And the out-of-town bands also don't generally put out flyers, so frequently the audience is smaller than the total of musicians who come to play.

The other major problem has to do with running the club. The biweekly meetings were a huge waste of time, something I'm afraid I don't have much of. As time went on, the attendance became increasingly unrepresentative of the punk community which attended the music shows, and was more and more dominated by long discussions of art exhibitions and poetry readings and politics. Sporadic attempts were made to involve more of the punx, but once they had experienced a meeting, the punx generally stayed away. Thus, tho the club was theoretically punk-run, in practice it turned into something else.

Now, I'm told, the community meetings include very few if any punx and more people from the neighborhood, whose concerns are more directed to Hispanic culture. In effect, ABC is no longer a punk-run club.

Maybe this problem is simply insurmountable, and an anarchistic policy-setting group is inherently unrepresentative, attracting only those who like sitting thru long boring meetings. Certainly most of the punx at ABC take the club for granted and go there to enjoy its benefits but have no interest in themselves contributing to its upkeep, so I'm not just blaming the "collective". Most of the punx are just out to get drunk, have a good time, and try to avoid paying the \$5 admission if they can. They don't really support the club and the club doesn't do much to motivate them to support it; it's a mutual problem. Probably these punx will only wake up when ABC is gone and then they can bitch into their beer about what a great place it was and how the city is so cruel to take it away from them.

For myself, I finally took stock of my role at these meetings and decided after some two years of attendance that they were a waste of time for me. None of my suggestions were put into practice, tho a number were supposedly adopted and then forgotten. (Such was the dedication to anarchy among the collective that this was the usual fate of decisions, so I don't imply that I was singled out for inattention. The Board could never get a quorum and the collective didn't trust it anyway, but the collective generally didn't keep minutes, didn't keep track of its decisions, had no officers, and didn't keep track of its finances either. That's how ABC lost its multi-thousand-dollar-a-year grant from the NY State Council On The Arts; nobody felt responsible for keeping track of deadlines so the renewal application didn't get sent in.) Eventually I drew the conclusion that my presence made absolutely no difference and that therefore my time was spent better elsewhere. And I haven't been back to the meetings since.

So, yes, I am disillusioned with ABC, and disappointed, in a lot of ways. And yes, I will feel sad if and when it disappears, for as long as it exists, there is always a chance that things will change for the better. Maybe I am burnt out after too many years, or decades, of effort put into keeping the scene alive and honest, just too exhausted from too long a struggle against apathy. I tell myself that my involvement wouldn't be of any use at this point anyway. Maybe younger punx, their energies still fresh and undimmed from seeing their dreams decay, will carry on. For me, the noble experiment, the punk-run noncommercial club, has already turned to ashes. The brain says it still needs support, but the heart is no longer in it.

The writer has been called "Donny the Punk" since 1977, when he started hanging out at CBGB's and found himself, a formerly respectable journalist and magazine writer, drawn into the maws of PUNK Magazine, from which he emerged as an unpaid zine writer, now writing a column for Under the Volcano, live reviews for Sound Views, and periodic pieces for MRR; in recent years he has also become known as a skin-head, writing for skinzines, and will happily settle for "skunk."

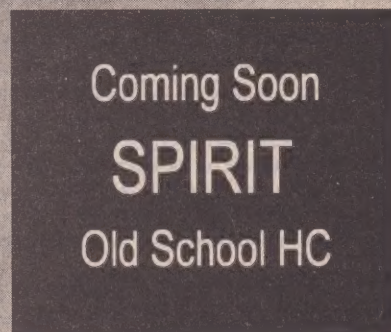
The Meaning of HardCore



Hogans Heroes "Uncle Ben" 7" \$4ppd



AGE-9 "Gross Times" CD \$10ppd



SPIRIT "S/T" 7" \$4ppd

Distributed By: Positive Face Records, Victory Records, Choke, Inc.

www.gemcorp.com/hardcore

RESURRECTION
RECORDS
PO Box 763
Red Bank, NJ 07701
ResRecords@aol.com

FADD
Productions

A Death In The Family

CAROL L. SCHUTZBANK, 1961-1995

by Frank Phobia

One way of remembering the date of December 19, 1995 would be to say that the biggest heart in the Philadelphia music community stopped beating. That cold winter morning at 10 a.m., the woman that almost single-handedly brought national respect and awareness to the Philly independent music scene, Carol Schutzbank, died of heart failure at Temple University Hospital.

Carol had a rare, undetected blood disease which caused a massive heart attack last February. The attack left the 34-year old, clean-living, vegetarian with the use of only 50% of her heart; a mere stumbling block for this strong-minded individual who didn't have the words "quit" or "give up" in her vast vocabulary. Carol was determined not to let this setback stop her from living. To Carol, "living" meant being the editor/advertising saleswoman/writer for *B Side* magazine, writing monthly columns for *Big Shout* and *M.A.P.P.S.*, an executive board member of the Delaware Valley Music Poll Awards, as well as her day job as an administrative assistant at Public Private Ventures, a Philadelphia social services organization.

However, while trying to lead a normal life, Carol's heart condition became more severe. On October 20, 1995, Carol underwent a heart transplant. Her only fear was receiving a heart ingrained with music she didn't like, so she made her own compilation tapes to be played in the operating room while she was getting rid of the bad ticker. She let me know later that a song by my band was blasting in the middle of the mix. It felt nice to know I was with her in some way.

Carol was always driven by music. Since I met her in 1985, her insight, passion, and positive energy towards music was always inspiring. She became a role model, a big sister, and coach for me. In the 1980's, Carol managed my favorite Philly bands, Ruin and Electric Love Muffin. She booked shows for clubs like the Kennel Club, Pulsations, Revival, and wrote for *Terminal* fanzine. She started a music resource organization called *Earwig* to promote Philly music at regional music events like SXSW, the CMJ and NMS conventions, and so on.

She was on a mission to bring attention to our area's music. In the past five years, Carol and I became close friends. We connected on so many levels about music and life in general. Whenever I needed a reality check thinking I was up on the current music releases and bands, I'd take a trip to Carol's tiny apartment. I'd sit on the living room floor surrounded by thousands of CD's and tapes she'd receive by mail for *B-Side*. I'd pick up any CD out of the pile and she'd look at it and give me a 30-50 word review. It was amazing. She *listened* to them all.

In recent years, Carol and I co-promoted two Rock For Choice shows with bands like Jawbox, Lunachicks, Alice Donut, Luscious Jackson, and many more. I became the 7-Inch editor and writer for *B-Side*. And Carol helped my band, Anthrophobia, through some tough times.

Last December, Carol was tying up last minute details for the Delaware Valley Music Poll Awards. She was in and out of the hospital each week for tests. She may have been scared and in pain, but to all those around her, she never caved in. She was in control, she was still a leader filled with life, energy, and a source of strength for the awards committee.

Ironically, Carol was readmitted to the hospital two days before the 4th Annual Delaware Valley Music Poll Awards ceremony. The night was filled with a strange, sad feeling

in the air. Something was definitely missing. Most of the presenters spoke about Carol, praising her and her accomplishments. Friends like Jonathan Poneman of Sub-Pop Records, Krist Novoselic, and Live's Chad Taylor, as well as band members, DJ's, and local celebrities asked that we pray and send good vibes in Carol's direction.

I spoke to Carol for the last time two days after the awards, as I was gathering pictures and news clippings to send to her at the hospital. She still spoke with enthusiasm and we talked about getting together when she got over her current hurdle.

A few days later, as I was ready to leave for the post office, I received a call from Kathy James, owner of the Philadelphia club J.C. Dobbs. She told me that about an hour earlier, our friend Carol had died. I was numb. She touched so many people's lives with her unforgettable charm, warmth, and honesty - qualities missing from most music industry types. I guess that made her just that much more special. She is sorely missed by everyone who had the honor of knowing her.

Donations are being accepted for the Carol L. Schutzbank Memorial Fund, c/o The Heart Transplant Unit, Temple University Hospital, Parkinson Pavilion #319, Philadelphia PA 19140. Fund raising concerts are also taking place in Philly with all donations going to the memorial fund. For more information, call Gregg Kirk at *Big Shout*, (302) 888-2929.



Carol, as we'll always remember her... smiling, and surrounded by friends (Carol, center; Frank Phobia, and the Lunachicks.

Includes previously unreleased CD of
rare Jimi Hendrix recordings

VOODOO CHILD



THE ILLUSTRATED LEGEND of JIMI HENDRIX

CREATED & PRODUCED BY
Martin I. Green



ILLUSTRATED BY
Bill Sienkiewicz

This unique graphic biography contains more than 900 original color illustrations. Layered with Jimi's own words, lyrics, and poetry, *Voodoo Child* interweaves fantasy and fact to re-create the life, times, and essence of the master musician and psychedelic blues gypsy.

The companion CD—*Jimi By Himself: The Home Recordings*—is an intimate visit with Jimi caught in the act of creating some of his most memorable compositions. The CD is available only with *Voodoo Child*.

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES ON
HENDRIX'S BIRTHDAY: NOVEMBER 27

\$34.95



PENGUIN STUDIO

Muddle



PO Box 621
Ithaca, NY 14851-0621
dbrown4@ic3.ithaca.edu

the SUBVERTS



pure PUNK
ON
CASSETTE

\$3 p.p.d
cash check. m'o 3

sub-vert' v. overthrow; destroy
—sub-ver'sion, n —sub-ver'sive,
adj., n

Michael Macomber
4311 Spruce, Apt. C5
Phila., PA 19104

SXSW MUSIC & MEDIA CONFERENCE, Austin Texas, March 14-17

by Jim Testa

It's no secret why the South By Southwest (or SXSW) Music & Media Conference has evolved into the biggest and most important event in the music business. There isn't a better place to be in March than Austin, Texas, with its warm, sunny days, Mexican cooking, gut-busting barbecues, locally-brewed beers, and a club scene big enough to embrace everything from Tejano to techno.

Every year, SXSW gets a little bigger and a little weirder; this year's 10th annual conclave drew over 4,000 conventioners and something like 400 bands and artists. Locals who didn't actually attend the convention could buy a wrist-band for about \$50 that got them into all of the shows (at least, all of the shows that weren't already filled to capacity,) and thousands of them showed up to help turn Sixth Street, Austin's main club strip, into a sort of slacker's Mardi Gras, a crazed, beer-swilling throng of music junkies that ran the gamut from baseball-capped frat boys to middle-aged, pony-tailed industry weasels to a seemingly endless array of tattooed, pierced, and t-shirted alternates.

For a New Yorker, used to seeing events like the CMJ Music Marathon or the Apple Music Festival (the successor to the once-mighty New Music Seminar) all but ignored by the rest of the city, it's amazing to watch how all of Austin embraces SXSW. A city where you usually have to phone for a cab is suddenly aswarm with cruising taxis. SXSW was the leadoff item on the evening TV news and trumpeted across the front page of the city's daily paper, the Statesman-American, every day of the conference, even though the city was going crazy with other events - NCAA basketball, a rodeo and livestock show, St. Patrick's Day. And Austin is the state capitol, don't forget. You'd think there'd be more on people's minds than a bunch of live bands and a town full of strangers in leather jackets and back-packs.

But then, Austin is a city that revolves around its music scene - not politics, not sports. Austin's rock critics are bigger celebrities than the mayor or the captain of the UT basketball team. And the zoning is nuts - you can make as much noise as you want anywhere in the downtown area, any time of day or night, and nobody says boo. In fact, there were almost as many outdoor shows as indoor events during the festival, starting every night with a mammoth concert right in the middle of Sixth Street. That's where Iggy Pop kicked off the opening night's festivities with a wild, barechested set of gymnastics and vintage material (getting everyone all wet and bothered about the rumored Stooges reunion due this summer.) Girls Against Boys had to struggle with a sloppy sound system and borrowed equipment, but managed to dominate an industry-packed crowd at Emo's - a club where the bands play outside in a sort of patio atmosphere.

During the day, SXSW hosted the usual sorts of snooze-inducing panel discussions about things like A&R and publicity. It used to be that these discussions were loaded with useful, hands-on information from experts in the business, but it seems like the first-timers have become a distinct - and almost forgotten - minority, overlooked in favor of the jaded industry types who have been through all this palaver a dozen times before. So fewer and fewer of the panels offer any sort of useful information - most of them take on some sort of angle to try and add a new flavor to old topics. The liveliest panel by far centered around the question "Where The Grateful Dead Really Any Good?" Rock critics - from the legendary Paul Williams of *Crawdaddy*, who voted "aye," to young turks like the *Chicago Reader*'s Bill Wyman and *Rolling Stone* editor (and ex-Jersey Beat regular) Jim DeRogatis, who couldn't wait to use the word

How I Spent My Spring Vacation

"suck." When one Deadhead admitted that you probably had to see at least three Dead shows to catch one good one, DeRogatis snapped back, "I really don't see the consumer value in that."

Of course, you didn't really have to sit around the drafty, mausoleum-like Convention Center at all if you didn't want to. One other growing pain of SXSW has been the proliferation of supposedly private afternoon parties and listening sessions, where record labels offer free drinks and food along with a sampling of whatever acts they're trying to hype. Everybody from Alternative Press to Rykodisc to Rave Management threw parties this year, with live music that included Syd Straw, Tommy Stinson's new band Perfect, and 7 Year Bitch.

Food plays an important part in SXSW's allure, but Austin is no place for vegans. It seems like every restaurant in town serves either some sort of greasy barbecued meat, or Mexican food covered with cheese and salsa. At Threadgill's, one of the city's most renowned restaurants, they make things like chicken-fried steak and chicken-fried chicken, and even the vegetables come loaded with meat -



Really important people discussing the Grateful Dead

creamed spinach with bacon, baked squash with sausage. It's easy to forget about your cholesterol count when you're washing everything down with bottles of Shiner Bock or Celis Pale, two of the excellent locally-brewed beers in Austin that rarely cost more than

SXSW has always had a reputation as a great place for unsigned bands to showcase for record labels and get deals. There's still a lot of deal-making going on - just check out the lobby of the Four Seasons Hotel and you'll find a non-stop weasel fest - but increasingly, the festival has become less a place where unsigned bands can go to be discovered and more a place where labels send their newly-signed bands to be seen. In the past, there'd be one or two major concerts in town during every festival; this year, the list was as long as your arm -- Joan Osborne, Iggy Pop, Lou Reed, Randy Newman, and George Clinton, to name a few. (Of course, not every major concert turned out to be a major event; Liz Phair kept hundreds of fans waiting on line for hours for a chance to see her do a 15-minute set in which she rarely sang a note on key.)

Wednesday, March 13:

Arrive in Austin and meet my roommate, Andy Peters, at the airport. Andy is one of the soundmen at Maxwell's and will be doing sound for Girls Against Boys at their SXSW show. I've got a scratchy throat and stuffy head, which I attribute to the plane ride. We check into our hotel, the frumpy and overpriced Marriott At The Capitol, then over to the Convention Center, where I pick up my credentials. Andy gets a wristband that will let him into all of the shows. After dinner at Manuel's, one of my favorite Mexican restaurants, we wander down to Sixth Street: I meet Rockie from Crawl outside of Emo's; they're on tour from Cleveland and playing tonight. I turn to introduce Andy and discover he's off talking to John Reis from Rocket From The Crypt, (Andy did sound at their last Maxwell's show.) Andy gets us both on the guest list for later that night. After doing a little unpacking, we get back to Emo's in time for Crawl, who seem a bit tamed and less psycho than usual, perhaps because of the outdoor ambience (and the lack of their saxophonist.) Blue Meanies follow and they rock -- raw punk with horns, a touch of ska, and a bratty little front man who rocks the place. Rocket From The Crypt have the black silk cowboy shirts going and they sound as good as they look.



You wouldn't believe how important these two guys are if I told you...



Andy and your editor (r.) in a rare sober moment

Breakfast at Las Manitas, an authentic Mexican eatery, where I scarf down a spicy dish of corn chips and beans covered in a tangy red sauce. This is my traditional SXSW breakfast with my pal Dave Wykoff, a onetime rock critic who has since become a successful entertainment lawyer in Nashville. Dave regales me with stories of his recent cases and we toss a few old memories back and forth (like the time we were waiting on line outside the Channel in Boston to see Husker Du and Dave Smalley walked over to show us the artwork on the cover of the new DYS LP!) I spend most of the day at the Convention Center, catching a few panels and trying to run across as many familiar faces as I can. The best part of SXSW is always seeing all these people I never get to see anywhere else — especially all the writers, like Bill Wyman from Chicago, Gina Arnold from Berkeley, and the hilarious Claudia Perry, who I learn has relocated from Houston (where her newspaper folded) to a new gig in San Jose. I ask her the hot local bands in San Jose are and she tells me she hasn't been able to locate the local San Jose scene yet. Lunch is at the Iron Works Barbecue, for a big plate of ribs, chicken, and beans, followed by some yummy peach cobbler. DeRogatis puts it on his Rolling Stone account. Later that night, I meet my old pal Howard Wuelfing and his fiance' Amy for another dinner at Manuels. Wuelfing is a publicist at Columbia (he handles people like Jeff Buckley and Mike Watt when he's lucky, and acts like Ben Arnold, Bobby Sichran, and Ruby when he's not.) Columbia Records picks up the check. Trouble is, that scratchy throat and stuffy head have not gone away. I go back to the hotel to take a few aspirin and wind up barfing up my whole dinner. I spend the rest of the night in bed with a fever. Andy gets back from the Girls Against Boys show around 3:30 am and fills me in on all the juicy details.

I'm feeling better and Andy can't wake up, so I go out for blueberry pancakes at this nice cafe on Congress Avenue, then over to the Convention. The conference's keynote speaker, Krist Novocelic of Nirvana, proves something less than a captivating public speaker, but seems to impress the jaded industry audience with his call for grassroots political activism. "Young people's alienation is not imagined, it's reality," Novocelic says, noting that "the apathy of the American people is reaching critical mass." He suggests that the cure for that apathy is involvement, from writing letters to campaigning for issues and candidates. Later, Novocelic hosts a press conference and talks about the success in Seattle of JAMPAC (Joint Artists And Musicians Political Action Committee,) a resource center that helps community groups organize and address issues of concern to them. Good thing I took notes. All I really remember is

thinking, God damn, but that guy is tall! Later I run into Novocelic in the hall at the convention and get to shake his hand. I have to tilt my head almost straight up to look him in the eye... Later, DeRogatis is on a panel about how gossip and rumor on the Internet become news. Despite the interesting topic, it's pretty boring. The publicity panel is actually a lot better... it's one of the few panels where the panelists not only made interesting conversation (Wuelfing told some funny stories about working with Cypress Hill and doing damage control whenever they blurted out something politically incorrect when they were stoned) but actually provided useful information for bands looking to hire their first publicist. They suggest that bands who aren't ready for Spin and Rolling Stone can still get press by going to fanzines, and when someone asks where to find good fanzines, Regina Dunton of Island Records mentions looking for Jersey Beat. Yeah, Regina! Steve Martin of Nasty Little Man is pretty cool too, talking about how he started his firm punk-rock style, doing publicity for friends' bands out of his bedroom and befriending groups like Helmet and Ween who went on to become fairly major. I skip lunch to catch that "Did The Grateful Dead Suck?" panel, which is pretty funny, and certainly the most passionate discussion of the entire convention. The only thing that pisses me off is when Gina Arnold declares that the "community" enjoyed by Dead fans at one of their concerts is nothing like what punks get out of Gilman Street, when in fact it's *exactly* the same thing. Punks like going to Gilman Street (or ABC No Rio) because they can be around people just like themselves, with whom they share certain values and ideals, and it doesn't even matter if the music stinks that day. And if that doesn't sum up a Dead concert, I don't know what does. Dinnertime beckons and I'm tempted to head over to the Green Mesquite, another barbecue place, where Alias and Restless are throwing a party, but Andy wants to see Syd Straw over at the Capricorn Records soiree. By the time we get there, though, all the barbecue is gone. I watch as Chris Stamey shows up and realizes he missed the free food, then fills his plate with barbecue chips and walks back into the crowd. Stamey looks really lost; he didn't have a gig at the conference and doesn't have a record deal. I doubt he'll go back to North Carolina with one, the way he's moping around. His old bandmate from the dB's, Peter Holsapple, is doing much better; flush from a recent tour gig with Hootie & The Blowfish, Holsapple is playing here with his current group the Continental Drifters, and was also asked to be on a few panels. Not surprisingly, Holsapple gives me a big, friendly hello while Stamey storms by pretending he doesn't know me. Weird to see the two of them crisscrossing at this party without ever stopping to chat. After Syd Straw's set, a bunch of us drive over to La Azteca, a nifty (and dirt cheap) Mexican place that's a little off the beaten path. The walls are decorated with these amazing Aztec paintings of naked women and Herculean warriors in loincloths. The food is delicious, and Keith Moerer from Rolling Stone picks up the tab. (It's a point of honor for writers to pay for as few meals as possible during SXSW; this year, I'm doing pretty good.) Back in town, I wind up spending the entire night watching bad Texas guitar bands with names like the Jinkies and Pushmonkeys play generic alt.rock at a club called the Icon.

Saturday, March 16

The cold is back so I take it easy during the day, finally getting to the Convention in time for Gina Arnold's panel, "Does Rock Criticism Suck?" Despite the beguiling title, it turns out to be a pretty boring session; thank goodness for Robyn Hitchcock, who breaks everyone up with his droll accounts of the British music press ("they're these troll like creatures who are drawn to the beautiful young creatures in bands and then try to suck all the life out of them.") My original plan for the evening was to head over to Stubb's, an outdoor barebecue place, where the Fugees will be performing later in the evening. But a sudden downpour puts the kibosh on that idea, and somehow or another I end up getting sucked along with DeRogatis out to a mammoth dinner at Threadgills being thrown by Atlantic Records. I order the chicken-friend steak (which turns out to be as ghastly as I'd always imagined it) and wind up sitting next to the former lead singer of Sabalon Glitz, who proceeds to quote my (totally unflattering) album review back to me while spitting out things like "I can't believe you called me a hippie!" (I can't remember the album, let alone what I wrote

about it.) We get back to town too late to catch the Fugees but I do manage to see a couple of good bands, including Austin favorites the Texas Instruments (the first band I saw at my first SXSW seven years ago) and Tommy Stinson's Perfect, who trade in the Faces-ish Britpop of Bash & Pop for a bigger, juicier, more Cheap Trick sort of sound. Tommy's looking sharp in tuxedo pants and suspenders over a sleeveless white t-shirt, and goes nuts on the encore, a raveup version of Elton John's "Crocodile Rock."

Sunday, March 17

SXSW ends every year with a big picnic and softball game. Despite my bad cold, I sign up to play with the Print Media team and we romp to an easy victory over the Radio guys, 23-1. In the dugout, I introduce myself to a middle aged guy I hadn't met before. "Hi, Jim Sullivan," he says. "Jim Sullivan from the Boston Globe?" I ask. Yup. "Gosh," I blurt out, "all my friends in Boston hate you." Sullivan gives me the fish eye for a minute and then laughs. Only I wasn't kidding. Everyone I know in a band in Boston can't stand the guy, who's been the daily rock critic there since the Bay City Rollers. We lose the second game in a squeaker, by one run in extra innings. Oh well, wait until next year... Sunday night is usually slim pickin's, but Andy and I are eager to see Minneapolis' Magnolias, who are at the Electric Lounge, way over across town from our hotel. Unfortunately, with SXSW more or less officially over, all the cabs have disappeared and we have to walk there, a good 30 minute hike. The band is great though, catchy power-pop with that sloppy Replacements-ish Minneapolis feel, and it's even better watching them with the venerable Ira Robbins (of Trouser Press fame) hopping up and down along with the music in front of us. From there, we walk all the way back across town to Emo's, where I catch the New Duncan Imperials and Andy hooks up with some chick from Polydor Records. A good time was had by all.



THE WE festival (!)

A 7 day smorgasbord
of bands, zines, films,
microbrews, and (remember this?) community.



Join an eclectic gathering
of people who do cool stuff.
Write us or be damned!



WE Festival
PO Box 2071
Wilmington, NC
28402-2071 USA

MAY 23-29

Wilmington, NC

we.festival@aol.com



Let's Go Bowling's
"Mr. Twist"

Skavovvie & The Epitones
"Fat' Footin'"

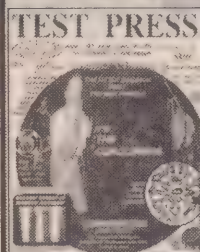
Laurel Aitken's
"The Bluebeat Years"

Send a business-sized SASE for
Free Skazette and ska catalogue!
Moon Ska, PO Box 1412,
New York, NY 10276

E-mail: moonska@pipelina.com
Stop by our store 150 E. 2nd St, NYC
(212) 673-5538

TEST PRESS

the ultra-cool f*cked-up cassette-zine!!



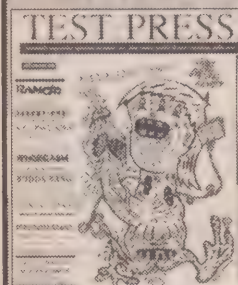
TP#3

Doublecover
ish features
Monster Mag,
Melvins i-view,
Warped Tour,
Skin Graft, etc.



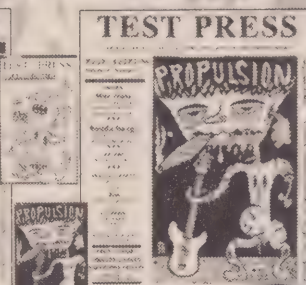
Tuneage from Whorgasm, el Jefe, Skunkweed, Concubines...

Unpopular opinions on music*sex*comix*politix*dix*
chix & anti-corporate indieness. Free cassette of
coolness in each zine! Mike Diana comix!!



TP#2

Killing Joke,
Polvo, Whorga i-views; Rancid,
SpaceGhost, Mike D. Comix,
Woodstock; tunes from Ism,
Sixx & Violence, Whorgasm, BB



TP#1

Propulsion Ish
Mike Diana, KungFu Flix,
CMI overview, El Tri
tuneage: Budda-Bang! Ism,
Sixx & V, Friction Wheel...

Sample ish = \$4.00 ppd subscripts = \$15 for 4 issues
send well-concealed cash/check payable to "Propulsion"
free catalog of coolness: psychedelia/punk/hemp...etc.
TEST PRESS 176 Madison Ave 4th Fl NY NY 10016
e-mail: PROPREX@aol.com

PREACHING THE MIDWEST GOSPEL!

TWO NEW 7" SINGLES OUT NOW



Larry Bernds : s/l



Mulligan Sto : Trailer Park Kings

COMING SOON!

Boris The Sprinkler "Saucer to Saturn" LP Picture
Disc limited to 1000! • None Left Standing "Stingray
Candy 100" CD/LP • Zoinks! / The Gain split 7" EP •
Ice Nine "Psychology And Extreme Violence" 7" EP
• Brutal Truth / Spazz split 7" EP (split release with
Bovine) * All releases have limited edition color vinyl
for mailorder only! Just in time for your Christmas cash!

Money orders or cash to "RHETORIC" / 7": \$3 US-\$5 WORLD / 12": \$7 US-
\$11 WORLD / 12" Picture disc: \$8 US-\$11 WORLD / CD: \$10 US-\$12 WORLD
SEND TWO STAMPS FOR A CATALOG / STORES WE DEAL DIRECT



Amen.

FAX (608) 259-0803

PO BOX 30 MADISON, WI 53701

You want punk!!!!?!!

I'll give you punk.

DYE



NATURAL BORN PUNKS

14song CD/CS

in stores now! distributed by Cargo, Dutch East, N.A.I.L.
ask your record stores for it or write to:
Spider Club Music pob 95365 seattle wa 98145



Last Dance With The Ramones

by Jim Testa

Some bands break up in an instant. Others drag it out in messy, headline-making scenes. The Ramones are making a second career of it.

Granted, if any group deserves to make a production of their demise, it's the Ramones. The band has become as much a part of American culture as Wonder bread and McDonald's. But being the Godfathers Of Punk doesn't pay the bills, and after 20 long years, the Ramones have yet to enjoy so much as a hit single, let alone a platinum album. Meanwhile, snotty young upstarts twenty years their junior - Green Day, especially, of course - have become millionaires by regurgitating the Ramones' simple pop punk formula.

So last year, the Ramones announced that they were calling it quits. First came *Adios, Amigos*, supposedly their last album. Then the seemingly endless farewell tour. Now the band has announced it will be part of this summer's Lollapalooza tour, dragging out the good byes a few more months.

But when the Ramones found their way to New York City in late February, everybody still thought it was for the last time, and these performances - two shows at Coney Island High and one at the Academy Theater - were supposed to be their last in their hometown.

Coney Island High is not, as you might suspect, a secondary school in Brooklyn, but a relatively new (and fairly small) rock club on St. Marks Place in the heart of the East Village. The Ramones started in dingy little bars, and it made sense to say goodbye to their fans by playing intimate venues again. More importantly, the send off at Coney Island High offered the band's real fans a chance to see the group one last time; there was no guest list, no press, no VIP seating, and no advance tickets for scalpers to scoop up and resell to the highest bidder. If you wanted to get in, you had to show up on the night of the concert and buy a ticket.

It had been a long time since I had seen the Ramones, and even

longer since I had seen them in a small club. But I go way back with the boys, all the way to 1976 when a college friend and I braved our way down to the Bowery to catch them at CBGB. Twenty years later, that night remains one of my most vivid memories. I remember how scary the Bowery was in those days, no place for two clean-cut college kids from New Jersey to be wandering around after dark. I remember how new and exciting the whole idea of Punk seemed then. They weren't any rules, not even a dress code yet. We threw on the same clothes we wore to class and looked like everybody else in the club that night; casual, low-key, and not the least bit trendy. CBGB was still half-empty when we arrived, and Danny Fields - the Ramones' colorful manager at the time - greeted us at the door and sat us in the front row. I remember how loud the Ramones were that night, louder than anything I had ever heard or felt before. Teeth-rattling loud. So loud it hurt. It was wonderful. The Ramones, in their leather jackets and ragged jeans, roared through their twenty-minute set with all the power and precision of a jackhammer. After the first set, my friend and I got to talk to Johnny and Joey backstage for a bit. When we went back to our seats for the second set, Fields asked us to scrunch over so he could fit two more people at our table, and Patti Smith and Bryan Ferry came in together and sat down next to us. I was so ga-ga I couldn't even muster up the nerve to look at them, let alone say hello.

The Ramones immediately became my favorite band, and for years afterward I never missed a chance to see them. I knew every lyric to every song on the groups' first three albums, and sang along at the top of my lungs at every show. Even when they started playing larger venues - the old Capitol Theater in Passaic, New Jersey, or the pre-disco Palladium in the city - my friends and I would go and sing and dance in our seats.

But sometime around the mid Eighties it stopped being quite so much fun. That sense of danger and discovery faded. The Ramones helped change the world but it became clear they were

never going to conquer it. And while I continued exploring that late-night world of dingy clubs and struggling bands that I stumbled into that first night at CBGB, the Ramones themselves became safe, familiar old friends, and finally, just another rock band. I still enjoyed each new album, and cheered for the group's small triumphs - Roger Corman's Rock N Roll High School, their guest shot on the Simpsons. But somewhere along the way, the shows lost their appeal; I'd even ducked a few chances to get on the guest list for their last few New York appearances. But now, time was running out, and a combination of curiosity and nostalgia gnawed at me. It was time for one last dance before the music stopped for good.

Not surprisingly, the first of the two shows at Coney Island High sold out quickly. By 8 p.m., a crowd had packed its boxy confines shoulder to shoulder. (They'd wait there, barely able to move, until 10:30, when the band finally took the stage.)

The three hundred or so diehard fans who showed up to say good bye to the Ramones that night proved just how deeply the group had penetrated into the belly of blue collar America during their twenty year career. Sure, there were a handful of kids with mohawks and studded dog collars, but they were a distinct minority. Most of the crowd was older, ranging from their mid twenties to distinctly thirtysomething, looking like characters who wandered out of a Doonesbury strip... bikers and stoners, hippies and housewives, and plenty of working class joes with beards and beer guts. It was the kind of crowd you might rub shoulders with at a Springsteen concert, the same audience that would faithfully show up every time the Beach Boys came to town so they could hold hands and sing along to "Help Me, Rhonda."

But this last show was supposed to be about more than nostalgia. This was good bye. I wasn't just looking to sing along with the oldies; I wanted - needed - transcendence. But I didn't get it.

If this was the best the Ramones had left to offer - and you had to think, given the occasion, that it was - then the band should have been forced into retirement years ago. Johnny's once indomitable guitar had none of its old roar, especially early in the set when the club was still tinkering with the sound. He and drummer Marky kept losing the beat, tripping over chord changes. "Do You Remember Rock N Roll Radio" was a mess. The band couldn't stay together on a song as simple as "Do You Wanna Dance." They'd played these same songs a thousand times together, but sounded as if they had never rehearsed half the set.

Joey's vocals were no better. He mumbled his way through "Rockaway Beach," stumbled over the verses to "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment," and slurred the lyrics to "Rock N Roll High School," substituting "whoa whoa whoa's" for entire lines of verse, as if he couldn't be bothered to pronounce - or remember - the words. Bassist C.J. did a bit better when he took over lead vocals - apparently he hasn't been a Ramone long enough for terminal boredom to set in - but all his songs sound like Angry Samoan covers, and let's face it, he doesn't scream out the "One, two, three, four's" with half the panache of Dee Dee.

At times, Joey and Marky would fall into a groove and the band seemed to find its rhythm, only to fall apart again a song or two later. Joey didn't bother singing most of "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker." They did the "Spiderman" theme and Motorhead's



It's the end of the world as we know it...

"R.A.M.O.N.E.S.," but otherwise the set list was as perfunctory and uninspired as the band's performance.

The crowd made the best of a bad situation, enduring an overpowering sound system that threatened to shred ear drums and keeping its cool despite the suffocating overcrowding. A few old-timers pogoed in place, the kids in front of the stage started a small mosh pit, and everyone threw their fists in the air and chanted along to the band's big anthems like "Blitzkrieg Bop" and "Cretin Hop." Everybody tried to have a good time, but the electricity just wasn't there.

The set ran fifty minutes and after the Ramones left the stage, the room was strangely quiet - no cheering, just a smattering of applause. After a short break, the group came back for two sets of encores - "Beat On The Brat" seemed like it would go on forever - and then Joey threw up his arms and shouted, "Adios, amigos!" And it was over.

On the way out, I buttonholed a few strangers and asked for opinions. Everybody said they enjoyed the show. Sure, if pressed, they admitted it was less than perfect, but no one really seemed to mind. And undeniably, the youngest fans at the shows - the ones who didn't have anything to compare these doddering, second-rate Ramones to - had a ball. The magic is still there. It's just not the same magic I remembered from 1976.

So adios, amigos. It's been fun. Maybe our paths will cross one more time, maybe this show will be the last. And maybe you'll never be the band you were when this all started, but you're still the Ramones, and that still says a lot.

Lots of rock and roll bands leave behind favorite songs and indelible memories. This one changed the way I looked at the world, and made me understand that a black leather jacket isn't just a piece of clothing, but a way of life.

abc no rio

Ironically - or perhaps, inevitably - this is all Mike Bullshit's fault.

I first started thinking about doing an issue devoted to the then & now of ABC No Rio when Mike sent me a copy of the new GO! record, a collection of the band's EP's and compilation tracks. That record, and its attendant photos, brought back a lot of memories. Was it six years ago already that Mike started booking ABC No Rio's Saturday hardcore shows? Six years since the days when Animal Crackers and Puzzlehead, Citizen's Arrest and Born Against, Bugout Society and Rorschach - along with writers and photographers and artists and fans - helped forge a funny, exciting, creative new punk scene in New York?

For those of us who lived through it, those years will remain a bright spot in our memories, a time when all the possibilities of punk - music and creativity, working together, friendship, and having fun - came together like never before (or since.) For those of you who missed those days, here's a chance to hear some stories and savor a little of the magic for yourself.

From The Beginning

What is an ABC No Rio? ABC No Rio is a four-story abandoned tenement - a "squat" - at 156 Rivington Street, in a decaying, largely Hispanic neighborhood on Manhattan's Lower East Side.



Legend has it that back in 1980, one of the first squatters to occupy the building looked across the street and saw a tattered sign that originally read *Abogado Con Notario* - "lawyer & notary public" in Spanish. But the sign was badly worn and many of the letters had fallen off; all that remained was "Ab C No rio." The empty, abandoned building at 156 Rivington had a name.

The ABC No Rio Collective legally took over the building, paying the default landlord - the City of New York - modest rent for use of the space. The group formed an arts collective and started using the living room-like first-floor for art shows, spoken word performances, and the occasional live music performance. Bill Florio of Bugout Society was one of the first punk-rockers to discover the availability of the building. "It wasn't me, it was my band, Bugout Society," Florio recalls. "The Dwarves were supposed to play there and they cancelled, so someone from ABC No Rio called the Lismar Lounge and

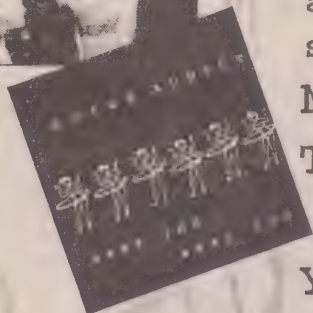
asked if they knew any bands that could play a show on a moment's notice. We used to play anywhere in those days so they got our name and we played that show." Afterwards, Florio told Mike Bullshit about the availability of the building, and the ABC No Rio Saturday hardcore matinees were born.

For most of the 1980's, New York's punk and hardcore scene revolved around CBGB's infamous Sunday hardcore shows. These weekly moshathons were hugely popular but plagued by violence - skinheads beating up suburban kids, straightedgers bashing drinkers, as well as the usual mayhem, fistfights, bloody lips, and black eyes that resulted as an inevitable consequence of NYC slam-dancing. When the violence escalated to the point where people started showing up with guns, CBGB pulled the plug. The era of the Sunday Hardcore Matinees ended in November, 1989.

The Early Years, 1990-1992

The ABC No Rio matinees started a month later, in December, 1989. In the beginning, the bands played in the larger upstairs area. There was no stage, no lighting. Volunteers would haul in the p.a. every Saturday, then take it apart and haul it back it when the show was over. Later, the basement was converted into a small "rock club," complete with a permanent sound system, some rudimentary lighting, and a small stage, but in the beginning, it was a mess, the floor covered with gritty rubble and

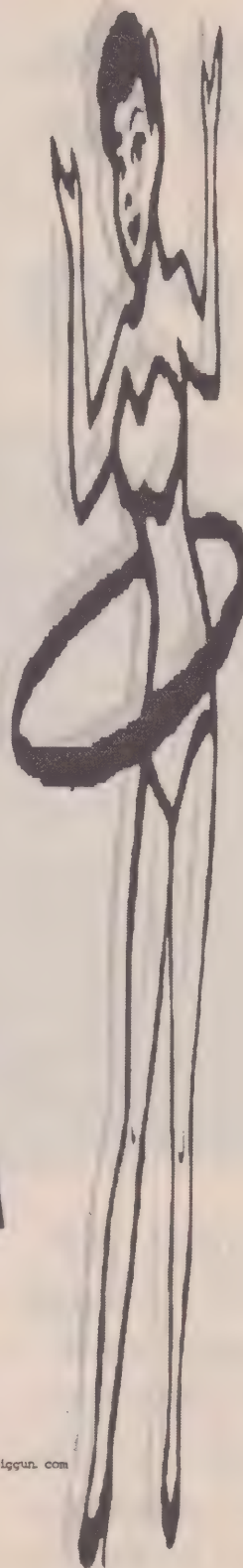
The rise & fall (& rise again) of NYC's only all-ages, non-racist, non-sexist, non-homophobic punk scene



angst ridden,
slightly
raucous
and oh,
so beautiful...

MEET
THE
REAL
YOU

the
debut
album
from the
Ben Lee
fronted
Noise Addict..
OUT NOW.
Available in
fine stores
everywhere.



Fruit's
Noise Addict
Hair



P.O. BOX 26589 LOS ANGELES, CA 90025.

WEB SITE: <http://www.nando.net/GrandRoyal> EMAIL ADDRESS: records@biggun.com

boulders from the decaying foundation.

It wasn't much, but it was a place for bands to play. The bands that started playing ABC No Rio's matinees were a wonder in themselves; New York hadn't seen so much talent, potential, and energy in one place at one time since the heyday of the original Punk Rock scene in 1977. There was Sam McPheeters, the brilliant, driven force behind Born Against, who also published his own fanzines and started his own record label, Vermiform Records. Charles Maggio, the lead singer of Go!, was in the midst of battling cancer during ABC No Rio's heyday; his passion and courage added the kind of inspiration that few scenes ever enjoy. Mike Bullshit, the man who quietly put together the volunteer collective that ran the shows, set up before them, and cleaned up afterwards, was something of a renaissance man himself. The editor of the one-sheet zine Bullshit Monthly, Mike had been chronicling the NY/HC scene through most of the Eighties. As the lead singer of Go!, he was a constant presence in the local music scene; and when he decided to "out" himself and reveal his homosexuality, he became the first outwardly gay punk in a scene that had been infamous for his homophobia and machismo. Yuppicide added a dash of Lower East Side sleaze, Bugout Society was always good for a laugh (and a food fight when they'd throw White Castles at the crowd,) while Product 19 helped coin the term "twinkie hardcore" with their 7 Seconds-styled pop-core.

Changing the ugly, sneering face of NY Hardcore was at the forefront of ABC No Rio's mission. From the beginning, the club's booking policy proclaimed, "No racist, no sexist, no homophobic bands." The self-destructive punk-on-punk violence that had ravaged the CBGB hardcore scene disappeared; there were never any fights at ABC No Rio.

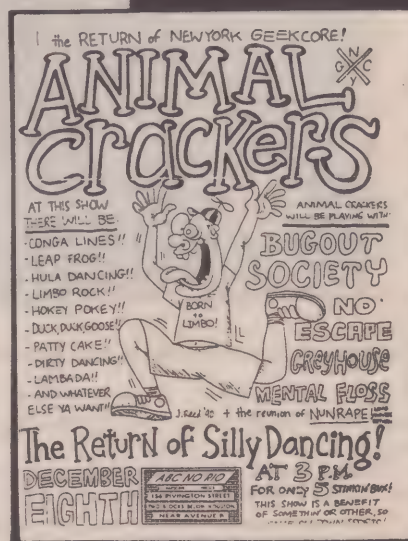
Rule #1 at ABC No Rio is that every person there has a great, great time! This is made possible through the extensive use of goofiness, light-heartedness, and an overdose of silliness. There is no hard edge at ABC No Rio, only geek edge. Most of us are geeky dweebs who dance about as hard as your grandma. Leave your attitude at home. If you have no sense of humor or your favorite pastime is to manslaughter people in the pit, go to the Ritz or wait for the next CBGB show. Please keep your macho-ness to yourself. Also, no gosh darned fighting! We're all very fragile hardcore people who cry at the sight of blood so if you're in the mood for a good show, crazy pit antics, and a show unlike any you've never seen before, come on down to ABC No Rio. - Jon Reed, Inward Monitor Zine #3, Spring 1990

On December 29, 1989, Jersey Beat interviewed Mike Bullshit about the new ABC No Rio shows. Here's an excerpt from that interview:

Q: Did you start the shows in response to CBGB cancelling its matinees?
Mike: I'm sort of happy that CB's stopped doing them. 'Cos CB's actually gave you a scene and said, Here is your scene, and enjoy it but just don't do this, this, this, or this. And after a while, everyone just took it for granted. No one is going to work for the scene, nothing's going to happen, and basically it all turned into shit. So we're trying to make it not shit. Not just make it, but work with people to make it better, to have a decent scene. We're at the point now where there are New York bands who will not play New York because there's so much violence. That's silly, it's ridiculous.

For the first few shows, Mike Bullshit did everything - booked the bands, worked the door, swept the floor. The shows were even billed as "Bullshit Monthly Presents." But quickly other people got involved. Tim Singer (of No Escape, and more recently, Deadguy) set up a regular record and tape table, where bands could sell merchandise. That developed into a long-standing policy of different vendors working the shows so that you could find cheap, DIY and indie label punk records every time you went to a show at ABC.

"One of the best thing I remember is that, having gone to CBGB's matinees for years, there was such a completely different vibe at ABC No Rio," recalls Ted Leo, now in Chisel but who made his band debut at ABC in the funny-punk group Animal Crackers. "Especially before they fixed up the basement, when the place was just junk everywhere and the





Sam McPheeters and Born Against

walls were falling down. It was like going to your best friend's basement and just hanging out. It was such a non-threatening situation."

"I guess the best thing about those days was the ability to just cut loose, to be a complete idiot without fear of harassment or getting beat up," Leo recalls. "It was truly an incredible thing, actually. Every Saturday you could go down there and you all your friends would be there and know you would have a good time."

Once the local bands established the Saturday afternoon matinees, the touring bands started to follow: MDC, Jawbreaker, the Offspring, Econochrist, Filth, All You Can Eat, and bands from all over the country started making ABC No Rio a regular part of their tour itinerary.

Joe Martin, who played in Citizens Arrest during ABC No Rio's early days, remembers the space as offering a second chance. "For me, I had made a promise to myself that I would stop going to hardcore shows the day I got beat up. And then it happened to me, at one of the last hardcore matinees they had - Judge, Born Against, and Affirmative Action. Some skinhead picked a fight with me and maybe I didn't get beat up, but I did get punched. So I said, that was it, no more, because I knew everytime I would go to a show from then on, I'd see this guy and panic and run away. But then ABC started, and right then and there, that feeling stopped. Every week I'd go there, I didn't care who was playing - I'd go support any band, and I guess for a while, a lot of other people did too. There'd be a solid 50 people for every show."

"I remember when the Sons Of Ishmael from Canada played ABC. They had been a band for, what, 10 or 12 years at that point. But the first time they came down to ABC, they were like, 'Oh my God, this is incredible!' They got paid more money than they'd ever gotten paid, they played to almost more people than they'd ever played to. That's just what it was like, every week."

"It wasn't just the bands either," recalls John Woods, who attended the ABC shows as a fan. "People would go to the shows and start fanzines. Record labels came out of it. You could go every week and not be in a band, and still felt like you were a part of what was going on. It was pretty unparalleled just in terms of creativity.

Photo by Justine Demetrick

Everybody was doing something, whether sweeping the floor or a fanzine or starting a band."

So what went wrong?

"Well, Mike Bullshit left, and Freddy Alva and Neil (Robinson) took over the bookings, and I think that's when the problems really started," recalls Martin. "You have to remember that in the beginning of ABC No Rio, there was a boycott by the Squat Or Rot people, Mike had a falling out with the squatter types and those bands because, well, Mike always used to say that he didn't like punks. He didn't get along with those people who lived in the squats and looked that way. So when Neil took over, he started booking a lot of the crustier Lower East Side bands, and that turned a lot of people off. A lot of people started turning up just to get drunk, and a lot of the squatter kids would show up and just hang out outside. And then Freddy just dropped out, he couldn't handle it anymore. And it just became solely Neil, whether it's valid or not, who said they didn't want to go anymore because Neil was booking the bands."

"I always use this analogy, if you've ever seen the movie *Masacre At Central High*," Martin explains. "In the movie, the nerds at this high school wind up fighting back, and they kill off all the jocks and the popular kids, and take over. And it turns out that they're actually much worse than the jocks ever were, so they end up ruining everything. And I think that's what happened at ABC. Because there'd be kids who'd come and be interested in what ABC's about, but they'd be wearing a Judge shirt or whatever and wind up getting ridiculed by the people at the door. And by that point, it had just gotten ridiculous."

"The last time I went to a show was to see Drop Dead, in the summer of '93," recalls Woods. "I wasn't going every week at that point and in fact hadn't been going in quite a while. And I didn't know anybody in there, so I just sat there by myself waiting for this band to go on. And I realized it was the same thing I used to do at CBGB's... just sit at the bar, drink Coke, and wait until Outburst went on."

ABC No Rio - Today

Reports of ABC No Rio's death have been greatly exaggerated.



Citizens Arrest Photo by Jim Testa

"Every time we send out a mailing or post something on the Internet about the shows here, the same thing happens -- all these people come back to us and say they thought we weren't here anymore," says Esneider, a long-time ABC No Rio volunteer, perhaps best known as the lead singer in Huasipungo. Esneider and David Powell current book the Saturday hardcore shows, which Esneider says are back on track.

"As far as anything that happened with Neil goes, our attitude is that he hasn't been involved here in over a year and that we're doing what we're doing," Esneider says. "Our attitude is that any band that wants to play here and can deal with our conditions is welcome. They have to leave a tape, they can't be racist, sexist, or homophobic lyrics, and they have to want to play here. We're not going to chase after bands."

Esneider thinks that the rap on Neil destroying the ABC No Rio scene by refusing to book local bands isn't entirely deserved. "I guess there were some things that happened, but you have to remember, most of the original ABC No Rios just stopped existing. Rorschach broke up. Citizens Arrest broke up. Mike moved away and Go! wasn't around anymore. Sam (McPheeters) moved away and then Born Against broke up. Hell No wanted to become a real band and started playing clubs. A lot of people moved away or just stopped coming to the shows. We couldn't book a lot of local bands because there weren't any local bands left to play here."

That's changing, though, Esneider says, with a whole new group of New York bands who enjoy playing ABC No Rio and who are bringing back something of a scene.

It's a far cry from the goofy, cleancut suburban kids who started the whole thing. "The bands who are popular today are the Pist, the Casualties, Dysfunctional Youth, bands like that," Esneider says. "There's also a new political scene with links to the squatters who are playing here a lot, bands like Ricanstruction who put on a lot of

political benefits."

The popular bands are ABC No Rio today play 70's punk and evoke a style that's part Clash and part Road Warrior - tattoos, piercings, mohawks, leather jackets, and scabby unwashed faces.

"These bands, and the popularity of Rancid, are actually bringing in one new scene that we don't really want here," Esneider adds. "Kids, and I mean little kids, 12 years old some of them, show up and they want to be punks. These little kids are totally out of control. They take drugs, they have sex anyplace they can do it, they drink beer like you wouldn't believe. They get really, really wasted. They're really self-destructive."

Still, Esneider says, things are better now than they have been in years. "We're trying to get the word out again. Bands are making flyers. We post things on the Internet about the shows. We still do the mailings. I'm very happy to still be here doing this."

The Future?

But even as ABC's Saturday afternoon shows are starting to show signs of life again, no one knows how long it will last. The building's landlord - New York City - has been trying to evict the ABC No Rio people from the building for years now, all the while treating the building's tenants with the sort of contempt and broken promises you'd expect from the city's sleaziest slumlords.

"It's been going on for years," says Amanda Trevens, one of ABC's board of directors and a long-time volunteer at the punk



Anthony Emo of GO!

Photo by Jim Testa

shows. "First the boiler broke down, and we didn't have heat. Then that winter, with no heat, the pipes froze up and burst, and we didn't have running water in the building for two years."

Eventually, the city's neglect of the building - and its refusal to make promised repairs - led the tenants there to stop paying rent. Eventually a compromise was reached, the building was made liveable again, and the ABC No Rio Collective started paying rent again. But the City only stepped up its efforts to oust the collective.

"One of the things they tried to do was to get another group to take over the building," Trevens reports. Asian Americans For Equality (AAFE,) a community rights group, was trying to buy a building from the City in Soho. The administration told them that they could have the building they wanted but only if they also took over 156 Rivington Street and converted it to low-cost housing. "We negotiated with AAFE for a while, thinking maybe if they got the building we could just rent it with them, but they wanted way too much rent," Trevens said. "But eventually they realized what was going on and what we were doing here, and they didn't want any part of destroying a 15-year community services organization that had only been helping the community."

When the AAFE maneuver failed, the City simply tried to evict the ABC No Rio people outright - and would have done so, if not for an almost comic epidemic of bureaucratic bungling. "Every time they've served an eviction notice, they've done it illegally, so we just go to court and get it thrown out on a technicality," says Trevens. "Then they try to serve us again and it starts all over."

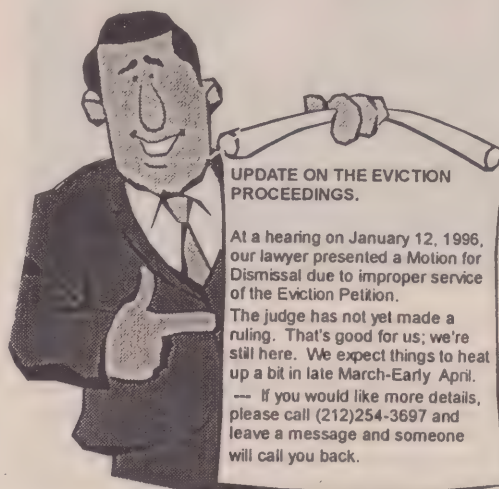
As this story was being written, ABC No Rio had no idea if it would be allowed to stay in the building beyond the end of March, 1996. "The last thing that happened is that the whole matter was reviewed by a judge, who said she wanted to take all the papers home and think about it for a while," Trevens says. "That was four weeks ago and she hasn't made a decision yet. Which we think is good for us. The longer the judge thinks about it, the more likely she'll realize that the city has been in the wrong all along and that we should be allowed to stay here."

"There's actually more activity here now than there's ever been," Amanda notes. "There's the poetry and open mic nights. We have the hardcore shows almost every Saturdays, and people are booking

the space for benefit shows on other nights too. We hold women's self defense classes. There's Spanish classes. Food Not Bombs is here feeding people at least one night a week. There is a lot going on. We just have to keep our fingers crossed that we get to stay here."

The question is, why would New York City be so deadset on evicting a group of people who voluntarily provide such a range of services, in a neighborhood that's been criminally neglected and badly in need of whatever help it can find? "It came out in the last round of negotiations that this is in retaliation to what happened on 13th Street," says Amanda, referring to the near-riot that ensued when the City moved to evict a group of squatters from a 13th Street tenement. "Nobody from ABC was arrested or had any part in what happened at 13th Street, but we've had benefits here for the 13th Street people and I guess the city knows that the people here support them. But that's just an excuse. The city was making noises about getting us out of here years ago, before 13th Street ever happened."

For more information, or to make a donation to the ABC No Rio Legal Defense Fund, you can write to ABC No Rio, 156 Rivington Street, New York NY 10002. For show updates and bookings for the Saturday hardcore shows, call (212) 254-3697 (booking hours are Thursdays, 8:30-10:30 pm and Fridays, 2-4 pm.)



Poetry Readings: Sunday's @ 3p.m.

Open Mike: Sunday @ 9 p.m.

Spanish lessons all levels

at ABC No Rio every friday 6-7 pm



Open Mic
Every Sunday night at 9pm poetry, music,
spoken word, games, fun, anything goes...

Women's Self Defense classes coming soon.



ABC No Rio
ABC No Rio is located at 156 Rivington
2 blocks south of Houston between Clinton and Suffolk
Call Amanda for more info. on any of the above
at (212) 673-5623

**ALWAYS
All Ages
&
DIY FUN**

Food Not Bombs
Help Cook: Sat & Sun 10:30 am @ABC
Food Share: Sat 2pm @ ABC & Sun @
9th Ave.C

General Meetings:
Sunday @ 6pm
Feb. 25; March 10 & 24

No More Bullshit

by Jim Testa

Michael Bromberg is a 27-year old administrative assistant at an asset management corporation in San Jose, California. He started as a temp, dutifully dressing up each morning in a dress shirt and tie. These days, he goes to work in more casual attire, but still handles office duties like typing and filing. He likes to work with graphics arts and recently bought his first computer, a Power Mac. Once upon a time, he used to be known as Mike Bullshit.

Mike Bullshit was the first gay punk rocker to come out of the closet in the dangerously homophobic New York hardcore scene, years before anyone heard about Pansy Division or queercore. He published Bullshit Monthly fanzine, sang in the bands SFA and Go!, and, of course, instituted the ABC No Rio hardcore matinees in January, 1990. We caught up with Mike six and a half years later to see what life was like without the Bullshit.

Q: So how do you like working for a living?

Mike: This whole corporate culture thing is really weird for me, especially after living on a commune for a few years. I liked wearing a tie to work, it was like playing dress up. It's fun, it's like a game. And it pays me a lot of money. More money than I'd ever thought I'd make. It's definitely a change.

Q: What do you do?

Mike: We're in the Valley, you know, where all the high tech companies are. And we provide asset management services. I figure I can do this three or four years, maybe more, maybe less. I'd love to do graphics full time.

Q: Are you doing anything "punk?"

Mike: What's punk? You mean like Green Day? (laughs) Let's see. I still do a personal zine called C.B., I make 30 or 40 copies of it and give it out to family and friends. It stands for *Current Bullshit*. It's just personal stuff, it's my creative outlet. I'm not doing anything music-wise, except every once in a while I'll buy myself a new tape. I haven't been to a show in so long that I've forgotten what a show is like.

Q: Do any of the people you work with know that on the East Coast, everyone knows Michael Bromberg as Mike Bullshit?

Mike: It comes up. The Go! compilation came out and I gave a few copies to people and they all asked, well, what's B-S stand for. Mike Bullshit? Ha ha ha! But when people back in New York hear Mike Bromberg, they start laughing also. It's like living in two different worlds. But it's always been like that. First it was the gay scene vs. the punk scene. Then it was the university scene vs the gay scene vs the punk scene. Now it's the corporate world vs the other parts of my life. It's really all perspective. I don't feel very punk these days. I still listen to music but it's really my fault that there isn't anything else going on with music in my life anymore.

Q: Do you miss any of it?

Mike: Oh yeah! For all the shit, for all the hassles, there is nothing like the sensation of getting on a stage and performing live in front of people. I'm just not willing anymore to put up with all the fights and all the work and everything else that goes into putting and keeping a band together anymore. A certain part of me would give anything to have that happen again. There's nothing like it. But as I start thinking what it would mean to get a band together again, I realize that I'm just not willing to make that kind of commitment anymore. I have too many other things to do with my time now. I have to ask, is it worth it? And the answer I come up with is no.

Q: Before you moved to California, you spent quite a few years in Missouri. What was that like?

Mike: Eastwind is a intentional community, intentional community being another word for commune. It was a beautiful place to live, it's

just not for everybody. The lifestyle was one that met most of my needs. I did a lot of office work and a lot of marketing work while I was there, which is where I got most of my current office skills. It's funny, you don't think of going to live on a commune to make yourself more economically viable, but that's what happened to me. That's where I started doing computer graphics, and where I started doing everyday office work. So now I'm qualified to be an administrative assistant, which is just a well-paid secretary. It's weird. When I moved out to California, I had eight or nine small boxes of stuff that I UPS'd out there and wore a backpack with all my clothes in it. Now I just bought a desk and I bought a computer and I'm buying my own laser printer. I feel materialistic for the first time in my life. I still don't spend a lot on myself, but it feels awkward. I feel like a different person. I guess people do change over time. But... I wasn't expecting it. I expected to always be the same. And yet, here I am.

If you knew Mike Bullshit, he'd love to hear from you. Write him c/o Mike Bromberg, PO Box 90084, San Jose CA 95109.



IT CAME FROM OUTTA FRISCO!



ALL PRICES POST PAID PER ITEM
WITHIN U.S. CANADA ADD \$4.00.
CHECKS, ETC., PAYABLE TO:
ALTERNATIVE TEXTILES
RECORDS.

SEND ORDERS TO: ALTERNATIVE
TEXTILES RECORDS, PO. BOX
40892, SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94140-0892, U.S.A. \$3.00 GETS YOU
A 30 PAGE CATALOG, \$2.00 POST
AND U.S. FUNDS. DISTRIBUTED BY
MONMAY RECORDS.

COMING SOON:
MAYNARD'S FLEXA COLLAR - 7"
(ST-INDING FEMIN)

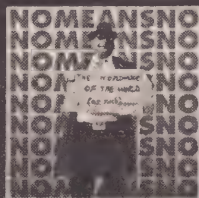
BUZZBELL - 7"

HILTON COCKIN - 7"

"RETURN OF THE TEXTILES" - CD
COMPILATION OF ALL OUR BEST SELLING
BANDS TOGETHER ON ONE CONVENIENT
PAGE OF "CUTTING EDGE" TECHNOLOGY.



ZENI GEVA
Freedom Bandages
The original punk rock power trio from Japan.
H.K. Hall leads. Steve Albini produced. Parlophone
Vers 170 CD: \$12.00 / LP: \$6.00



NOMEANSNO
The Worldhood Of The World (As Such)
After a 2 year hiatus, former Canadian elite
be jazzed rockers return stronger than ever.
Vers 171 CD: \$12.00 / MC/LP: \$6.00



THREE 6
Roadkill Cafe
Roadkill Cafe returns with a fresh-off tour
single. Continental punk rock style.
Vers 172 CD Single: \$7.00 / 7": \$3.50



LIFE AFTER LIFE
Harahya
Popsters return "crazy punk" from our home
town. Bick's current rock star. Rebel release.
Vers 174 7": \$3.50



FACEFULLER
Theaterland Volume Breakers
Industrial-lyrical-emo-emo-emo-emo-emo-emo-emo
power trio from Vancouver, Canada, AB.
Vers 175 LP: \$6.00 / CD: \$12.00



PACHINKO
El Diablo En Sonrisa
Mexican rock band from the Bay Area. New rock
from the Bay Area. New rock.
Vers 176 7": \$3.50

both worlds

THE LONG
AWAITED
DEBUT E.P. FROM
BOTH WORLDS
FEATURING
VOCALIST
JOHN JOSEPH

another
planet
records



AP-6016-2/1

BEYOND ZERO GRAVITY

WRITE FOR MAIL ORDER CATALOG: ANOTHER PLANET RECORDS, 740 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10005

E-MAIL: aplanetr@aol.com

CHISEL

From A Vespa To A Scream

by Jim Testa

With their skinny ties, Beatles haircuts, and breathlessly manic pop style, Chisel is bringing a welcomed sense of fun to the notoriously dour D.C. punk scene. But long before this trio became the mop-topped Mod darlings of indie rockdom, lead singer Ted Leo was swinging from the rafters as the gonzo vocalist of Animal Crackers, one of the bands that helped make Saturday afternoons at ABC No Rio so much fun back in the beginning of the 1990's.

With the release of their latest album, *8 a.m. All Night*, on Gern Blandsten Records, Chisel seem ready to take on the world. Their music is bright, happy, energetic, and unabashedly tuneful, filled with Beatlesque harmonies courtesy of bassist Chris Norborg and a thrashing gotta-move backbeat from drummer John Dugan. Don't let the skinny ties fool you, though. These guys were punks long before they were Mods. We got the skinny by talking to the band at Maxwell's shortly before a rave-up gig in late February.

Q: Most people who know you think of Chisel as a D.C. band, but I remember when you still lived up here. Why don't you just recap how the band came together.

Ted: I'm originally from Bloomfield, NJ. John is originally from outside Washington, DC, and Chris is from South Bend, Indiana. We wound up meeting in college (at Notre Dame) in South Bend. And that's how we got together. We played off and on for a number of years, but never full time. We'd get together, write a couple of songs, record a single, and then not play together for nine or ten months. But eventually when all of our various commitments with school were finished, we wanted to get together full time. We had many friends in D.C. and John was there, because he had a job with Amnesty Int'l, so I elected to move down there. And that's how we got there.

Photo by Justine Demetrick



Q: Where did the Mod thing come from?

John: I think that happened sort of naturally. The style of music we were already playing was poppy punk, and we were borrowing from late 70's, early 80's bands, and we saw a lot of 60's parallels. And other people pointed out the Jam similarity to us. I had always been a big Jam fan, Ted had always been a big Who fan, and Chris was a total Beatles maniac. In fact he was actually institutionalized for a while for going around saying he was the Fifth Beatle. So we had that in common, even before we started playing together.

Ted: The first songs that we played together were Wire covers, Buzzcocks songs, stuff like that. Which, at the time, it was the first band I had ever played guitar in, and all of our contemporaries were not really doing anything like that. But being involved in a hardcore/punk scene, your contemporaries influence you as well. I just wasn't up to the musicianship level to be writing the kind of music that we're doing now, so when we started, we were basically a hardcore pop band, because that's about all I could play at the time.

Chris: And the other thing is that Chris Infante, the original bass player, came from the same hardcore, ABC No Rio-esque background, I had nothing to do with that. So to continue on in the same vein that they were playing before I came into the band would have been so counter to anything that I could offer. So not to take anything away from what Chris did, but I think that just nudged along the natural progression of the band, and once I came aboard, we really started to explore the mod thing and move in the direction.

John: When we finally all got together in D.C., we hadn't been playing together in a long time and we started writing all new songs. And our musical interests had all evolved from where we were in '91.

Ted: I think that's sort of a key issue, that we weren't a continuous band. So people who got, like, the "Sunburn" 7-inch, or even the very first single we did, and you hear that stuff, it's fast, it's hardcore. But if you put it in the context of being five years old, it only takes a little bit of tweaking to see how it could wind up sounding how it does now. And when you put add in that we hadn't been playing together the whole time and we really almost starting up again from scratch, it's easy to understand how we wound up going in the direction we did.

Q: There is a theory that if you're going to play in a trio, you're eventually going to wind up sounding like either Husker Du or the Jam anyway.

Ted: (laughs) In ~~the~~ sense, that's true. We totally used to sound a lot more like Husker Du, and now we sound more like the Jam.

Q: Having experienced being a band in NY, how do you like being in D.C.?

Ted: I think it's great.

John: Especially in our case, where we haven't done anything with any of the local labels, we don't really know much about what that's like. But purely in terms of playing out, it's a pretty good place to be. There are a lot of bands, for how big the city actually is, so there's a lot going on if you have time for it.



Photo by Justine Demetrick

Ted: We've fallen in with a great bunch of bands down there who have been very supportive and stuff.

Q: The big knock on D.C. always was that there was only one place to play, the 9:30 Club. Has that changed?

Ted: Not much. There still aren't many clubs at all. Now it's the 9:30 or The Black Cat. Other than that, there's not much.

Chris: It still is very political. This past summer there was a series of concerts in Ft. Reno Park that I was in charge of, and I saw a lot of new bands, and a lot of them were terrible and had no right to play. And some of them were decent and had potential. But all of them had no chance of breaking in. They'd ask me how they could get a show and there wasn't anything I could tell them. It's tough. It's probably a lot like what it's like in New York trying to get shows.

Q: I think the situation in New York is different. There are almost too many shows here, so you wind up getting shows but you're playing with eight or nine other bands on the same bill.

John: That's something that really only goes on in New York, I think.

Chris: Yeah, in D.C., being that there's only two clubs that put on 'punk shows' regularly, they need to be able to have a bill every night. So from their standpoint, it just makes it that much harder for a band to get a show.

Ted: In D.C., the clubs are still very 'bill' oriented when it comes to D.C. bands. It's not at Brownies (in NYC,) where they'll start at 7 and the last band will go on at 2 and none of the bands will know each other or have anything in common. In D.C., it's more like bands will get together and say, 'Let's play this show together,' and the clubs will set it up, so you're playing with bands you know who share a similar sound or at least attitude.

Chris: I think that's especially true of the Black Cat. People really go there to see bands, and it's just a nice place to have a drink or hang out.

Ted: People definitely still go and see each other in D.C. They may not go to see a lot of out-of-town bands, but they do support each others' bands.

Q: Most of my friends who like Chisel think of you in the 'indie rock' sense, not as a punk or hardcore band. Do you find yourself playing more on bills with indie, college type bands, or punk and hardcore bands?

Ted: To be honest, it's really mixed. Like last night, we played Mama Kin's in Boston and we played with these weird bar-rock bands. But we just got back from a tour with Blonde Redhead. Then tomorrow we're playing in State College, PA and it's going to be at a hall and I'm sure it's going to be all hardcore/punk bands.

Chris: Every tour, we wind up playing two or three basement shows, where it's all punk bands. The last time we were in Indiana, we played a really great basement show with punk rock bands.

John: Plus, I think that within the hardcore scene, there's more variety or whatever. So there are indie kinds of bands at basement shows than there would have been a couple of years ago.

Ted: Let me just say this. As a live band, I think we put on a show much more akin to a hardcore band than



Ted Leo, riding high in bike shorts and a smile, at a typical Animal Crackers gig - ABC No Rio, circa 1991. Photo by Jim Testa

any indie band you want to name. Because the energy level is there.

Q: I know what you mean. There's a whole school of rock now that treats being on stage as almost embarrassing, and you get these bands who act like the last thing in the world they want to do is actually 'entertain' somebody.

Ted: Exactly. That's been a criticism of our new record... people talking about our 'brutal honesty' and our 'earnestness,' as if that were something bad. And that definitely carries over from our punk and hardcore days.

Q: It seems like you're doing really well, though, especially when you come up here. You're playing weekend shows at Maxwells and Brownies, those are all hard gigs to get these days.

Ted: Surprisingly so, but it does seem that way. Our last show at Brownies there was a really good crowd.

Chris: We've done some really good shows at the Cooler (in NYC) too. The Cooler has been really good to us.

John: I think the booking guy at the Cooler is a big D.C.-phile so that really helps.

Q: The new record is on Gern Blandsten Records again. Are you happy with that state of affairs, or are you at the point where you're thinking of going to a bigger label?

Ted: Right now, we're happy with it.

Chris: Gern's a great recordlabe. He (Charles Maggio, who runs the one-man operation) does a great job with it.

John: I think it's getting better all the time. Every record he puts out seems to do better.

Ted: I'm sure we're doing as well or better with Charles than we would be doing on any larger indie label that we could have signed with. We'll be getting our first royalty checks soon, which will be something new.

John: We all know that there are certain indie labels where you never see a royalty check no matter how many records you sell.

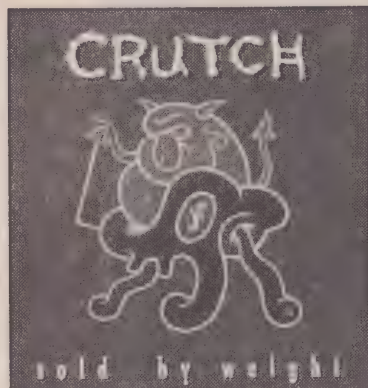
Q: Do you think the fact that you started out in the hardcore scene has carried over to the way you do things now. I mean, a lot of bands in your situation would never consider playing basement shows or working with such a small label.

Ted: Oh sure. There's a certain punk ethos that I hope to never abandon.

Chris: Well, you know, sometimes we do say things like that. There are good and bad things about everything. You play a really bad basement show where no one shows up or the show gets cancelled before you get there, and you start thinking you'll never play another one. But then sometimes those shows are so much fun you don't want to do anything else.

John: A lot of time at basement shows, you'll make more money and sell more records than you'll do at a club. So just from a practical point of view, it would be dumb to turn our backs on that. But like Chris says, all ages shows are usually the most fun too.

Ted: You have to remember, there are bands who practice for a year and never play out and then put out a demo. And then they try to get signed to a major label without ever playing a show. It's a completely different ethic. We can't really relate to it. I don't want to judge how other bands do things, but we're not just going to forget where we came from.



CRUTCH
Sold By Weight CD

"...heavy duty punk...with a fast tight attack of rock noise."
-Maximum R&R

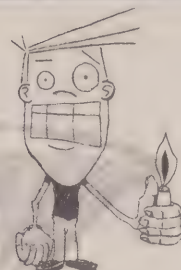
Fresh Harvest!

HIT ON THIS

<http://www.bongload.com>

BONG LOAD
Custom
records

PO BOX 931538
LA CA 90093



VITAMADE
Everything You Need CD

"...this is a mind blower.
The confidence, wit, fury, & power
of a band that has nothing to
prove; miss it at your own peril."
-Radar Star

REVOLVER • DUTCH EAST • CARGO • TWIN CITIES • CAROLINE • COM FOUR • SMASH • CISCO • ROTZ



Soccer.

It's not just a sport

new Soccer CD "La Boheme II - Electric Boogaloo"
now available - only \$8.



157 Coolidge Terrace,
Wyckoff, NJ 07481

e-mail: Coolidge.Records@SonicNet.com

also available on CD:

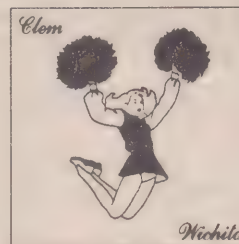
HOMAGE

lots of bands doing Descendents songs
Distributed by Rhetoric and Surefire

All 7" records are \$3 postage paid and the
CD's are \$8 postage paid.
Please make all checks out to "Cash".
Thanks.



Plow/Weston split 7"



Clem 7"



Meatjack 7"



Jake & the Stiffs - Spike 7"

Just Another New York Noise Band?

HELL NO!



Photo by Justine Demetrick

by Jim Testa

Few bands can trace their origins back to the ABC No Rio days like Hell No. The band came together after the demise of the amazing Citizens Arrest, one of the most electrifying bands from the ABC scene's early days, when guitarists Janis Cakars and bassist Joe Martin decided to stay together and form a new group. Drummer Jim Paradise had been a near constant presence in the ABC No Rio family of bands, most notably as the drummer of Mike Bullshit's Go! John Woods was a scene regular who never played in a band before picking up a microphone and venting his spleen as the psycho-punk vocalist of Hell No.

Part shock therapy, part primal rage, and part punk-rock apocalypse, Hell No is one of the most explosive aggressive, and unforgettable live experiences on the New York band scene. What's more

impressive is that so much rage, power, and volume can emerge from five of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet: Joe Martin, Janis Cakars, John Woods, Jim Paradise, and guitarist Rich Derespina. We met the band in their Manhattan rehearsal space to chat about the good old days and see what mayhem Hell No would be churning up next.

Q: I know that I met all of you at ABC No Rio originally, but is that where you all met, or did you know each other before that?

Joe: It's a pretty interesting story. The first time I hung out with John, really, was the day before a Citizens Arrest show, and I was hanging out with Darryl (CA's lead singer) in Manhattan, going to record stores and stuff. And Darryl was hanging out with John, who had driven into Manhattan. They ended coming up back to my



HELL NO at ABC No Rio, photo by Jim Testa

mother's house in Queens and spending the night. So I said, it would be great, since John has a car, if he could drive me and my bass amp into ABC No Rio and then drive me home again. And Darryl assured me, sure, no problem. So we're driving into Manhattan and we're just on the other side of the 59th Street Bridge, when this car comes whipping around the corner at us, and right behind it is this deranged man with a gun who's screaming at the car in some foreign language and shooting at it.

Janis: And Darryl's in the back seat, his face pressed up against the window, everybody else is terrified and he's going, 'So dude, is that a real gun?'

Joe: So that was John's first taste of Queens. Anyway, so we go play the show, have a dandy old time, but unbeknownst to me, Darryl never told John that I would also need a lift back to Queens with my bass amp. So John went home and I had to leave my bass amp in ABC No Rio all night and pray that it would still be there when I went back to get it.

John: I was the first person who walked into the first show they ever had there. It was Citizens Arrest, Go!, Bugout Society, and Atrocity, who later became The Manacled.

Joe: This was Mike (Bullshit's) first show there.

John: At that point, I had been writing to Mike and he wrote me and said he was booking shows in this new place. But I know there had been one show there before that, Bugout Society and SFA. I believe the two bands went bowling to decide who would headline that show. So I went there and Chris, the drummer from Bugout Society, was just standing outside. You couldn't even tell if there was a show going on. So I went in - and if you think it looks bad now, you should have seen it then. And there's just Mike there, alone, with a broom, sweeping up broken glass.

Janis: And that was the day I joined Atrocity. Charlie showed me the songs like five minutes before we played and once we started, I couldn't hear anything and didn't know what I was doing.

Joe: But actually we didn't meet Rich there. We didn't meet Rich we opened ReConstruction Records (a collectively-run record store owned and operated by several ABC No Rio regulars.) And Jim actually joined Go! through John.

John: I went to college with Jim and I introduced Jim to Go!

Jim: That was the week that the first Go! 7-inch came out. Because I remember they gave it to me when I met them to audition for the band.

Q: Anyway, how did Hell No eventually come together out of all this?

Joe: Well, when Citizens Arrest broke up, me and Janis wanted to continue playing together, and we were going over people we could get to play drums. So I suggested Jim from Go!, since Go! was going to be breaking up very soon anyway. And Janis is like, great idea, but how are we going to get in touch with him? So I said, well, I have John's phone number, I can call John and get Jim's number from him. So I call John and he wanted to know why I needed Jim's number. So I tell him the story and he's like, 'well, gee, I'd like to be in a band. That'd be cool.' And that was it. The rest is rock history.

Q: (to John) This is your first band, isn't it?

John: Yeah. First band. Jim and I had done other stuff that had never got out of the kitchen.

Joe: We went through some other members. Ted played with us for about...

John: A little shy of a year. We recorded the first 7 inch with Ted in the band.

Joe: And he told us about two months before we were going to Europe that he couldn't go, so we called Aaron (from Go!) and asked him if he wanted to join. And Aaron filled in for the tour and played one show with us when we got back. Then he left, and we had met Rich through ReConstruction.

Q: Do you remember when all this was going?

John: Hell No was already a band before Citizens Arrest played its last show, which was March 17, 1991.

Joe: Yeah, so early '91, Citizens Arrest broke up, and the next day, Janis and I....

Janis: Hell No had practiced and had songs before Citizens Arrest played its last show.

Joe: I don't really want to get into it, but the other guys in Citizens Arrest had done something, and Janis and I just decided we couldn't play with them anymore. So we decided to just do something else.

Q: So you guys have been together for a while now.

Joe: I guess it's just about five years.

Q: So let's talk about Hell No's sound. Your music is so angry and confrontational, I wonder where all that comes from. Because knowing you, I know your personalities aren't really like that off stage. Where does all that screaming, yelling, pounding come from?

Joe: It's probably a little of everything. Fuckin' hating your job. Not having any money. And, you know, we like that sound.

John: We save everything for the shows and the records.

Janis: We write music just like anybody else. You just take what you think sounds cool.

John: But there is a reason why we play music that sounds like it does.

Rich: I don't think anybody in this band is really angry. I think there may be some songs that have angry words, or sound a certain way that makes you think we're angry. But I don't think...

John: I don't think being angry is the main issue with the band. Actually, the lyrics I've written in the past year or two, the only thing they have to be is amusing to me personally and everybody else in the band. Well, mostly just to me.

Janis: Yeah, but it's not like they're not about anything.

John: Oh no, it's not that they're without substance. I think for a while I put too many limits on myself and as a result, wrote some really shitty lyrics. So lately they've gotten a little more abstract.

Q: Yeah, but when you perform then, you still sound *angry*. In fact, live, it's practically impossible to tell what you're saying anyway. What you're communicating with is the sound of your voice and your emotions.

John: I do think that's true. The songs work on two levels. And I don't know how much there is to be gained in taking the lyrics out of the context of the music. Because I do think the music should definitely always come first.

Q: The thing with John is that his stage persona is such a Jekyll & Hyde thing, he's so totally unlike that when he's not performing.

John: Lots of people have said that to me, actually.

Q: I mean, with Darryl in Citizens Arrest, he was always a weird little guy anyway, so when he would go off on stage and start foaming at the mouth, you sort of expected it. But you're not like that at all in person.

Janis: Well, I think with the music, it's more than just reflecting our personalities. It's an emotional release as well. Sub-consciously, this stuff just seeps out.

Joe: I don't think all our songs are so crazy. Especially lately, there are different nuances to it. There's a lot more melody in some of the songs. It's all, whatever we write, we like. All our outside influences come in. So some of it's really loud and some of it's really noisy, and some of it, I don't know. Not so loud, not so noisy.

Q: I think that's an inevitable progression. Look at Sonic Youth. Bands that stay together long enough, even if they started out playing just total noise and chaos, eventually wind up writing songs that have more structure and melody.

John: I think with us too, a lot of the time it's sounds. A lot of the parts sound crazier than they really are because a lot of times we'll complement it with a really quiet part. A lot of our songs are like that, a really really quiet part, and that makes the parts that are crazy sound a lot more so.

Q: Has it been hard keeping the band together? Because I can't help noticing that you don't play out much anymore, it must be pretty hard getting shows. And you have to keep paying for the rehearsal space and equipment. I know that can turn into a real drain on you.

Joe: It hasn't been hard in terms of keeping it together, or not losing interest, because we're all friends and we've never had arguments where we wind us disliking one another afterwards. We've never been in that situation, so it's always been fun and it's always been good to hang out with everyone else. It is hard keeping the band together in the sense that shows are hard to come by.

John: And it does get frustrating when you do get a show and you wind up playing to five people who don't like you. Repeatedly.

Joe: (laughs) Same five people. Over and over.

John: There have definitely been a couple of times when, after we've played, I've questioned why we kept doing it.

Joe: But there's always been people who have kept us going. Who have always supported us and stuff. We don't play out as much as we'd like to but that's also because, with the band getting older, we've all got jobs and stuff. We plan on playing out a lot more than we have been.

John: We play out of town quite a bit over the past few months. We played in Virginia and Connecticut.

Joe: But in town, we can't get as much shows as I think we should.

John: The parallel I always use is Prong in the late Eighties. None of the clubs here knew what to do with them. We're the same way.

Joe: Yeah, that's how we fit into the club scene here. Not that we sound like Prong. But, you know, we don't sound like Green Day either. So we're either too hardcore and noisy for the clubs that want pop acts, or we're not hardcore and punk enough for the clubs booking punk shows. And the other thing is that things change so fast around here. We used to get a lot of shows because we had friends who would book us. Like we'd play the Continental a lot because one of our friends worked there. Well, he doesn't work there anymore, so we don't play there.



A week or three ago, I listened to JUDE COLE on a demo tape. Driving to work this morning, I listened to him on an fm station, doing "I Believe In You."

THIS MOMENT IN TORONTO WITH VICTORIA WILLIAMS AND THE LOOSE BAND is a 16 track promo cd from the Time Warner giant. It's a non dubbed, unedited recording of a concert this gal did, which was also recorded for CBC radio. It's a fun listen. Williams has an interesting voice and tackles a wide range of musical offerings, ranging from hymns to strongly introspective ballads to silly little ditties. They did a very good job of capturing the concert feel; it seems as though Victoria, the band and the audience all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Looking for some nice family entertainment? Hunt up the album, in the stores now. I was interested to hear a song about the Follow The Rainbow concert, which I am listening to at the moment, in the midst of her concert.

FOLLOW THE RAINBOW (RS REcords Inc., 300 Observer Hwy., Hoboken, N.J. 07030) I had thought this was a concert but apparently not. A 16 track cd of inspired and inspirational tunes. All songs were inspired by the ability of people to find the light at the end of a dark tunnel. The lovely, haunting "Loriann," for instance, was inspired by a young lady with autism. 10 artists and groups. The opening track, performed by Nerea, entitled "Jump On In," sounds incredibly like Wilson Phillips. But it turns out to be only one gal. "Angels Watching Over Me

(Elise's Song)" by Rob O'Mara & friends is perhaps the most touching as well as the best. "All That You Are," a silly ditty by Margo Hennebach, is easily the worst. 14 good to very good songs on a 16 number album is a doggone good piece of work, I say. A portion of the proceeds of the sale of this cd will go to Janed Recreation Village, a 62 acre camp in the Catskills which offers people with developmental disabilities an opportunity for recreation and growth. A good cd combined with a good cause. Go buy a few copies!

POI DOG PONDERING - *Pomegranate* (P.O. Box 6027, Chicago, IL, 60680) This album opens with the title cut and the hauntingly beautiful violin sounds of Susan Voelz. From there, it travels through many waters, included some uncharted ones. There were enough people involved with this cd to stock a baseball team. Neat packaging and very good liner booklet, complete with lots of pictures, but no lyrics. Frank Orrall, head everything, is listed as using a Matrix 6, Prophet One, and EPS 16 as instruments. Whatever the hell they are. Computer stuff, I suppose. Dave Max Crawford plays a flugelhorn along with 7 other things. And lots and lots of other people and instruments. An entertaining slab of musical production, highlighted by the violin of Susan Voelz.

SNAPDRAGON - *Drinking Watermelon Sugar* (Pound Records, 450 N. Park Rd., Ste.#700, Hollywood FL 33021) Although vocalist, songwriter, art director and player of various instruments Tara VanDevender does bear a rather striking similarity to Juliana Hatfield, I hardly think that the people who compare Snapdragon to The Juliana Hatfield Three are being very accurate. At least not this release, which is much more poppy; softer and closer to folkabilly than *Become What You Are*, which, I believe, was the sole release of the JHIII. Tara comes from the deep South but doesn't sound it; she does sound a LOT like a young Juliana Hatfield. Except her voice is not as clear; it's harder to follow the lyrics. Sort of kiddie songs written about social mores and events and taken to a different level. Childhood wishes in an adult world. Good pop.

THE ADVENTURES OF DR. LAWYER - *It's All True* (Dark Devil Records, 398 Columbus Ave., Ste.#176, Boston, Ma. 02116) Harsha, who does much of the writing, sings lead and plays guitar, is an MD, a South Indian born in London, England. John Yannis is presumably the lawyer; he plays bass, sings backup, helps write songs and was born in Paris, France. Producer Huck Bennert supplies the drum machine. Combined, they present a very good album of pop songs which are easy to listen to. Many have humorous overtones with serious content. "OJ," for instance, sounds good, seems quite funny at first listen, but when one really listens, it appears that the suggestion is that OJ did, indeed, commit those murders ... for the gross purpose of recharging his fading career and making money! Everyone who lives and/or works in NYC needs to hear the song "New York." Maybe. Some love songs; sorta. Mostly ballads. A good release.

DANSE ASSEMBLY

techno industrial cyber danse
by mick hale

BABYLAND Who's Sorry Now (Flipside PO Box 60790, Pasadena CA) On "Who's Sorry Now" the electronic h/c dynamic duo of CA slow things down a bit to a listenable pace. As opposed to their thrashed-BPM prior output this release clocks in the mid-tempo range quite nicely. More punk, than hard core, maybe. "Lukewarm" crosses Big Black-esq vox with almost Soft Cell tape-loopy synths in the background; while "Happy Drum" is about as mock-tribal as you can get with industrial. Lotsa interesting samples sounds & beats follow and with the most varied tempos of any Babyland release, make this their best yet. ***

CUBANATE Cyberia (Dynamica) Well, after a completely worthless opening track, the Rubics lads are back at their blend of growling vox, gee-tars & sequenced running basslines. "Hate Song" & "Skeletal" are the standout cuts here. Although much of this cd doesn't break any new ground for this UK powerhouse, it's still waaay more true to it's industrial roots than say labelmates Ooomph! (oh, yeah... they also have a new cd out too...) C: *** 1/2 Oo: - *

NEOTEK Brain Over Muscle (Hard/Cleopatra) I really wanted to like this, trust me! But as I desperately scrolled track to track it all just strikes me as ultra generic industrial. One listen to (get these song titles:) "Rhythm Machine" or "Suicide" (ahem) & you'll see what I mean, here. It's all well produced & sequenced but just over(t)ly typical for the genre. Other than an occasional key sequence here & there (when you sit up & think: "Wow this sounds like UFO's Are Real",) nothing really grabs you about this release. **

OLD Formula (Earache 295 Lafayette St #915, NYC 10012) Formula plays like a cross between PIL & Ultra Vivid Scene (anybody remember "Kind Of A Drag," ...anybody?) More indie rock' than electro as the guitar textures dominate the drum machines (which are at least present & accounted for.) "Underglass" is the Bugles meets Cure (with some nifty vox) "Rid" gets a bit heavier (for a second) while "Amoeta" is a nice drop off for

this decent mini-lp. A band to watch for further developments; hey? ***

SCORN Gyal (Earache) With "Gyal" Scorn makes giant leaps & bounds toward the ambient arena & away from their drab drugged-out-guitar-washed-(stoned washed?)-daze of yore. While I really like what this guy does with a drum machine & some hip-hop loops, it'd be real nice to hear an actual song mixed in there now & then. All tracks run the BPM range of 69 to 92, making this cd a mellow groove on the ambient trip-tic throughout. *** 1/2

SYNTAX ERROR same (Furnace/Silent) Sample heavy, dark electro with breathy vox & political lyrics seems to be the Syntax' approach on this, their debut cd for the Furnace label. With some production & studio work by Daryll Hell (of Abstinence fame,) my only complaint with this cd is the dry, unaffected vox (in spots.) At times you wonder if they ran out of Fx sends; as the vox could have really benefited from some manipulation & treatments. ** *

THD Outside In (Hard/Cleopatra) It take's PA favourite sons THD until "Corpse Grinder" (the 3rd cut on their new cd) to really get things moving, but boy is it worth the wait. Bleeping vintage synth syncopation that breaks way into a full fluid chorus. "Lotek Terrorists" uses a noise gate on the vox trax to recall that eerie computer driven Clock DVA spacey sound. "Release" is the most up-tempo track on here (almost like a pissed off SMG, perhaps?) A pretty worthwhile purchase I'd say. ****

ULTRAVIOLENCE Psycho Drama (Earache) WHAT? And I thought that 4-non blondes techno remix was bad. Some of the music ok, but the screeching fem vox are truly awful!



B ABYLAND

horace pinker

O N T O U R

WITH AGENT ORANGE

3.30 Miami, FL Nile Theater
3.31 Albuquerque, NM Golden Gate
4.01 Li Po, TX The Attic
4.02 Austin, TX The Attic
4.03 Dallas, TX The Garage
4.04 Houston, TX The Abyss
4.05 New Orleans, LA Jimmy's Club
4.06 Tallahassee, FL Backyard Pizzeria
4.07 Ft. Lauderdale, FL Club Impact
4.08 St. Petersburg, FL The State Theater
4.10 Orlando, FL Fairbanks Inn
4.11 Melbourne, FL The Zoo
4.12 Jacksonville, FL The High Bar
4.13 Augusta, GA Sugar Cinema
4.14 Chapel Hill, NC The Cat & Griddle
4.15 Columbia, SC Rockafella's
4.16 Wilmington, DE Mud Mark
4.17 Washington D.C. The Black Cat
4.18 Virginia Beach, VA The Abyss
4.19 Philadelphia, PA upstairs at Rick's
4.20 Boston, MA Mama Nia Music Hall
4.21 New York, NY Brownies
4.22 Morgantown, WV Nyabingi Dance Hall
4.23 Cleveland, OH Grog Shop
4.24 Indianapolis, IN The Emerson Center
4.25 Detroit, MI Shelter at St. Andrews
4.26 Chicago, IL Fireside Bowl
4.27 St. Louis, MO The Side Door
4.28 Omaha, NE The Cog Factory
4.29 Kansas City, MO The Daily Grind
4.30 Boulder, CO The Fox Theater
5.01 Salt Lake City, UT The Bar and Grill
5.02 Boise, ID Crazy Horse
5.03 Seattle, WA The China Club
5.04 Portland, OR TDR
5.05 San Francisco, CA Trocadero

OTHER HORACE PINKER TOUR DATES

5.06 Honolulu, HI
5.09-15 New Zealand 5.16-20 Australia
5.30-6.17 North America w/BBB (Holland)
August-October Europe

burn temple to the ground
NEW LP/CD OUT NOW

ONEFOOT

16091 751 0497



Is It PUNK Yet?

by dave
thirsty



So I've begun yet another fun filled semester here in snowy Ithaca, NY. It's now the second half of my sophomore year and the administrative bureaucrats are requiring I choose a major. Hmm... Currently I'm under what Ithaca College calls its Exploratory Program, for students who are undecided as to what they wanna do the rest of their lives. Anyhow, under this program you're supposed to be able to "explore" a variety of classes and choose a major by the end of your second year. So I can select what I wanna take and then hopefully find something of significant interest for which to further major in such a concentration.

Anyhow, the problem with the whole system is this. First off, the college says for exploratory students to choose whatever courses they want, yet in all actuality, they limit you to just within the humanities and sciences. This means, say I wanted to take a class in film or photography, I can't because it's in the school of communications; or if I wanted to take a music class, I can't, because it's in the school of music. This is fucked up. Then to make the decision on choosing a major even more complex for me, when it comes time to go through the course registration bullshit, I find myself not getting even half of the courses that I've signed up for. This is due to two main reasons.

The first is by a term being applied to everyone and everything in the United States of America right now, that being, DOWNSIZING. This is becoming a serious problem. Companies are laying off workers, administration is getting rid of teachers, which makes for less classes offered, and harder work for those professors that are already busting their asses. I'm not even gonna get into this one. The second reason for me not getting half of the courses I've signed up for is that Ithaca College gives preference to students who sign up for a class in that major. So for instance, when I signed up for Sexual Oppression(sociology of gender) I was deferred because I wasn't a sociology major, but yet in fact an exploratory student. Well how the hell am I supposed to elect a major when I'm being restricted to the courses I can take and being rejected from the courses that I'm trying to take in order to decide what interests me? Instead, I'm stuck with alternate classes that reinforce my uncertainty of declaring a major in a specific field. The school is forcing me to select a major yet I'm not sure what I wanna do and how would

I know film or music might be a field I'd like to pursue a career in if I'm restricted from taking those classes.

The system is screwed up. Changed need to be made. Changes that include the input of administrators, professors, and students. It's not enough, nor just to have the right wing high paid upper class making all the decisions on the education of today's youth. Is my education not as important as how much of a salary increase they're getting? Is education in our society something that we should be joking about? This is my future damnit! Not only will it be effecting me, but double standard, someday I might be educating the children of those making the decisions now. I can't stress enough that for the amount of money I'm paying to attend this college, I should be getting a lot more out of it. I will say that I did get into the sexual oppression class, but was due only to the fact that I had known the professor when I took her Women's Lives class the previous semester. It seems it's all about knowing somebody in order to get some respect or get something done. If not, you're a goner. If only they had amajor in fanzines.... Oh well, enough lecture, enjoy the reviews.

Sicko - chef boy ru dum - empty records - it's their third fun length and quite possibly BEST yet! This is sooo good! Tons of sw.I lches, sing-a-long melodies, and can we say, FAST! An the poppunk from being a dateless loser, computer geek, compulsive complainer, hating mars, all up to 16 songs and even a bonus live tune on breakfast cereal. FUN! GET THIS NOW!!!

Bouncing Souls - maniacal laughter - chunksaah records - 12 songs, a bunch re-recorded from comps or splits. At first I thought this record sucked hard, but being from Jersey, I couldn't trust my first instincts. Now after over a dozen playings, I still think *the good, the bad, the argyle* release was lots better. Keep the comps and other 'souls'releases cuz this one is a disappointment. But do check out the first song, "Lamar Vannoy," when your neighbor picks this one up. I'm still gonna go see this band live cuz that's where the intensity is.

Stuntman - s/t 7" - Sonic Bubblegum - the first tune, "Robert Marshall Long," is rock-n-roll BORING. The second, "Car Crash," was quite noisy, indie rock - in other words, duR, so I turned it off, went to sleep, woke up and had a dr. pepper and then I felt better.

Diesel Boy - "strap on" 7" - fat wreck chords - "fuck you I hate you she said while my pants were falling down" -haha - 4 songs about punk rock girls with doc martens that'll break yer hearts, so don't get too close. The A side is pretty good, but the B side lacks something, perhaps more beer was needed during the recording?! **Gan - water powered teenies - vinyl japan** - this sounds to me like green day but more raw power, leaning more towards a tiltwheel sound. This rocks! Melodic hardcore and the singer is wearing a sloppy seconds shirt! 4 tunes on a 7" worth checking out! **The Humpers - sarcasmatron - 1+2 records** - this recording is so bad. The music isn't that far off either. Old skool hardcore punk that you can do without.

Everready - girl 7" - skenel - a two song single, in yer face punk rock! This stuff is the shit. Everready is what it's all about. Go buy this record and your life will be complete.

Everready - fair play - Liquid Meat Records - it says on the back cover, originally recorded in 1992, so I guess nobody had this then, but now's your chance to own the real thing. Change, the 4th song is one of the best written/fast, beer driven, punk rock tunes ever! If you don't get some everready, you're a fool.

Hellbender - s/t 7" - this single rocks in that jawbreaker sorta way. Fast catchy emo punk! I love this stuff, hope more comes from this NC trio.

Noise Addict - meet the real you - grand royal records - it's Ben Lee and his three high school buddies dishing out garage like rock. It's fun sing-a-long stuff with all the teen angst to make me, Dave Thirsty, jealous. One of my personal favorites.

Mr. T Experience - love is dead - Lookout! Records - love might be dead but this record is alive and well. The finest in pop punk. Short and sweet, had me playing it over and over. The bio indicates a video is being shot ... cool ... these guys deserve all the success they so procure!

NOFX - heavy petting zoo - epitaph - the first track is amazing. Fast nofx style - under a minute. But then this album goes on to a depressingly slow maxch with wa-wa pedals and crazy effects. It's missing out on the speed and adrenaline that their previous albums had. The humor is still here. August 8th, the twelfth track, is an ode to how beautiful the day was when jerry garcia died. Oh yeah, the artwork on this album is completely disgusting that I can picture Fat Mike laughing his ass off. It came with an official NOFX Fuck Ewe Sheep that you blow up to find lipstick and eyehner on the face and a hole in the rear. You decide!?!

Six-O-Seven - s/t - demo - one of upstate NY's finest new hardcore punk bands, 607 delivers great vocals matched with tight guitar riffs and solid percussion. At times it's descendents-y while others it's a bit more metalhca influenced, either way, I like it. 607 is a band that, if you've got a record label and searching for quality hardedged punk, you're an idiot if you pass these guys up! I'll even help you out, contact 607 - 14 wilson hill rd - binghamton, ny 13905

J Church/Serpico - 7" - Deadbeat Records - the J Church side is pretty poorly recorded which is a shame cuz I'm always in the mood to hear some new powered driven punk. Serpico offers one solid tune that proves my position that they're definitely a band to keep an eye out for, though these NY boys are getting pretty big already on the east coast (which of course, is THE place to be).

Weston - Teenage Love Affair - 7" - Gern Blandsten - two new weston tunes and a Bon Jovi cover. Weston is great, this 7" is great. I hear they're in Europe now, and the new album (on Go Kart) will be out in April. Can't wait, these guys are so much fun to listen, dance, sing, watch, drool, and hang out with.

End of One - s/t 7" - 4 melodic hardcore songs from Ithaca, NY. Totally original, End of One, formerly known as EXIT, offer pretty melodies and the singer's vocals remind me a bit of Silent Majority. Catchy rhythms - yeah, I like this record! The first track, Eclipse, is well worth sending the three bucks for. End of One 140 Woodmere Blvd. So. Woodmere, NY 11598.

Two fanzines definitely worth checking out: Ache - this is a mini-cartoon zine full of teen angst. 2 issues already out and filled with sadness, particularity, and cute/adorable drawings of comics like Angst Diner, Flomo and Mr. Nib, Super Punk Rock Girls, plus lots of complete

awkwardness, so like Jamie says, "Laugh at my pain." This is great. \$1ppd to 9 Onderdonk Rd, Suffern, NY 10901

Marcia fanzine - done by two rad kids named Mike, this cut-n-paste is quality. Not afraid to tell it like it is, honest reviews, hilarious yearbook photos, interviews, and goofy stuff all around that makes this zine two punk rock thumbs up! #5 currently out with interviews w/ Squirtgun, Sicko, plus why brad pitt is a pussy, show and music reviews, and a bunch more. So quit being a weenie and trying to scrub shit for free and send a buck to Marcia Fanzine *clo the Mikes* LPO 16166 PO Box 5064 New Brunswick, NJ 08903-5064



Ben Lee
Photo by Jim Testa



Weston
Photo by Shawn Scallen

Deconstruction

by
Greg Matherly

Welcome to 1996 - another 365-day spiral of love, hate, fear, elation, and many more confusing and thought provoking episodes! It gets a little wierder every year and I don't think that this year should be any different. Congratulations to all for wading through 1995, still somewhat intact and begging for more.

If the eternal questions cake heavy upon your fine, ultra-electric pulse, and your interests are concerned a bit more with the results of the latest Terrence McKenna review in psychopharmacology than with listening to the popular 'alternative' station, then **deconstruction** is your soundtrack classifieds. There have been quite a few good releases that I was able to get my hands on this time around. Unfortunately, I can't say the same for live performances. I was quite disappointed with the lack of 'experimental' groups and performance artists that were on tour last year. This year will be better... if not I'll go on a national tour, beating a trash can and screaming about some sort of revolution. Tour dates will be available.

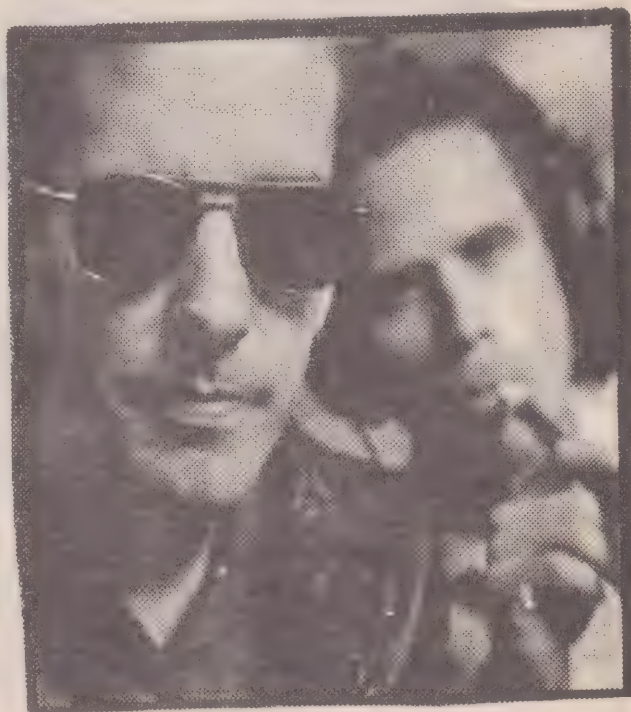
If slow ambient algorithms are what you dig best to, these first couple of new discs can't go unnoticed. The new one by **Scorn** is entitled *Gyral* (Earache Records), and it continues the evolution noticed on their last effort, *Evanescence*. Perhaps the most startling feature to one who has heard Scorn for the first time is the fact that this minimalist abience is the brainchild of ex-Napalm Death drummer, Michael Harris. Just goes to show you what a preconceived idea will do for you. *Gyral*'s smooth, lethargic style averages, in speed, 80 bpm. Scorn manipulates this time between beats with low-end electronic pulses, ethereal keyboard drones and an occasional sample (all of which are devoid of lyric). The marked density produced by Scorn comes from a fusion of semi-dark trance patterns with the timeless duration of the actual sounds evoked. Machination and continuation seem to be plausible themes here. *Gyral* blankets the airwaves with a persistent, rhythmic enclosure that doesn't let up once on any of the 8 tracks.

In my opinion, the greatest roots/dub artists around right now are the UK's **Alpha and Omega**. If you are not familiar with the ambient spirituality of Alpha and

Omega, this compilation of remixes, *Sound System Dub* (Roir), is all it will take to spark your conversion. 15 reggae dubs combined with the very best elements of the techno/ambient genre, produce a long voyage through the highly celestial hemispheres of great kings. It's possible to dance to these remixes but they favor a horizontal position. Guitar and vocal reverberations along with an intense interplay of ancient instruments gives modern insight to Alpha and Omega's nostalgic method of flight. *Sound System Dub* evokes its lucid effect more readily when it is very loud and I highly recommend it be placed on the menu at your next urban ritual. This one's a lot of fun.

Zero Hour Records has a new release by the unseen, third member of the heady duo, Space Needle. Anders Parker's songwriting on Varnaline's debut, *Man of Sin*, is observant, honest and fuzz-ridden... the characteristics of all musicians worth their weight in distortion pedals. Varnaline is personal and direct, in content as well as production. *Man of Sin* is a collection of acoustically tweaked prayers, relations and stories all of which convey a gut-wrenching sense of living and dealing with those abstractions often unclearly defined as just 'things.' Varnaline echoes the sharp illustrations of American Music Club at times and sometimes bears a musical similarity to Guided By Voices. A concise collection of heart-felt observations and acknowledged barriers to mull over.

Caveman Shoestore and Hugh Hopper have taken the time to blend talents and create an uninhibited union of experimental audio-episodes aptly entitled *Caveman Hughscore* (Tim Kerr Records). In way of credentials and preliminary expectations, it is worthy to note that Hugh Hopper is somewhat legendary in the halls of applauded performance. His imaginative approach to the electric bass is plural and may be surmised through numerous collaborations and solo projects released over the last



New Wet Kojak

SPARKLEHORSE

Captain Howdy's here
but we can't see him.



VIVADIXIESUBMARINETRANSMISSIONPLOT



© 1995 Capitol Records, Inc.

20-years. Oh yeah, he was also the bass player for the progressive British band, Soft Machine. Composed by Hugh Hopper and arranged by he and Caveman Shoestore, *Hugh-score* showcases the many musical talents and mental faculties involved. Elaine diFalco's new-found accordion manipulation along with her pop-jazz, fluid style of vocal harmonies and the brilliant bass creations of confessed fuzzaholic, Hopper, are executed to the percision of mad-lucidity and profoundly symbiotic to the verse. Bassist Fred Chalenor and drummer Henry Fanzoni complete this stimulating quartet by adding more low-end fretboard frequencies and freeform percussion, respectively. This release is dense and sporadic, providing an aural bombardment of unpredictable forms and clear, well-defined insight. Guest performances include Jen Harrison on french horn and the didjeridu work of **Michael Stirling**. The latter can be experienced in its pure, solitary essence on Stirling's new release, *Flying Snake Brain* (Tim Kerr). The ancient aborigine drone of the didjeridu is one that never tires in acting as the missing link between the core of man and... well, the core of man! Michael Stirling's gift is that of the old sage echoing the concerns and relations of a new generation. The power of Stirling's meditations on *Flying Snake Brain* magnify the spiritual to depths incredibly deep. Helpful and immense, the didjeridu is in no fear of becoming 'outdated' in the hands of Michael Stirling.

Shifting gears, the people at Rykodisc have not only released all of the albums that they could get their hands on by the by late mad-dad of freakish absurdism, **Frank Zappa**, but they have also comprised a 'best of' disc which nobly attempts to span the artist's recording career. Now you might ask, "Is this a last ditch effort, perhaps even conceived by the deceased himself, to sell these songs one more time in hopes of getting airplay?" The possibilities are as endless as the guises of Suzy Creamcheese but one thing is for sure, the 19 tracks on *Strictly Commercial*, *The Best of Frank Zappa* serve as a convenient collection of 'hits' for the Zappoid and as a sinister tool in the luring of unsuspecting Franky virgins to the jelly covered alter of pop-satire and 'cosmic debris.' Some of the selections included are "Peaches En Regalia", "Don't Eat The Yellow Snow", "My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama", "Trouble Every Day", "Joe's Garage", and "Let's Make The Water Turn Black." A lot of RYKO's Zappa re-issues, such as *Strictly Commercial*, are remixed or returned to the original production used at the initial time of release. For information on the other Frank Zappa products available, write RYKO and they'll be glad to send you a free catalog.

New Wet Kojak (Touch and Go) is the title for a collaboration of slow, mood perversions which feature Scott McCloud and Johnny Temple (Girls Against Boys) and guitarist Nathan Larson (Shudder to Think). The ambiance of New Wet Kojak is projected in the same manner that would be found in a sleazy strip-club nestled within the depths of a sanitorium. The painful accents of ambiguous guitar feedback responding with Charles Bennington's bleating sax, gives birth to a psycho-hypnotic delve into the sub-levels of cool. A bastard of jazz and rock, New Wet Kojak manages to twist the twisted until it resembles normality. Songs like "Stick Out Your Tongue" are indicative of such aims while "Me Acuerdo De Ti" drifts at a steady, somewhat consonant rate. Images of dark humor and a lust for alien vibes characterize this somber and estranged disc. I hope to see more from this project... It would be interesting to see how far they'd go.

Legendary punk guitarist Greg Ginn has released two new projects similar in content. The **Mojack** album, *Merchandising*

Murder (SST) highlights the bent string work of Ginn around a continuous flow of sax, bass rolls and beefed-up percussion. Where Mojack is instrumental and dedicated to consistency, the **Confront James** release, *Ill Gotten Hatred* (SST) punctuates Ginn's standard guitar-oriented, noise rock with the spoken word and screaming of one, Richard Ray. The production on both of these releases contains quite a few overdubs of percussion and guitar, giving them an immensely busy texture. If you are familiar with the work of Ginn, these can be lumped in together with all his other projects. Albeit a slightly different approach than his last solo effort, Ginn never strays too far from his standard brand of weirdness, which I feel the best said of it is that it 'has it's moments.' Mojack is dance friendly and will probably see some good remixes but I don't think there is much hope for the bland arrangements of Confront James. *Ill Gotten Hatred* is a little too overdone in style to find any redeeming qualities and it's bombastic effect falls short of becoming good background music.

At long last, the brave new CD has arrived. More and more record labels are marketing multi-media CD-ROM releases. This is very advantageous if one owns a computer. The creativity of the artist is further witnessed by this new format. Who knows, maybe one day people will stop watching MTV for their visual stimulation and delve into a more personal, non-media related vision of what the artist wishes to pair their music with. **Pere Ubu** has just recently released *See Dee Plus* (Tim Kerr) which has all kinds of neat little Ubuian treats including digital movies, sound files, discography, a few demos and the single, "Folly of Youth" taken from there latest album, *Raygun Suitcase*. Lead vocalist and friend of technology David Thomas designed this tasty little byte himself. It is accessible to Mac and IBM users. The movies are made for Quicktime, which is included for either system.

Flipside Records also has a multi-media release available. The latest disc from the hyper industrialists **Babyland** entitled, *Who's Sorry Now*, contains 9 audio tracks and three movie tracks in the MPEG format. This one was not as easy to run and humorously enough, all keyboard and mouse response was wiped out during the MPEG video, "Worst Case Scenario." This is not to be the fault of Flipside or Babyland (I hope), as this frontier is still very new. It's extremely hard to produce a CD-ROM that will perform properly on all of the many systems available today. Babyland's CD-ROM is made for Windows, Mac and old fashioned stereos. The video work, as well as the mood of the audio, is reminiscent of early Chrome.

That's a wrap for now. I hope this has served its purpose to inform by making mad, oxymoronic attempts at 'objective criticism.' New releases and feedback may be addressed to: deconstruction, P.O. Box 2771 M.T.S.U. Murfreesboro, TN 37132 Or by E-Mail: drmathery@prodigy.com

"It would be an unsound fancy and self-contradictory to expect that things which have never yet been done can be done except by means which have never yet been tried." -Francis Bacon

Labels:

Flipside Records - P.O. Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116
Roir USA - 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012
Rykodisc - Shetland Park, 27 Congress St., Salem, MA 01970
SST - P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260
Tim Kerr Records - P.O. Box 42423, Portland, OR 97242

no idea fanzines+records & toybox records present

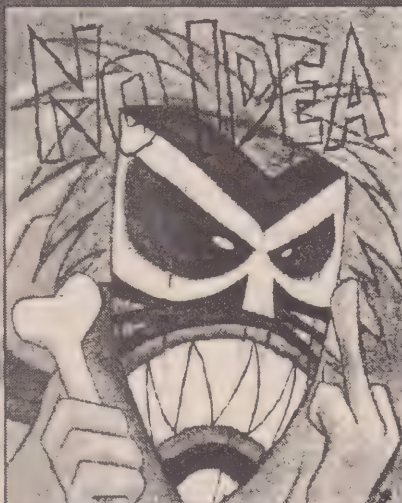
BLINDSPOT

mailorder + distro to kids and stores



HOT WATER MUSIC

"Finding the Rhythms" CD
(on No Idea / Toybox)



NO IDEA #12

Fanzine
(With CD-or 2xLP)

Songs by: Hot Water Music, Floor, No Empathy, Ash County Sluggers, Brutal Truth, Christie Front Drive, Pung, Cavity, Floodgate, Against All Authority, The End of the Century Party, Serpico, Elmer, Gus [can], Moonraker, Bruce Lee Band, Horage Pinker, Car Vs. Driver, The Lisa Killers, Hope Springs Eternal, Jack With Killer, King Friday, Braid, Locust, Rhythm Collision, V-Card, Sideshow, Skankin' Pickle, Crunch, Threadbare, Still Life, Bombs of Cheese. Zine = 120 pages.



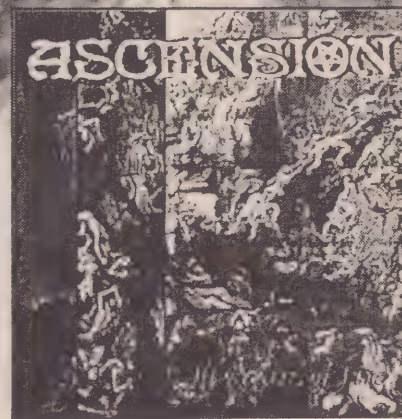
CLAIRMEL

"untitled" CD
(on No Idea / Allied)



LESS THAN JAKE

"Losers, Kings & Things" CD
(on No Idea)



ASCENSION

"The Years of Fire" CD
(on Toybox)

These 4 new CDs - \$6.00 each
NI#12 w/ CD \$3.75 • w/ 2xLP \$6.25
ADD-POSTAGE-TO-ALL-PRICES!!!

BLOODBOOK # 4 "Cleveland Meanzine" w/ Ltd ed. RINGWORM 7" (\$3.60) • CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE CD (\$6.) • DAHLIA SEED "Valentine kids litter" LP (\$5.25) DAHLIA SEED "Survived By" LP/CD (\$4.20/\$6) • DESPISE YOU 7" (\$2.40) • DISENGAGE "Ruined From Birth" 7" (\$2.10) • FEAR OF GOD 7" (\$2.40) • FLETCHER 7" (\$2.10) • FRONTIER TRUST "Speed nebraska" CD/LP (\$6/4.20) • GRIEF / 16 Split 7" (\$2.40) • GRIEF / SOI LENT GREEN 10" (\$3.60) • INFEST 7" (\$2.40) • LEFT BACK, LET DOWN Comp 2x7" (\$3.60) w/ SPAZZ, etc • MAN is the BASTARD / AGATHOCOCLES 7" (\$2.40) • MINERAL "Gloria" 7" (\$2.10) • UNO Comp LP (\$4.20) w/ Inourselves, Jihad, etc. • VANBUILDERASS: 7" (\$2.) • ENGINE KID: Heater 7" (\$2.10) • EXTREME NOISE TERROR 7" (\$2.20) • FLOOR: Heather 7" (\$2.40) Madonna 7" (\$2.10) • FLOOR / SPAZZ 7" (\$2.10) • FLOOR / TIRED FROM NOW ON 7" (\$2) • HOT WATER MUSIC: Eating the Filler 7" (\$2) • HUMAN REMAINS 7" (\$2.10) • IINKWELL / HAL AL SHEDAD 7" (\$2.10) • JAWBREAKER: live 7" (\$2.40) • JIHAD / INOURSelves 7" (\$2.10) • JIHAD: God's Forgotten People (\$2) • SNAPCASE: Steps 7" / CD (\$2.40/ \$4.70) • SPARKMARKER: gerberick 7" (\$2.10) • THENCEFORWARD (\$2.10) • WIDE AWAKE: Demos (\$2) • ACTION PATROL: Weak Force-LP (\$4.20) • ASSUCK: Anticapital CD (\$6) • BLOODLET: Eclectic CD (\$7.80) • BRUCE LEE BAND: CD (\$6) • CAR VS. DRIVER: Deja Grateful LP (\$4.80) • DEADGUY: Fixation.. CD/LP (\$7.80 / \$5.70) • GUILT: Bardstown... CD / LP (\$7.80 / \$5.70) • INTEGRITY: Systems... CD/LP (\$7.80 / \$5.70) • KARP / EYE LP (\$4.20) • LESS THAN JAKE: Making Fun...-10" (\$5.) • LESS THAN JAKE: Pezcore CD/CS (\$6 / \$5) • SCHLONG: Essential -CD (\$5) part 1 • SCHLONG: Unessential -CD (\$6) part 2 • SICK'NTIRED: I Don't Usually... -CD (\$4.80) • SPARK-MARKER: Products -CD (\$6.60) • SPOKE: Done -CD (\$6) • ATTAINING THE SUPREME -CD (\$6) LTJ, HWM, Man or Astroman, Car vs. Driver, Swank • LTJ: T-Shirts (XL) (\$5)

POSTAGE INFO - regular postal rates: 7"=2 oz • CD= 4oz. • Shirt= 10 oz • Mailer= 5oz • Cass = 4 oz • LP = 10 oz (16 oz = 1 Lb.) Special 4th Class: \$1.24 (1st Lb.), 50¢ (each add'l) FIRST class: 32¢ (1st oz), 20¢ (ea. add'l). PRIORITY: \$3 (2 Lb.), \$1 (ea. add'l Lb.) • For accurate overseas postage, please send IRC, or add \$1 per 7". FLORIDA RESIDENTS: ADD SALES TAX • Checks & M.O. to: NO IDEA

List Alternates • Not Sure? Send \$3 for a 25+ Band Blindspot Sampler CD

Send SASE / IRC for full catalog of 100's of vinyl, CD, zines, etc!!

Blindspot (ph/fax: 352-375-9041) toybox@ufcc.ufl.edu • P.O.Box 14636 • Gainesville FL 32604-4636

Hey there, cats and chicks, and welcome once again to the bowels of Jersey Beat known as Garage Disease. I managed to find a couple of hours between binging and brawling to knock this thing out, so youse best read on if youse knows whats good for ya! Anyways, I got a shitload of new crap that'll knock ya on yer lowlife ass, so read on and let's get REAL, REAL GONE!

Into my paws has fallen six new slabs o' slop from the good folks at The Estrus Center For Moral Enhancement. Spewing forth from Felony Flats comes the new one from the undisputed kings of trash rock, **The Makers**. This self-titled monster is filled with that mean ass fuck you attitude that we all find so endearing in these drunken cats from Felony Flats. 16 tracks of high energy trash that'll kick yer ass and leave ya beggin' for more! Gutbucket punk trash. A most devious chicken indeed!

After layin' down some of the finest high end garage punk 7 inchers ever to shatter glass and eardrums everywhere, Austin's fuzz fueled maniacs **The Inhalants** finally knocked out their debut 12 inch titled, oddly enough, *The Inhalants*. 17 sonic kicks to the head that you won't soon recover from, Jim. Treble-y, snotty vocals that immediately endeared these Texas youngsters to me. An instant garage punk classic! So curl up with the one you love, crack open the Mad Dog, pour the rubber cement into a sandwich bag, and put this scorcher on the turntable. A better recipe for romance cannot be found.

From the greasy streets of Memphis, Tennessee comes one of the hottest intro platters to pass through my palms in a long time. *Square Jungle*, the debut from **Impala**, adds a hint of smoky flavor to the average surf intro, giving the proceedings the moody atmosphere of a Raymond Chandler novel. The ballsy, strip joint sax adds a nice touch, mostly responsible for the night club aura that clings to the sound like smoke in a spotlight. Don't get me wrong, these guys can lay down a real barnstormer when they want to, but it's when these guys cook that they really smoke.

All the way from Tokyo (via Bellingham, WA), comes the newest release from **Teengenerate**, *Smash Hits*. Actually, this one is a comp of singles, some of which were damn hard to find, being on Japanese and Australian labels, not to mention some US labels that ain't so easy to get a hold of short of mail order. But thanks to ol' Dave over there at Estrus, those hard to find eggs are in one basket. This ain't a complete singles collection, but it does gather the "cream" (though I, being a fanatic of these guys, would say they haven't laid a stinker yet). Full of mind bending covers of punk gems by the likes of The Zeros, The Nervous Eaters, The Reaction, Radio Birdman, The Fun Things, The Pretty Things (as cranked out by The Survivors), plus some ass kickin' originals, make this one of my fave raves of the year. 15 duophonic tracks of trash. DON'T LET THIS ONE SLIP PAST YOU!!

Next up from Estrus Sweet Meats is the sultry, soulful sounds of Portland's Brothers of Surf, **Satans Pilgrims**, with their new smash, *Soul Pilgrim*. Now sporting a new member, a Hammond M-3 named Betsy that had seen 35 years of hymns and Christmas

carols, oozes her decade and a half of pent-up soul all over this long player. Not that she plays on every track, but the soul got all over the Pilgrim boys while she was around, and man this is MAD! Not only do the new cuts lay thee flat on thine arse, but they throw in a new version of a song off their first EP ("Haunted House of Rock '95") and two songs off the Cavity Search cassette ("Plymouth Rock" and "Small Craft Advisory"). My fave intro lp of the year. Man, these Pilgrims cats WAIL!

And finally, it's the long awaited compact disc release of the debut foot longer from the "Queens of Tease Rock," **The Trashwomen!** *Spend The Night With The Trashwomen*, originally released around '93, is just now seein' the light of day on the compact disc for the technological types out there. 12 titillating tracks of high energy reverb surf trash perfect for yer next beach or pool party. This ain't no cutsie girl band, no sir. These tracks rage with rawness, and if you ain't careful mister, you'll catch the full wallop right in yer goddamn taco! (All six collections of boss tuneage are available from Estrus Records PO Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227-2125 USA Write and ask for a free catalog)

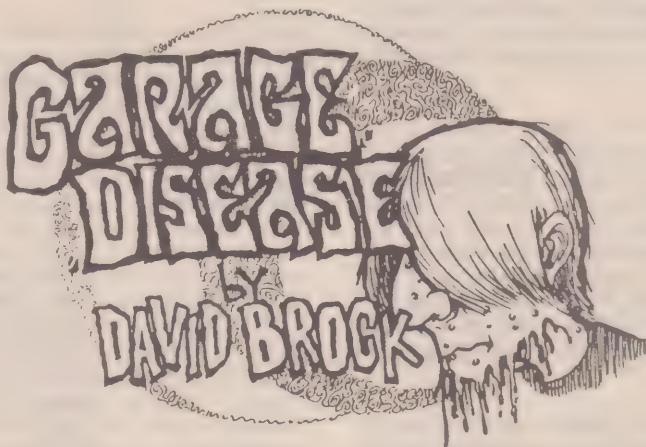
From the folks at Get Hip and 1+2 Records, comes mondo stacks of wax from Japan and the icy climes of Scandinavia. *Made In Japan*

(recorded in Sweden) is the newest release from Sweden's **The Nomads**. Recorded live in Stockholm for Swedish TV (!), the sound on this is damn near studio quality and goddamn, does it rock! These guys pound out loud, heavy garage punk you should play at your sister. But loud and heavy don't do these guys justice. Just hear the harmonies in their take on The Dictators "16 Forever", or the "hellhound on my trail" guitar playin' on "Call Off Your Dogs". What the hell am I sayin'?! These guys fuckin' rock as hard as The Stooges or The Dead Boys. Don't miss their Conrad Uno produced album, *Powerstrip*, recorded at the infamous Egg Studios. Also

available, a single with a track from the album called "Dig Up That Hatchet" b/w "The Goodbye Look", a non-LP b-side. Grab the single even if you get the elpee. It's worth it for the b-side.

It's a Japanese Attack! Recorded in Japan and produced in Arizona by Jeff Dahl, 1976 is the new slab from **Fifi And The Mach III**. Jeff Dahl also lends a hand on a few tracks by singing lead vocal and playin' some guitar, and it works well. Veteran punk band of ten years, Fifi And The Mach III play rockin' Ramones-style punk, and the experience is evident. They are fuckin tight as hell and damn good at

what they do. Oh yeah, throw in some Stooges and some Flamin' Groovies for good measure and add a chick who really knows how to sing...Blistering covers of "Sonic Reducer" and "Teenage Head" to boot. 15 tracks, 7 of which are new, with the other 8 being from various ep's. Excellent collection. There's a good 7 inch, also available through Get Hip, with four smokin' cuts. Covers by The Runaways, The Shangra-Las and an original that puts the Ramones to shame. It's bands like this that give me the strength to go on day to day. I have yet to really come to grips with a world that will soon be Ramones-less



Where Teengenerate are more in the vein of a DMZ or a Nervous Eaters, **The American Soul Spiders** were heavy like the Motor City punk bands like The Stooges or The MC5. Before they were Teengenerate, they were The American Soul Spiders. Though they were here and gone in a blink of an eye, they left record of their existence with some amazing singles. "Anyway Any Girl b/w Now I'm Alone" was one of these.

Two killer tracks, one written by The Cynics, that should please any connoiseur of punk trash. Primitive garage trash and a snot-nosed fuck you can be yours for the price of the latest **Supersnazz 7** inch, "Uncle Wiggly b/w Let It Up". I know "Uncle Wiggly" was on their SubPop lp, but this a super raw alternate version that'll kick you dead between the eyes. And believe me, it's one that'll stick with ya. On the flip is an unreleased instro that you won't get unless you buy the single. You can't live without this one, so get it while you can. Oh yeah, there's a limited edition 7 inch on Estrus with a comic book with our girls as the heoines! Limited edition at \$4.98. Get 'em while he's got 'em. If he don't have it, you don't get it!

Tokyo Teen Trash combo **The Evil Hoodoo** grind out four trashy fuzz-fueled and organ powered punk tunes, "Arly!Go Away/Honey Dew b/w Evil Man/Adam's Lullaby". These guys were a new discovery for me, so I don't know if this is the only thing they got in circulation. All I can say is that these guys understand the importance of fuzz. Not many bands appreciate how important fuzz really is, so it's nice when you find one who KNOWS...And somebody here blows a mean harp. Teen trash at its purest.

Always a crowd pleaser, **Jackie And The Cedrics** have done it once again, and this time they've outdone themselves. "Great 9 Stomps Set" is a double 7 inch set with 7 wild instro numbers and two killer vocal tracks. Jackie T-Bird is one my fave drummers in the world. But I'm not belittling the talents of The Cedrics. Rockin' Enocky's guitar and vocal prowess are well documented, as are the exploits of bassist Jelly Bean, who's art graces this piece of work. Recorded in mono, with lotsa echo, this is the real thing, ho-dads, from the world's premier surf party combo! (All the stuff from The Nomads on through Jackie and The Cedrics are available from Get Hip PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317 USA)

Unfortunately this cd came way after my deadline, but these guys are one of my alltime favorite bands, just beacuse they're so darn nice, and they know how to rock, I just had to squeeze this one in, so my editor will have to get over it. I had to push it while it's new. *The Inhuman Ordeal Of Special Agent* is the new scorcher from the side-burned ones, **GAS HUFFER!!!!** After a raucous outing on their last Epitaph release, I was wondering how in the hell they were ever going to top that one, but, by jove, I think they done it -IN SPADES! First they were The Janitors of Tomorrow, then gas jockeys washin' windows and checkin' oil in the local Spur, livin' by the credo of "Integrity, Technology and Service", but now the lovable lugs have traded in their greasy coveralls for the black-as-night outfits of a crack espionage and sabotage unit. Scaling walls in a punk rockin' search and destroy mission. Foregoing the usual band nomeclatures of drummer, singer, bassist, etc., they take their new careers seriously, as they now have new duties as supply, communication, navigation and security. Hell, if you get it on vinyl, you get Lead Head Comics #4, or if you got the CD, you'll have to order it. 14 scorchers in the classic, inimitable high octane punk rawkin' style of these Huffin' lads. Maybe I'm a little biased, but every song on here rocked its balls off, and the lyrics are a uckin' riot! "Double-O-Bum" and "The Sin Of Sloth" are probably my two favorite, maybe because they hit too close to home. Hell, they're ain't a bum steer on the whole thing. Produced by Kurt Bloch(Young Fresh Fellows, The Fastbacks) at the ever so popular Egg Studios. You can't go wrong with Huffin' Gas!

That's about all I got this time around. Garage Disease is now a radio show currently airing on two stations. So if you want your stuff aired, we can take CD's, vinyl and cassettes. Also feel free to send stuff to

me for this column, or send it to me in care of Jersey Beat. Any bands interested in doing interviews please get in touch. My address is GARAGE DISEASE, PO Box 120652, Nashville, TN 37212-0652 or if you're electronically inclined, drop me a line at RevDrDB2@prodigy.com I intend to set up a website very soon, due to the lack of garage rock and surf coverage in the electronic media, so any parties interested in writing or helping get this thing going, please get in touch. So until next time kids, keep spreading the disease. I'M LONG GONE!!

JOEY ALTRUDA- Cocktails With Joey (Will Records 1202 E.Pike St. Seattle, WA 98122) It's manic babe! Fine collection of contemporary Space Age Bachelor Pad Music (a.k.a. Lounge music) from Mr. Joey Altruda, a former member of Tupelo Chain Sex. But don't buy this expecting to hear anything resembling his former band. This is mad, dad. This thing wails! This album features a variety of different size groups, from small combos to big bands. He even nabbed the cat that threw down that wailing sax on the Pink Panther theme! With influences ranging from Henry Mancini to Ennio Morricone, it is definitely very eclectic. So slip into something more comfortable, mix up a batch of cocktails, turn the lights down low, and just get lost in the moment. - David B.

THE HISTORY OF SPACE AGE POP (RCA Records) When I was a kid and would look through some of the records my parents or grandparents kept around the house, I used to think what a bunch of squares they were for listening to some of the stuff they did. All the albums looked and sounded ridiculous. That was the early 70's, and as I grew older, I never even bothered to look through their records anymore because I knew it was crap. Switch to 1992. I see an Esquivel album at a friends house, and I immediately remember it from childhood. We listen to it, and I'm hooked. Oh no, they're all out of print! But thanks to RCA for releasing this awesome 3 CD set covering the years 1954-64, the prime years of the Living Stereo and for artists like Esquivel, Henry Mancini, Perez Prado, The Three Suns, Ray Martin and many more. If you want a contemporary band to use as a comparison, Combustible Edison is perfect. You'll have to buy the 3 CD's seperately, but if you dig this kinda stuff, you have to get it. Vol.1 is "Moodies and Mischief, Vol.2 is "Mallts In Wonderland", and Vol.3 is "The Stereo Action Dimension". These recordings are a wonder to behold because stereo was a fairly new invention, and these guys used it to the extreme, with sounds ping-ponging back and forth. These things have class to spare. Did you say one olive, or two? - David B.

Probe zine #5 \$4 ppd
 Fuck Creativity. More naked babes!

Your Mother's CD \$8 ppd
 45 songs / 74 minutes
money back guarantee if you're a pantywaist fairy and you don't like it

'This Ain't No Fucking Melodic Punk' comp 7"

Get all three for \$12 ppd! \$3 ppd

PROBE POBox 5068,
 Pleasanton, CA 94566
 (510) 278-9948 USA

The Sadly Beautiful Pop Refrain Of

Melting Hopefuls

by Tom Brebric

The Melting Hopefuls are a local Belleville, NJ outfit that has released two CD's - *Space Flyer*, and the recent *Viva La Void*, on the Big Pop label. They've managed to win some well-earned acclaim - like being in CMJ's top-ten - while continuing to put out wonderful, innovative pop tunes about the loneliness and struggles of everyday life. Renee and Lorraine joined me over breakfast one wintry morning to chat about past and present.

Melting Hopefuls

Renee Lobue - vocals

Lorraine Turi - guitar

Sue Kresge - bass

Ray Ketchem - drums

Guitarist Max Siebel left the group shortly before this interview took place.

JB: Your latest CD "Viva La Void" has artwork that emphasizes the color red, what is the meaning behind that?

Renee: Red is very romantic - a sexual color. We wanted to put out an album with a little bit of a sexual vibe.

Lorraine: a little, forget that - a lot!

Renee: We wanted artwork that gave the image of solitude and the little girl on the cover gives it a very lonely feeling.

JB: I guess with a song about masturbation like "Pulling an All Nighter" you'd want something that represents solitude. This CD has many similarities to your *Space Flyer* CD - is it a continuation of that?

Renee: It's just a natural progression.

JB: How do you think things will change now that you're changing guitar players?

Renee: I think we'll be ok - because we continue to write the songs - right now it's the three of us - me, Ray & Lorraine that write the songs.

JB: This CD was recorded in your own studio, The Womb - is that studio a "business"?

Renee: No, it's not a business, (drummer) Ray (Ketchem) just works with bands that he likes. Shirk Circus, The Original Sins, Ditch Croaker, Van Halen. We get to control things by recording it ourselves and that makes us happy.



Ray mixes everything.

JB: Are there many bands living near you that you've been able to make friends with. There are quite a few clubs out that way.

Renee: I would hope there would be more, I hope we're kind of setting the example. Maybe we're opening the door a little.

Lorraine: Jersey's not so bad.

Renee: We want to take some of that negative vibe away.

JB: You've been around for 6 years now, does it seem like a long time?

Renee: No, not really - I guess because I enjoy making music so much.

JB: You've had some good press from the likes of NME, CMJ, etc. - how do you feel about that and did you make a determined effort for that to happen?

Renee: We feel lucky - we got picked as one of the top 10 singles in Spin!

JB: Your current CD - is it a mini album, an EP, or?



Photos by Dennis Kleiman



Melting Hopefuls

Lorraine: It's a hybrid mutant.

Renee: I personally prefer shorter albums, but that's not why it is what it is - we just had more songs than we anticipated. It was supposed to be like 4 or 5 songs. This EP wasn't in our contract but we figured we had the material so let's just put it out.

JB: Since Renee mentioned getting us thrown out of here for good naturedly ribbing the waitress and Lorraine said it wouldn't be the first time - perhaps you'd like to share some of those sordid details ... you all seem like gentle souls.

Renee: It's tough to say, we offends so many people by saying the wrong things.

Lorraine: We ask embarrassing questions.

JB: How did your small Spring tour go?

Lorraine: It was a big blur - we met a lot of great people, except for the guy in Charlotte who kept asking Renee to touch his pickle.

JB: What do you think of the comparisons to 10,000 Maniacs and Throwing Muses?

Renee: That'll never leave us.

Lorraine: It's lingering like a bastard.

Renee: When you're in a band with women - you inevitably get compared to other women making music at the same time. I think it's partly inaccurate, but if that's what they think of us, it's their opinion.

JB: Your music has the ability to be commercial, and I hate to say it, but one or two tracks could almost qualify for "adult contemporary"

Renee: Oh my God..we've always known that but it's not something we've consciously aimed for.

JB: When you write songs, do you have a definite idea in your mind or do they just kind of happen?

Renee: It's weird because I hear the songs in my head before I put them on paper.

Lorraine: Wow, I didn't know that.

Renee: I'm really happy with "Viva La Void" because I think with that record, we really put out what we were thinking - an idea in mind was executed, whereas *Spaceflyer* was a collection of demos from over three years.

JB: There seems to be an underlying sub-text of loneliness and alienation in your music. Can you comment on that, and have you gotten happier since the record came out?

Renee: Totally, the story of my life. I think I'm a happy person, but when it comes to music, I think I'm at my most honest and put out just what I'm thinking. Most of the songs are about being very obvious, about wanting someone else's affection. People can be very calculating and obvious when they want that and that's kind of pathetic. There's nothing subliminal lying underneath the music, and that's where we are heading with the next record, a more spiritual thing.

JB: Since many people who might be starting their own bands could be reading this, would you share your own pieces of private hell as advice to them?

Renee: On the positive side, when it comes to music, trust yourself and your own instincts - do what you really want to do musically, and if you're not enjoying yourself, don't do it.

Lorraine: We're pretty sappy in that we have to stay true to what we are. You can't put a price on music.

Melting Hopefuls can be reached at: 38 Van Renselaer St., Belleville, NJ 07109

by Amy Jacob

Every song Birthday Girl writes tells a story. In fact, if you really listen, you can find out more about them and their friends than you may have ever wanted to know. From S & M to psycho co-workers to men with no hair on their stomachs—they really know how to, uh, let you in. They are punk, they are pop, but they don't sound like the Ramones. I have seen their hyper punk/pop tunes get more than one crowd up off their feet. Don't tell, but they're really from Pennsylvania for the most part. (Okay, they're from New Hope—it may as well be Jersey, right?) They come from that small scene or anti-scene that include other local heroes Ween and False Front, not to mention the Moist Boyz who include members of both those bands.

And the band is:

Jennifer Chaki: vocals and guitar

George Bond: guitar

Eric Gorter: bass

Scott Grande: drums

When looking back at the interview, I have to say the setting for our conversation was pretty weird. I interviewed Birthday Girl as they were setting up to rehearse in this guy's stone mansion. They barely knew the man, but he was giving them the run of this place to prepare for their appearance at his big New Year's party. The house was incredibly gorgeous, high vaulted ceilings, a stone fireplace that took up an entire wall in this enormous living room. And he actually had a bear skin rug in his bedroom. I got a chance to meet the man right before he and his ex-wife left to go to New York City.

"Give them the full tour, Jen, and don't forget to turn on the lights so you can get the full effect! What music magazine did you say you were from?"

"Uh, Jersey Beat."

"Never heard of it. Oh Jen, I've got your new tape so we'll be laughing all the way to New York! Ha ha—I'm just kidding. I'm going into town tomorrow and I'm going to drag every freak I can find in off

Birthday Girl



of the streets to come to the party!"

"What time do you want us there?" Jen asked.

"Well, the make-up artists are coming at 7:00. So you'll probably want to get here around then so you can get made up first. See you then dear!"

He and his ex-wife and her fur coat leave the scene. Interview starts:

Q: What is the deal with this guy and this house and this party? And the tape is rolling...

Jennifer: He's my sugar daddy.

Q: Who is he?

Jennifer: He's some freak.

George: Don't say that!

Jennifer: No, he is!

Q: Well, how did you meet him?

Jennifer: A couple of months ago I was DJ-ing on WPRB and my sister was working at the coffee shop in New Hope. He would always come in, and my sister was listening to my show one day and said, "Oh listen, my sister's on the radio." And he said, "Oh really?" and then he wanted to meet me. So I met him and we started hanging out. He asked me if we wanted to play this New Year's party, so we said sure. I should have asked for more money though! He's paying two make-up artists like 300 bucks each to come. You guys really should come to the party.

Q: I only wish we could! There's really going to be make-up artists there for everybody?

Jennifer: Yeah, I think they're going to be here all night. I don't know if they're going to do just face painting or what.

Eric: Well, he was saying that they're professional make-up artists.

Jennifer: Yeah for \$600 they better be!

Q: Do you guys get to pick what you're made up as?

Jennifer: Yeah, I'm gonna be a waif...

(My tape recorder, which totally fucked up the first interview I did with these guys last July, after being tested and retested on numerous phone interviews I conducted for my "real" job, foiled me again this evening. Unfortunately, I'm missing large juicy parts of the interview. My sincerest apologies to the band and to JB readers. I can't bear to ask them for a third interview, so I'm just going to transcribe the parts that are still audible...)

Q: You guys have some interesting themes that you talk about in your songs. Songs like "I know Ween" and "Eye Shadow" all have stories behind them.

Jennifer: Yeah.

Q: Dominatrix School was about a friend of yours, right? And she just decided one day that she wanted to learn how to be a Dominatrix? That this was the career path for her, or what?

Jennifer: Yeah, she's a friend of mine--no names though! It wasn't that she just wanted to learn: she needed the money. So she saw an ad in the paper and thought she would just do it, you know? She thought, "No big deal, I'll just go down there and beat up a bunch of men." But it turned out to be way sicker than that. The guys wore diapers and acted like babies, and they had these huge men sized high chairs, and then there were big bowls of Tender Vittles--you know--cat food. And weird shit like that. They would act like cats...

Q: Whoa--is that true?

Jennifer: It's true, she saw this. And she decided she didn't need extra money that bad!

Q: So wait, this is a school for becoming a Dominatrix?

Jennifer: No, it's a real place. She was just in training. It was in this building, where you would never know what it was from the outside. And if you wanted to go there, you would call first and they would say, "okay fine, come on down." I think she went three times and then she just got so freaked out she gave it up.

Q: So how is the pay for being a dominatrix these days?

Jennifer: I don't know!

Q: Wow. I didn't know you could do that kind of stuff in Pennsylvania... What about the song "Eyesshadow?"

Jennifer: Well, I used to work at this store in New Hope called Zoli, which sells expensive stupid clothes, and the girl that was my manager was totally nuts and obsessed with herself, so I quit. And everything was cool though, and I went in to buy something one day, and then I came in again the next day to get something else. The next day after that, she accused me, or she told the whole town how I copied her eye shadow without asking her, and how dare I do that. It was the town scandal. So I called her on it, since I heard it from three people. Once you hear something from three people you're allowed to confront the person.

Q: Where does that rule come from?

Jennifer: I made it up. You know, you hear something from one person and they say, "Don't tell anyone I told you." and you can't really say anything. And then you hear it from another person, and it's still difficult, but when you hear it from a third person, you can call the person on it. So I called her, and she said, "Well, it did seem really obvious. You could have asked, you know. We were going to have a talk with you about your copying..."

Q: How did the band start?

Jennifer: George and I wanted to play a joke on somebody at the store because he had a hairless belly, and we tormented him and tormented him to let us see it. So we decided to write the song "Hairless Belly" as a joke, since George has all kinds of equipment can do that kind of stuff, like record songs, and play it in the store to see if he'd notice.

Q: Did he notice?

Jennifer: Yeah. And a couple of other people heard it, and thought "Oh, that's really cool, you guys should keep doing stuff like that." So we did.

Q: How do you know Ween?

Jennifer: Because they're from our town. We see them at the gas station, wherever. They're just around and it's a small town, so we got to know them.

Q: Do you think there's any kind of music scene in New Hope? It seems like people around here definitely know each other.

Jennifer: No, there's not really much of a scene here. The only place to play is John and Peters. There's kind of a scene, but it's hard to say. There are some bands around, but not really many places to play. (Another gap in the recording...)

Q: So you guys just finished recording a whole bunch of new songs, right? Are you putting out a new cd?

Jen: Yes.

Q: Is it coming out on the same label? (Dead Beat/Random)

George: We hope so.

Q: When is it going to come out?

George: Hopefully in March.

Q: *Fluffy* has been out for a little while now, right?

Eric: Yeah, just over a year, isn't it?

Jennifer: No...

(inaudible debate over when it came out)

Q: How was the response to it?

Jennifer: It's been pretty good. People have been hearing it a lot on the radio.

Q: You guys seem to play a lot of parties. The first time I interviewed you was at a 4th of July party, and now you're getting ready to play a New Year's Eve party. Have you ever played a birthday party?

Jennifer: No, we've never played a birthday party. We've played a going away party, a summer party, a 4th of July party, a goth party.

Q: A goth party? What was that about?

Jennifer: It was like, three bands that were into the goth thing in this elaborate basement, with all of this equipment that would (-- the tape cuts out--) That's where George met his girlfriend...

Q: Ah, is she "goth?"

Jennifer: No.

Q: Are you guys planning to tour or anything like that?

Jennifer: I have to graduate college first.

Q: When are you going to graduate?

Jennifer: I don't know, probably when I'm thirty. I'm getting two degrees.

Group: Uh, uh, uh, um...

by Michele Amabile

Talking to all three members of Mothermania is akin to hanging out with a well-knit comedy troop. The band - Jeff Plate on guitar/lead vocals, Sam Crowell, bass, and Brandon Kolling, drums - have been friends for a long time, and can conjure up embarrassing stories about each other at the drop of a hat. Plate will even break into note-perfect imitations of popular bands (he does a mean Dave Matthews imitation). While Kolling takes band ribbing in stride regarding his new drum kit (Plate jokes Kolling looks like a 'rich boy' with it), Plate proudly displays his rare ASAH! sneakers.

Just one thing: DON'T ASK THEM ABOUT THEIR AGES.

"We don't want to sound like a Silverchair," lamented Plate.

Ok, so we'll just say the guys in Mothermania are young. That shouldn't be an issue anyway. The band, formed in the summer of 1995, may be a three-piece and in high school much like Silverchair, but that is where the comparison ends. Although admittedly taking their name from a Frank Zappa title, the band is all punk. Not Green Day punk, although that is how the band sounded at the beginning of their career. Lately, Mothermania has been incorporating reggae and shades of Oi! into their sound. Additionally, there is a heavy Screeching Weasel influence in their songwriting (titles like "Soundgarden Sucks" echo the Weasel anthem "I Hate Led Zeppelin"). Actually, their lyrics are hilarious, ripping into the suburban 90210 subculture that surrounds them each day.

From Ocean Township, the band is also big on supporting the band's that helped and influenced them. They talk reverently of Psykedelic Oven Mitt, who helped the band record an independent release, "John and Mary's Snapshot Album," on the Vasquez Records label. At a recent show at The Saint in Asbury Park, Mothermania gave props to the Asbury Park band Fuzz The World by covering Fuzz's pop-punk song, "Lord". Fuzz singer John-John went into shock hearing Mothermania's version of the song, exclaiming, "They do it better than we do!"

At a backstage interview prior to the gig, Mothermania waxed poetic about the beginnings of the band, their goals, and their desire to see a band that doesn't sound like Bruce Springsteen break out into the mainstream.

Q: Explain Mothermania to me.

Jeff: We're a band. Oh, do you mean the name?

Q: Yeah.

Jeff: Oh, I can't do that.

Q: Is that a secret?

Jeff: Yeah. Well, actually they don't even know. I am the only one that knows.

Q: Why is that?

Jeff: Because I am a tool (this is Jeff's expression for jerk). I don't have the balls to tell everyone that I stole it.

Q: You stole it?

Jeff: No. Well, we may as well tell the world now. We stole it from a Frank Zappa album. I know he's a hippy and everything. It wasn't a cool word either, it's a horrible name, but I couldn't think of anything at the time.

Q: When did you put the band together?

Jeff: In June, but Sam went to boarding school for like a year, so the stuff that we recorded without him isn't really that good. For one

thing, we changed our style 180 times.

Sam: It sounded more like Green Day back then.

Jeff: Yeah, so now we sound more ska-ish.

Q: Did you guys change your tastes in music?

Jeff: Totally. Definitely. See, now we're listening to Sublime, and I have been listening to Ziggy Marley. Before, we just mainly listened to Green Day and Screeching Weasel. Which... well, Screeching Weasel isn't bad to listen to and all, but there just isn't much room to be cool.

Q: Why not?

Jeff: Well, it's all four chord music. It's fun, but it's not as fun to play as reggae.

Q: So, you are using more reggae in your music?

Jeff: Yean, reggae, ska, stuff like that.

Q: What is the first song you ever wrote together as a band?



Boogada, boogada, it's...

MOTHERMANIA

Jeff: We haven't really written any songs together as a band. I write the music and the lyrics. The first song that we played together was "Leave Them Be." It sounds more like a Morrissey song for Christ's sake. But that was the first song we played and we were like "dude, this is totally FM 106.3 music." No offense.

Q: None taken. You have two releases out. Are they both on the Vasquez label?

Jeff: No, one is on Vasquez and the other is on Fat Boy Records. Fat Boy is...

Brandon: Fat Boy is my mom's label.

Jeff: No, actually we just needed something to write it on that didn't make it look like a demo, because everyone has a demo and we wanted it to be funny. So we put "Fat Boy" records on it so that way people thought we had some kind of substance. Then we me Frank (Bressi, lead singer of Psykidelic Oven Mitt). Actually, Vasquez Records (Oven Mitt's label) is doing some pretty cool shit in the area and we are trying to be a part of that. Frank is busting his hump to get people to converge into a scene in New Jersey. Some of the bands that made it in New Jersey don't even look back and they say, 'Psykidelic who? Mother what?'

Q: What kind of a band scene is there in your high school?

Jeff: OOH. Bad news. I am guessing you read the special no thanks on the cassette.

Q: But of course I did.

Jeff: Ocean Township is a bunch of industrial hard-asses that call us faggots and beat us up in the hallway. Their band scene is kind of lame. Actually I'm not going to name any names (gives a long list), but it's just all of the sudden people liked us at first because they were like "yeah, punk rock! Green Day is in." Then all of the sudden people started listening to Korn and Nine Inch Nails and now we're not cool anymore. So now everyone hates us and wants to beat us up.

Q: But yours is the only band I see getting a lot of gigs at the clubs around here.

Jeff: (laughs) That is because we are smarter then the rest of them.

Q: How has it been for you since re-joining the band, Sam?

Sam: A lot better. Boarding school sucked. I went to boarding school, then I came back home, and I am happy.

Q: How long have you been playing bass? Because bass players are hard to come by. Everyone wants to be a guitar hero.

Sam: Sixth grade. I used to be a metal head, and then I was a hippy.

Jeff: Yeah, he used to listen to Led Zeppelin.

Sam: Yeah, I was a metal head. Motley Crue in fifth grade. Then Led Zeppelin. But Jeff and Brandon straightened me out.

Jeff: He wore, like, a Phish hat one day at practice and I think we pissed on it. Now he's ok. Now he's a punk rocker.

Q: I heard a label was looking at you.

Jeff: Scandal records. Then Priority Records. This guy came up to me at the Stone Pony one time and he called the house, but I forgot to call him back. This guy said he was down with a vice president from Priority Records. Priority probably wouldn't know who we are if you asked them now. Mother who?

Q: So, you guys got together a few years ago...

Jeff: We started jamming in the summer of 1995. We had three songs. One of them was called "Bread". Remember that song? That was a BAD song. You remember that? The one in A and C that we jammed for two hours? That song BLEW!

Sam: We also had "Angst Ridden Teenagers."

Jeff: "Angst Ridden Teenagers" was one of our first songs, and it was one of our better songs now. We still play that.

Q: You also seem to not like your song "Little Things" anymore.

Jeff: Well, that song should be eradicated. I have never ever had a relationship with a girl in my entire life. I mean, I have, but it sucked. I wrote that song totally not about anyone in particular. It just rhymed. I wanted to write a cute little pop song. That song wasn't really about anybody or anything- it rhymed and it was cute. Plus, I saw Green Day play 'Geek Stink Breath' on television, so I figured if I played a G and an F it would work out all right. I just played it a little bit slower. But Sam does get to play a cool bass line in it. We played that song a

couple of times, and you know that song "And" by Psykidelic Oven Mitt? We did that at the end of that song.

Q: You guys also have a thing about covering other local bands. You do "Lord"

by Fuzz The World...

Jeff: How do you know that?

Q: I know everything...

Sam: You did it at a roller skating rink at one time...

Jeff: Oh, yeah. We did it at the Eatontown Roller Skating Center one time. We did it without Sam.

Q: Do you do covers?

Jeff: We don't anymore. We used to do "Charles in Charge". We covered the theme song. We also did "Dammit Janet" from The Rocky Horror Picture Show. Q: Here is something I wanted to ask you. That band from Habrouk Heights, the ones also in high school that got on MTV because of their "Oi" song controversy...

Brandon: We didn't get press like that! We say Oi!

Sam: And they sucked.

Jeff: What do you think of Silverchair?

Q: I was just about to ask you that...

Jeff: (in his best Daniel Johns Australian accent) We don't get many chicks. A lot of people say we sound like Nirvana. Just because my hair is long and blonde.

Q: So you wouldn't open for Silverchair if they asked you?

Jeff: Shit, yeah. Do you know how many people would show up at a Silverchair show?

Q: Do you find it hard to find places to play because you are young?

Jeff: No, not really a place to play. The thing is, every time people ask us about our band they focus on us being teens.

Sam: It makes us more interesting...

Jeff: It doesn't make us interesting. I just think that is kind of cheap, when people run around saying "hey look, and we're only 15".

Q: So, what attracted Vasquez Records to you?

Jeff: Where Frank records, with Chuck Schaeffer, we recorded our first album there. So Frank was down there and he heard "John and Mary's Snapshot Album" and said, "hey, who's this?"

Q: Did you know them from being on the radio? Did you know they were local?

Jeff: Yeah, we knew who they were. We knew they kicked ass.

Q: Was it just a happy coincidence they were from Ocean Township?

Jeff: That is a coincidence. Actually, a funny thing about them going to Ocean Township is E. Rock (Oven Mitt's drummer) went to school with Eric Neis (MTV) and he has a bloody hatred for that kid. But, anyway, about Vasquez Records is we need to get some unity in New Jersey. I mean, where would Screaming Trees and Pearl Jam be if Nirvana didn't make it?

Q: What do you think of the scene now?

Jeff: We have got a rad scene in New Jersey. I mean, look at all the stickers on the wall (points to the band names adorning the walls of The Saint's back room).

Sam: People think of New Jersey and they think Bon Jovi and Bruce Springsteen..

Jeff: That is what we are trying to change. So if one of our bands can make it big, that will open up so many doors.

Q: Do you want to get a label deal?

Brandon: No. Well, sure, yeah, ok....

Jeff: If we can record for free, we'll do it. Right now, we are really just interested in playing. I mean, recording deals and stuff like that will all come later, I guess. We'll just keep rocking the punk scene with our very danceable, ska punk sound. (band erupts in laughter).

Interested in booking Mothermania? Contact: Peter J. Scarnato, Mind Glo Management. P.O. Box 58 Manasquan, NJ 08736. 908-775-0074

READY, AIM, RESOLVE

by Suzanne Thompson

Part I: That Was Then (March 1995)

The Resolve story begins in Scotia, New York, about twenty miles outside Albany, where high school sophomores Bill Madden, Dave Rose, and Dan Valachovic decided to form a band. They didn't get around to buying instruments until their junior year, however, and chose them pretty much at random. Bill says, "I called drums. I always used to like to bang on things. I don't know—I thought it'd be fun. I thought it'd be easy. Dave already had a keyboard, so he was designated keyboard player." Dave interjects, "And the kid that was supposed to be the bass player bought a CD player instead of a bass, so then I had to buy a bass." Bill interrupts with, "I remember when we went to buy his bass. We all went together—it was a big field trip to Albany. Dave had never even touched a bass I don't think, and the guy plugs it in and says, 'Give it a try.'" Dave continues, "And I said, 'No, you try it' and he goes '[makes sound of frantic bass playing].' [And I'm like] 'Sounds good.'" Dan then became the guitarist pretty much by default, and he took lessons for three weeks before deciding it was too much like going to school.

This early incarnation of Resolve also included another guitarist, Matt Grimm, and he was the one who came up with the band's name. Bill says, "We were into bands like the Call and the Alarm, so [Resolve] sounded cool and earnest. We're not in love with the name anymore, but we still have reverence for what we once fiercely believed." They had their first rehearsal in January 1989, spent a lot of time playing at Dave's house, and played out for the first time in August 1990

—a month before they all left for different colleges. Bill came to Boston, Dan went to Buffalo, Dave went to Rochester, and Matt decided to leave the band.

During their year apart, Bill, Dan, and Dave continued to make demos and play shows in Albany during school holidays, but they soon decided that life would be easier if they were all in the same city. How did they decide on Boston? Bill says, "These guys thought I was full of shit that we were all gonna end up living in one place. We picked like eight cities in the northeast—we figured we'd stay sorta close to home—and I got admissions forms and catalogs from all these colleges in these different cities and then we just



fucking said, 'We'll just do Boston. There's a good music scene there and good enough colleges.' So we came to Boston and took the city by storm. [Much laughter] We did a legendary string of New Music Nights [the equivalent of an open mike show] at T.T. the Bear's. There'll be a box set of those performances coming out soon."

In the summer of 1994 Bill switched to guitar and Resolve got a new drummer—Steve Mullaney, formerly of the Feldmans, a now-defunct Boston band. According to Bill, "We had been playing as a trio, and it took us a long time, but we were at the point where we started to get sorta tight. But it still wasn't very entertaining 'cause I was drumming and singing more than half of the leads. The band had a burning need for a frontperson." Dan adds, "We had a lot of people tell us that it would be much more interesting if you could actually see the person who was doing the singing." Bill continues, "Plus, the vocals would sound better, because singing when you're drumming is like running and singing at the same time. So we asked Steve to join because we always thought he was the best drummer we'd ever seen—we used to go see the Feldmans all the time—and, luckily, he agreed to start playing with us." And when did Bill learn to play guitar? "Shortly after the band started I started fiddling around on guitar and I would use it to write songs, so I sort of knew how to play. When Steve joined I took a crash course in playing and I'm starting to get a little better, but I've still got a long way to go. But I like being out front a lot better, jumping around a little."

Somewhere in here Resolve started their own label, Born & Over Records, and released two singles ("Cidinho"/"Happy Ending" and "Gun for Christmas"/"Water Towers"), the second of which was distributed nationally by Dutch East India. (They have since recorded a five-song demo tape with Kramer, and they're hoping it will catch someone's attention.) Bill says, about starting a label, "We realized we didn't have anything to merit a label signing us and releasing something, so we recorded a couple of things. Actually, one of the things that inspired us was being at the Middle East the night the Feldmans got their records in, and just seeing the seven-inch—it just looked really cool and we were envious. There's a lot of literature out there on releasing records independently and I think we did a pretty good job for going into it blind like that."

So what exactly does the name "Born & Over" mean? Bill

explains, "Contrary to what some people have thought, because the logo is a fist with an X on it, it's not a straight-edge kinda thing. When we started playing, most of the shows we did were 21+ and we were still, like, 18 and a lot of people couldn't go see us. And there were always a lot of shows that we wanted to see that we couldn't because we were younger. In fact, Dan and I once made fake IDs---not even saying we were 21, just saying that we were 18---to get into an 18 and over show. So the whole idea of Born & Over is just that music should be for all ages and young kids shouldn't be discriminated against seeing certain shows. But, obviously, as we sit here pounding beers, we're not hard-core straight-edgers."

When asked to describe their sound, all four guys hem and haw. Dave starts with, "Power pop, something like that. It's sorta poppy because most of the songs have a catch . . ." and then runs out of steam. Well, what does it say in their press kit? Bill grabs one and says, "We don't even mention that in the press kit I'm reading here. That's a good idea. Take that down: describe music. There was a review in some Maine newspaper and the guy criticized us for not being totally punk. He said we're not pretty enough to be anything less than punk but we're not hard enough to be punk. We don't think about those things, but if you asked us to say what we're like, I guess it has the energy of punk most of the time---there's a couple of slower songs---but all the vocal lines tend to be pretty melodic. It's not like noise or anything like that. We try to write stuff that will stick in our heads and, therefore, will stick in other people's, but we also try to make it as intense as we can."

The conversation is winding down and there's a pregnant pause, which Steve fills by going off on a tangent that turns out to be the perfect metaphor for Resolve's approach to music---and to life.

Steve: "I like playing wiffle ball. What is wiffle ball? Is it a hard ball sport? It's not softball. Wiffle ball's like the Sebadoh of baseball."

Dan: "We're wiffle rock."

Bill: "Kinda fast, but anyone can play it."

Dave: "You don't even have a glove."

Bill: "It's not so hard it's gonna hurt ya."

Steve: "It's not so fast you're gonna miss it. But nobody really wants to play. Nobody really wants to go see the wiffle ball game. There's no major leagues in wiffle ball."

Part II: This Is Now (January 1996)

Not that Resolve want to play in the majors. Since our initial conversation 10 months ago, they have become the first band to sign with Artists Only, a New York-based indie label, and their just-released full-length CD, *Jack*, has been doing well on college radio nationwide.

Resolve had been actively seeking an indie record deal and had sent out about 150 copies of the demo they recorded with Kramer. They were also approached by people from a couple of major labels, and the Artists Only deal was the result of an A & R guy from RCA passing on them but giving their demo to his friend---and AO president---Gerry McCarthy. Gerry immediately came to Boston to see the band live and offered them a contract. Since Artists Only is a new label with a small staff, Gerry has put together an indie promotion team that includes John Reilly, who handled publicity for the New Music Seminar when he worked for JLM Public Relations and who now has his own PR firm. Bill says that the CD "has been getting better than average promotion for an indie record, so if it flops it's pretty much our fault."

Perhaps the increased profile will lay to rest any misconceptions of Resolve as a straight-edge hardcore band. Bill says, "I definitely don't think [our music] is hardcore. When I think of hardcore I don't think of melody, and I don't think our songs have the velocity and the kind of stops and starts that hardcore has. We have no idea what we are, really. We know we have, like, melodic stuff and stuff that's catchy, but we don't really feel like we're all that poppy. We listen to all different kinds of stuff, so we naturally want to play all different kinds of stuff." People across the country will be able to decide for themselves what label to pin on Resolve during



Photos by Suzanne Thompson

their first real tour. The boys have quit their jobs, bought a van, and set out on an eight-week swing through the northeast, the south, and the midwest. They hope to be able to tour through the summer and plan to head west after another swing through more familiar territory.

At this point, Resolve are still self-managed, but they're looking for an agent and a manager. Does this mean that they've sold out? "We had no other choice, really," Bill explains. "We've been spending our money and time for years doing this, putting out records, and to take the next step we needed help from somebody else. Unless you're as good a band as someone like Fugazi or something---we're not the greatest band in the world, and maybe if we were that would be enough and we could do it on our own. People like Ani DiFranco and Fugazi are very inspiring, and that's, like, the goal. If you can do that, that's the best thing in the world. But if we wanted to put out a full-length and tour we needed financial support from someone else. I don't see anything wrong with it, and anyone who does certainly has never tried to do it themselves."

But what about the siren song of the major labels? If Resolve manage to attract some attention on an indie label and the majors come calling, will they be able to resist? Bill says yes. "To be successful on a major right now, to get a second album, you would have to have a big radio hit, and I don't think I want a big radio hit. I don't need to be famous. I don't need to be rich or anything like that. We're all pretty much of the mindset that if we can make a living at this for just a little while then it's worth it. Our ambition is based on the kind of songs we want to write and the records we want to make; it has nothing to do with units sold. Obviously, it would be nice to be able to go on tour and know that wherever you go there's gonna be 100 people there to see you. Some of our favorite bands have achieved a level of success that we think would be perfect. You could ask 20 people on the street 'Who are Uncle Tupelo?' and they'd give you blank stares, but they could roll into any town and there would be 100 people there who knew every word. And they don't have day jobs, I imagine, so that would be the dream to me. The best situation to see a band is in a club, so far as I'm concerned, and if you can keep it at that level but still be going strong, that I think is perfect."

Solution A.D.

by Michele Amabile

It's a Saturday night in New Jersey, and the band takes the stage. It is the FM 106.3 Snow Ball, featuring a weird array of entertainment. Where else can one see Scottish pop stars Del Amitri and hardcore survivors CIV on the same stage?

Yet, this foursome from Pennsylvania takes it in stride, launching into a short set which features some of their best material. The band's sound is clean and striking, with earnest, raspy throated vocals and honest lyrics. How would the kids - most of which were ready to mosh - react to them?

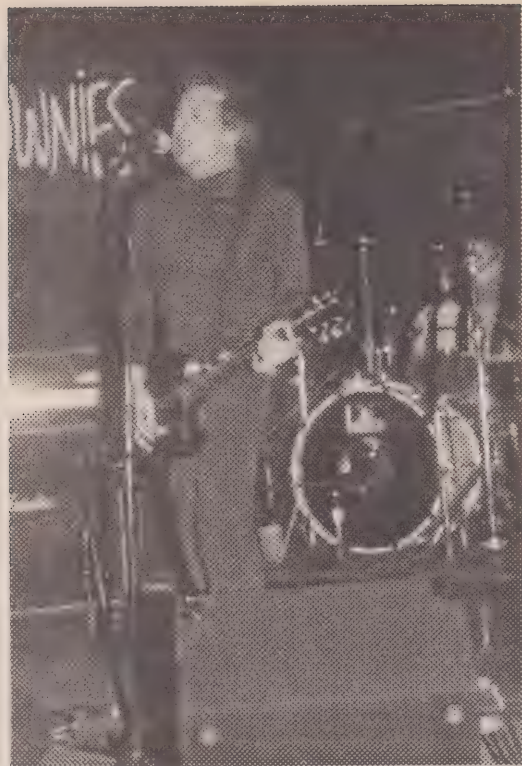
Surprisingly, the kids went crazy. By the end of the night, lead singer Toby Costa couldn't leave the backstage area without getting attacked by teenage girls seeking an autograph. It was an experience that threw Costa for a bit of a loop.

"It's a weird progression," he said. "It is hard to go from playing to nobody to being asked for autographs. It's nice, but a bit unnerving."

Success is beckoning Solution A.D. Their new label, TAG/Atlantic, is ready to put the full court press on college radio programmers with an unusual marketing campaign. The band is booked for a two week tour with Spacehog, and then they are off to perform a showcase at the industry shmoozefest, South By Southwest.

The band - which also features Mike Hoover on guitar, Kevin Leggieri on bass, and drummer M.J. Law - is ready for this. For the last year, they have been groomed for it. Their management, Media Five Entertainment, also handles the York, PA powerhouse Live. Solution AD's independent CD, *A Week There One Night*, was produced by Live guitarist Chad Taylor. Jay Sorrentino and Ken Heitmuller, of the Warner Brother's group Suddnely Tammy!, engineered and mixed the CD. Now, TAG is going to re-release *A Week There One Night* with four of the songs re-mixed by Jay Healy, who has worked with The Replacements and R.E.M.

Is that enough name dropping for you? While this impressive list may suggest that Solution A.D. also have big heads, nothing could be further than the truth. The band has been at it



for years, slugging it out in a stagnant Pennsylvania scene that rewards cover bands and punishes any shred of originality. The tides, however, are turning in favor of new music. Costa couldn't be more thrilled.

Q: So, TAG Records is releasing your music to college radio on 8-tracks?

Costa: They put together 8-tracks as a gift promotional idea for college radio. They won't be for sale. They will also give them out at mom and pop record stores. We are also giving away a trip to SXSW. One lucky college radio person will win a trip to SXSW in Austin, where we will be playing.

Q: When will that be?

Costa: The show itself is the first or second week of March. We are not really sure what date, exactly. It will be a pretty big show for us.

Q: Has Atlantic been really gung-ho for the band?

Costa: We met with some TAG people when we played at CBGB's the night before the Metro (in Long Branch) show. Everyone from Atlantic was there and it was a great night.

Q: How did it all come down for the band in the last year?

Costa: Everybody dreams about that one day when you get signed and play New

York City. It is more important to establish yourself in the city a little bit. You accomplish so much more in a New York showcase. That was our goal more than anything, to make it in New York. It evolved from there, thanks to our management who worked very hard.

Q: Is it a stigma to be known as a Pennsylvania band?

Costa: I'm not sure about that. What's going to happen is people stereotype music that comes out of an area. We are proud of where we are from, but we make fun of it, too. You can laugh at it a little bit.

Q: Yeah, but you guys were at it around the time The Hooters were still the big Pennsylvania band.

Costa: I think we were kind of young to feel a part of that. I liked The Hooters back then. I never listened to The Sharks, they



You know, Chad (Taylor) was giving us all kinds of advice, like "be careful" and things like that. He was giving us really good advice. But, you know, I have a mortgage. So does M.J. We're not really kids.

- Toby Costa

were another one. In the 80s', I think everyone had that record, pretty much. What is kind of cool is Pennsylvania has been pretty diverse. You have your heavy metal and your pop bands, and that will continue.

Q: You don't sound like those bands at all. You are more like a rock quartet with honest lyrics. Sort of like Live.

Costa: It's a lyrical thing. (Our lyrics are) serious but it is also an honest opinion. We as a band respect Chad Taylor (of Live), and he has really helped. He really loves our band. We have become close, good friends. We were really not Live fans until we met Chad.

Q: Are you a little nervous about the media hype that is going to surround your band?

Costa: (nervous laugh) A little. Hopefully, we are going to be able to contain it, and not run up and be in everybody's faces immediately. We were not just put together. We have been at this for a while, playing and writing songs. We were not just conceived to make money.

Q: Music is the most important thing. Your music is a bit introspective, with some self loathing in the lyrics. What exactly are you going for?

Costa: We're not self glorifying at all. It's more like self bashing. I don't consider myself a great lyricist. I deal with raw emotions. You have to be honest with yourself. We're a band that lives in denial. We're strange that way.

Q: It also helps that you are all friends. Well, at least you have been friends with M.J. a long time.

Costa: M.J. and I went to school together and we played in bands since we were 13 years old. The difference between us and Live is they all started as school friends. M.J. and myself played together, then I went away (to the west coast). I came

back later, when we were both smarter and a little more mature (laughs). I was talking to Chad about it, the other day. We are a mature band with different personalities and we have played with different people, where they only played with each other.

Q: You are also older than the guys in Live...

Costa: You know, Chad was giving us all kinds of advice, like "be careful" and things like that. He was giving us really good advice. But, you know, I have a mortgage. So does M.J. We're not really kids.

Q: Does having a more mature perspective make it easier to handle certain aspects of the band?

Costa: Well, we don't do a lot of the crazy stuff, silliness and partying. We are not at the point where we are ready to do solo records (laughs again). We are more ready to be like the American Music Club. Mark Eitzel is my total musical inspiration. So is Andy Sturmer, of Jellyfish.

Q: I wasn't going to bring up the cliched influences question, but now that you did...

Costa: I don't mind talking about my influences. I like it. If you are afraid of your influences, then maybe you shouldn't say them. Mark Eitzel is the genius of depression. He is the American Morrissey. I love Morrissey, too. Sometimes I think we are the poor man's American Music Club. I am not afraid to say it.

Q: So, the full length CD is scheduled for release on May. 28. Will there be a video?

Costa: I'm not sure. It's not against our religion to make one. We are shooting for April for the first single. "Fearless" may be the first song, but I'm not sure about that.

Last summer, my friend Johnny Puke's band Cletus went off on a long tour of America. They played quite a few dates with Pansy Division, the queercore punk band from Berkeley. Cletus' roadie and merchandise guy, Phil "Pedro" Keller, kept a daily journal of the trip. If you ever wondered what it's like on the road - the highs and lows, the fun and the boredom - and what it's like hanging out with the queerest punk band in the world while you're touring redneck country, - you'll enjoy Pedro's adventures. - Jim Testa

The Cast:

Johnny, Ben, Scott, Kevin, and Pedro: Cletus

Jon, Chris, and Dustin: Pansy Division

Many other guest stars, hangers on, and punkers too numerous to mention

July 4th

4th of July. What a great day to start off a 3-month tour. The 1st show was at the Somber Reptile in Atlanta, GA. It was raining when we pulled into the parking lot. Sitting outside were a lot of punkers. I was pretty happy. Johnny goes into the club to discuss the show, then walks out to tell us no one knows a thing about us playing. 10 minutes of talking some more. Johnny again comes out of the club with the good news. We're playing, we get paid, and we get food and beer. Johnny's great. The show went very well. The Riverdales and Mr T Experience were incredible, but Ben Weasel made things a little hectic. A local kid spit on him when they were playing. Being a true punker, Ben pulls his guitar off, hits his roadie in the eye with the guitar, jumps off stage, and starts punching the guy. Ben comments, "it's 1994 and I don't like getting spit on." Roadie comments, "Does anyone have a Band Aid?"

July 5th

One of many boring days to come. Johnny, Ben, and Scott sleep at a punker's house, while Kevin and I slept in the van. Kevin and I sweated to death, while the rest slept on shit and fleas.

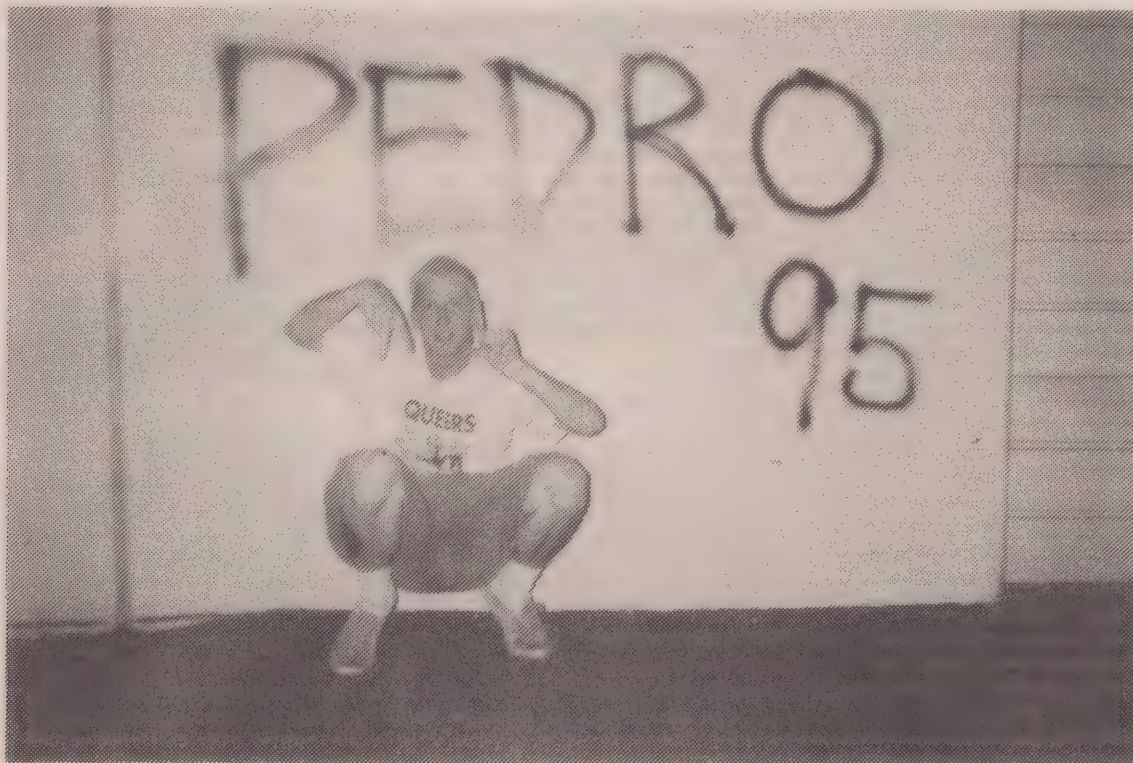
July 6th

Knoxville Theater in Knoxville, TN. A great place. We hung out with Chad at his house, then went straight to Mercury. The show went great. Riverdales and MTX were very good again. Cletus rocked the place, they pull a good crowd here. I hung out with Janelle, the Riverdales' merchandise girl. She gave me the Official T-shirt Girl Union Member Tattoo. I fell in love after that moment. She gave Kevin a "Tight butts drive me nuts" tat. It was with a magic marker, so I didn't wash my arm for about 2 weeks. She told me I could stay at her house when in Berkeley. After the show, she gave me a hug, then left. We got paid really good for tonight's show, then went to Greg's house from Torture Kitty. A very nice place with a cold A.C. Tomorrow is a 10 hour drive to the Windy City, Chicago. Good night, Janelle.

July 7th

10 a.m. on our way to Chicago, after a quick stop to Chad's house to get Ben's shampoo that he left. Johnny gave him hell all the way to Chicago about that. A long drive but we made it. The temp is a lot better, a cool 66 degrees. Driving into Chicago was great, it's a very big city. Sears Tower is HUGE. We got to Marc Ruvolo's (Johann's Face Records) around 9 pm but no one was home. So the group decided to get a bite to eat at some Mexican joint to kill some time. I declined. Something about cow tongue sitting in a brown soup of some sort doesn't sit well with me. Everyone else jumped right in. Kevin ate so much his stomach looked like it swelled up. After

White Trash, Two Gays, & A Pedro



meeting everyone at Marc's house, we went to the Fireside Bowl to get a drink and see the place. The Fireside is an old bowling alley that has punk rock shows. You can even bowl. I've never seen so many true punk rockers in my life. Mohawks, chains, boots, tattoos, the whole nine yards. It looked like a fuckin' Rancid video but it was fun. Got back o Marc's house around 12 pm. Everyone else went to another bar but I decided to stay. Marc is a great guy. He is so nice to everyone he meets. Tomorrow we will play at the Fireside with Marc's band, No Empathy.

July 8th

We went for breakfast this morning at some pancake house. Martin, the guitar player for No Empathy, said he would buy us breakfast. "You haft to eat," Martin. On the way there, Scott was trying to park the van and ripped the side mirror off some parked car. So we parked the van around the corner and went on with breakfast. No one did anything about the car. It was pretty funny. That afternoon, Marc took us to Lake Michigan and to the zoo. Lake Michigan is so big. We also get to see the theater where John Dillinger was shot and killed. We left around 7 pm to go play at the Fireside. No Empathy played and rocked. They are such an underrated band. They are amazing to watch live. Cletus played, all the kids were into them. I sold a lot of merchandise that night. Marc's other band, Robespierre, played after, and they were great too. Marc likes Cletus a lot, he said nothing but good things about them. After the show, we sat around and drank beer and "fag Pepsi," as Johnny calls it. Johnny's old high school love came to the show tonight.

July 10th

I wake up to about 10 people talking about how queer the Pansy Division are. You just can't get too much of the Division, I guess. Johnny just said that we're going home for a couple of days, because Dave Macintosh (who booked most of the tour) fucked up some of the dates. Everyone wants to kill him. I just got finished dying my hair, it looks pretty rockin. Later that day, about 10 pm, Kevin hears some hissing noise. We don't know where it's coming from. Marc and Kevin look in the bathroom, my hair dye bottle that I left on the shelf was shooting dye all over the bathroom. There was blue dye on the ceiling, walls, toilet, floor, hallway, everywhere. They were all laughing their ass off, and I felt really bad. Marc was even laughing. We cleaned the bathroom up, then went to

Club Foot. That's the local punk hangout. Tomorrow we drive back to SC.

July 16th

Took 12 hours to get to Philly. We got there around 10 in the morning. We walked around to see all the sights. As we were waiting for the club to open, Chuck Treece walked up. We talked to him for a little while, then loaded the gear up the long flight of stairs. The club's called Nick's Roast Beef, and we're playing with the Goops and my favorite band, the Queers. The place was packed, a lot of kids showed up. Everyone liked Cletus but they didn't



Cletus

sound too good tonight. The Goops used our stuff and they played great. Eleanora was singing with only a shirt and underwear on, the guys went nuts. I talked to her for a while, I showed her my tattoo and she liked it a lot. The Queers went on stage and the place went crazy. The whole crowd was hopping around. They have an extra guitar player, he sued to be roadie for the Smears. All together, the show went great and everybody had a good time. After the show, Joe Queer bought us food downstairs. Then we drive to New Hampshire to stay at Joe's house.

July 17th (Cletus Unplugged at the Queers' house)

I woke up in the van about noon. I guess I fell asleep on the drive here. I didn't know where I was till Scott came down to get me. Now we're hanging out in the house, Scott's cooking us all food. Didn't do much today, did a couple of errands with Joe's girlfriend Jessica. Cletus practiced with these little handheld amps at Joe's house. While Cletus played quietly, the Queers were practicing somewhere else. The new songs Cletus have been working on are really good. Cletus unplugged will rock your world. I've seen it, I've heard it.

July 18th

9 am time to get up and take a shower. We have to be at the studio at 12 pm. Joe and I drive around looking for a parking space for about 20 minutes. Portsmouth NH is very small but nice. The studio, Fishtracks Recording Studio, is great, it looks so new and the guys who work there are very nice. The recording session isn't as boring as I thought it would be but I left for a little bit to check out a few stores. Cletus is recording "Stipe," "Season Of Risk," "Product," and "Jeanine" for a 7 inch on Marc Ruvolo's label, with Joe and Hugh from the Queers

producing.

Joe and I drive to the pawn show to drop off some things, then B-Face and I drive out to his house and the band's practice room. Everybody says we're alike, which I think is true. He's a great guy, pretty damn funny too. Joe and I walk over to the Elvis Room to see check how things are doing. Nothing has been done, so we have to do all this shit before the show starts. I set up the Queers and Cletus merchandise table, the kids went crazy for the Queers stuff. I had a great time selling it, I sold \$500 in about 30 minutes. The Queers gave me a couple of shirts and records and some money, it was worth it. The show was great. The Queers had their old singer, Wimpy singing. Everyone liked Cletus, the place was going nuts all night. After the show, Joe, Jessica, and I went to a store to buy food. The guy that worked there flipped out because Joe Queer was buying food in his store. He thought I was B-Face, so Joe gave him an autograph, then we left. The only bad thing is that Kevin's amp broke, and we had to get it fixed. But we did get paid really good tonight.

July 20th

Didn't do much today. Kevin and I went out

for lunch at the Stockpot, then walked around for a while. We picked up his amp from the store. I spent most of the day walking around looking for girls. Zero girls were found. Went out with Kevin, Ben, Jess, and Jen to some bar. Jen is Jessica's sister, very pretty girl. I gave my t-shirt to Eric today. I'll give the shirt off my back for you if you want.

July 21st

Left Joe's house around 2 pm. Jen stopped by to say goodbye. Then we left for New York. I hate New York. You feel like crap when you're here. This state is just nasty. We were all pretty hungry so we ate at another Mexican place. I dared to try a taco, it tasted like soap. We're staying at Johnny's friend Margaret's house. She said there was a party that she knew of. Kevin, Ben, Margaret and I decided to walk there. The manager of the place wouldn't let us in and he was being a real asshole, so I decided to tell him he was an asshole. He jumped in my face, with his cigarette about an inch from my face. Words were thrown, then he called the cops on us. Ten minutes in New York and I almost get beat up, and cops called on me. I HATE NEW YORK. Kevin, Scott, and I slept in the van. The whole night Kevin was talking shit and shining a flashlight on people while he was hiding in the van. They didn't know where it was coming from. Pretty funny night.

July 22nd

If this state blew up, it would be no great loss. Kevin and I went out for lunch and walked around. We all said around all day and did nothing. We met up from the guys from the Cranks, then Chad from Knoxville walked up. I met Merle Allin, pretty freaky guy. We play at Under Acme for the Macintosh Music Festival tonight at 1 am. The show wasn't that good for me. I've never seen anyone actually sing and throw up at the same time but Johnny did just that. It was embarrassing. I guess it was better to do it in New York than any other place. I didn't have a good time tonight, I don't even want to write about it anymore. ("How can so much vomit come out of one man's mouth?")

July 24th

Drove all day to Myrtle Beach, SC. It was pouring down rain and Ben was driving. Yes, I was scared. Couldn't find our way around and got lost. It sucked. Finally we found it after yelling at Ben for doing weird shit. Mr. Yucks is a real nice place and very big. Four bands will be playing tonight. Ground is one of them. This will be the last time we play with them, they are breaking up. It's a shame to see a real good band break up. Not that many people showed up but things went smoothly.

July 25th

Ladson, SC. My home town, what more can I say. Everytime I go to the Ladson shows,

I never seem to have a good time, until tonight. Lots of people were there. The place went crazy when Cletus played, and Cletus played great. I got to see a lot of old friends. The redneck bunch were getting out of hand, trying to fight people. Voice played and kicked ass, they put so much energy into their set, and I got to sing an Op Ivy song with them. Some girl with a Cletus shirt was bothering me the entire time I was there. I think it was Ben's girl. While Cletus was playing, Kevin shoved some redneck that was in his way, then looked at him and laughed. Pure Punk.

July 29th

Drove to Atlanta and arrived at the Sombra Reptile around 8:30 pm. They fed us and gave us beer, plus got paid really good. F.L.A. played and they were great. They all jumped around, they were really fun to watch. Cletus rocked, one of the best shows I've seen them do. We went back to Johnny's friend's house to eat and sleep. Ben went off with some girl, so we didn't see him for the rest of the night. I don't drink beer so I had a boring time.

August 3

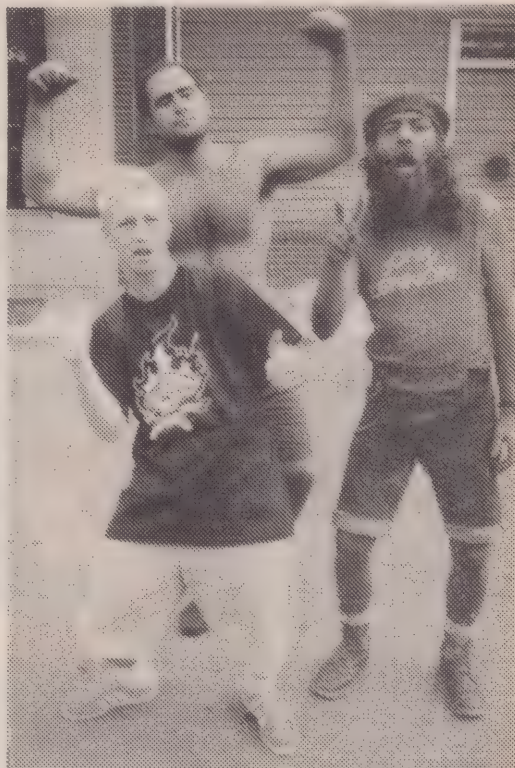
Drove 12 hours to Philly, constant bickering the entire way there, and I couldn't sleep at all. Pulled in front of the club, Ben flipped out on Johnny about moving the van. We went over to Chuck Treece's house, a very nice 4 story apartment. I would love to live here, there's so much I could write about Chuck and his place but I won't. We have two shows at the Khyber Pass, one upstairs 18 and over, and one downstairs, 21 and over. Both shows went pretty good. The first one was better than the second. After the show we went back to Chuck's house to sleep. Chuck has a dog named Rain. Kevin was in a bad mood and took it out on me. Something about shutting the light off. Not too cool.

August 5

Back to New York City. Did a bunch of walking around with Pansy Division. Both bands are playing at Brownie's tonight. Brownie's didn't know Cletus was playing but we got it straightened out. Cletus played after Pansy Division. Both bands rocked. I think Cletus stole the show. Chris from P.D. ran around the crowd naked and spraying Silly String all over everyone. I got real sick today, I think I caught the flu or something from Kevin. Somehow all the sleeping arrangements got fucked up so Kevin and I stayed in the van. We didn't fall asleep until about 8 am. Kevin kept me up by telling me his life story. He could write a best seller novel.

August 6

Pansy Division's van broke down. Ben's trying to fix it, so Kevin and go get food and while we're eating, we see a bunch of crusty punks ("I don't wanna be a crusty punk...") When we get back, everything is fucked up. The Pansy Division van had to get towed to get fixed. Dustin, Chris, and Jon had to ride with us to Maryland, a 5 hour drive. We loaded their guitars and merchandise into our van and off we went, all 8 of us. Crazy. Arrived at the club around 9 pm, looked at a flyer and it said "Cletus." How the hell do you misspell Cletus? Johnny made sure to be heard on stage, "There's no O in Cletus." The guy who ran the show was a real asshole. I'm selling merch for Pansy Division the rest of the tour. I had so many gay guys asking me questions about gay stuff. I guess they thought I was gay. When I told one guy I wasn't, he walked off, he didn't want to talk to me anymore. Some people thought it was cool that a straight guy was selling Pansy Division stuff. After the show, we left



Travel can be so broadening

except Chris, it's his birthday so he went off someplace. So 7 of us drove back to New York. Kevin and I slept in the back, very cramped with everyone's stuff up there. Arrived in NY at 6 am. Then took off to North Carolina.

August 7

Today Ben told Kevin to suck his dick and to load his own cabinet in the van. Ben's standing up for himself, you have to respect

that even if it is dangerous to talk like that to Kevin. Johnny just told some lady to shut up, she said something about him throwing a cigarette on the ground and he just flat out told her to shut up. You just don't give a fuck when you've been riding in a van all night and are very tired.

- On the road again -

Arrived in Chapel Hill around 3 pm. We all sat around and ate pizza and drank our favorite beverages. Kevin, Ben, and I went swimming. I ruled all the flips and jumps. Kevin did one Karate Kid/Superman jump, then drowned in his sorrows about not being able to have fun anymore because of being hurt. Ben made us both laugh when he attempted some kinda fucked up jump and landed flat on his back in the water. Scott was supposed to join us but later one we found out that he fell going down some hill on his rollerblades and tore a big chunk of meat out of his leg.

August 8

Slept till 2 pm. Johnny walks out of the bedroom, counts 1,2,3 at Ben, Scott, and I, then points to the next bedroom and smiles. He thinks Kevin is sleeping with the other roommate. You had to be there, I guess, but it was pretty funny at the time. Kevin was actually outside walking around. Didn't do much today. The guys just sat around

talking about the band, which is really good, because they got a lot of things off their chest. They sat up till about 3 am and kept me up all night. Then they all went swimming and by the time they got back, I was asleep. I was awakened by Scott's snoring. Scott snores louder than anyone I know. It sounds like it hurts him. I sleep with a pile of pennies beside me, so when he starts snoring you just throw them at him. I've thrown pillows, shoes, and books at him. I didn't have anything this time but a cat, so I threw the cat at him. When the cat landed on Scott, he was snoring so loud it just scared the cat off.

August 9

Kevin and I went to buy food and some goofy bag boy asked me what my Queers t shirt meant. I guess he thought I was making fun of gay people. I just walked off. Arrived at the Kat's Kradle, the Pansy Division was already there. I walked in and there was a sign on one door that said "Cletus." It was a dressing room, it had fruit, chips, dip, and water. It was great. Cletus rocked the stage. While Pansy Division was playing, they said my name, and all I could hear was people screaming "PEDRO!" Cletus was screaming the loudest. I love those guys.

August 10

Off to Virginia. We met Pansy Division at a record shop, they were signing autographs. The club here is called Iroquois, some crummy old lady owns it. The show went well. One of the bands that played had a 9 or 10 year old drummer, he rocked. The band sucked. Everyone did the Pedro yell for me. I think it's a nightly thing now. After the show, I walked out the back door and the guys had spray-painted "PANSY DIVISION-CLETUS BUGGER PEDRO TOUR '95" on the back wall, very big. That's what Cletus is calling this tour.

August 11

Driving to Norfolk. Kevin's blowing snot into a pair of underwear, then showing it to me for approval. Arrived at the Kings Head Inn before Pansy Division. Two punks who were at an earlier show were there already. The billboard above the club said "Combine." No Pansy Division, no Cletus. Our show was never con-

firmed so we're not playing. Everyone is pissed so we all argue with the dreadlocked promoter, then leave. Now we're driving to North Carolina to get a place to sleep.

August 12

Columbia, SC. Kevin his Ben with a newspaper and Ben came unglued. He charged Kevin like a bull sees red. Kevin jumped up like he was scared. I've never seen Ben get mad like that before. It was pretty funny. Arrived at the Bat Kave. The owner gave us all money to eat. So we all went to Monterey Jacks, a very nice place. Scott said this is where Hootie & The Blowfish got signed. Despite that, it was still good. A lot of hot girls there. Not that many people showed up for the show, that made Johnny very upset. Later we found out that the Pansy Division van broke down again. They didn't get back until the next day. And I almost rode home with them. Glad I didn't.

August 13

Hometown show, Charleston SC. 2 shows tonight. Not that many people are here, I hate this town. The people do not support anything. The people at Cumberland's are very nice though. Kevin had the full on girl groupies when he sang "Hipster" tonight - Connie, Connie's sister, Natalie, and some girl I don't like.

"It's all good when you're raised in the hood."

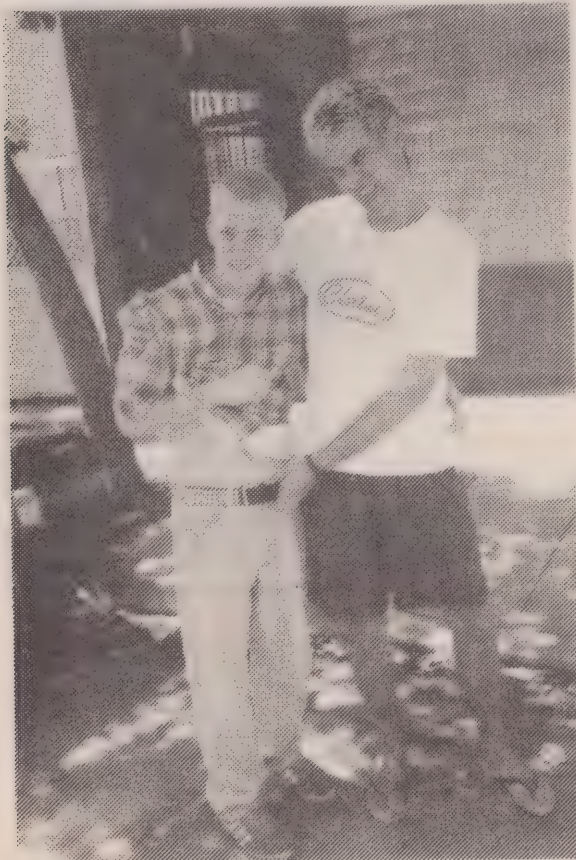
Jon from P.D. is doing some funky little dance in front of me, he rocks. Pansy Division has posters up at all the shows that say BLOW YOUR INNER FAG and LICK YOUR INNER DYKE. The second show totally rocked. The best show yet. A soldout show. Everyone gave Johnny a birthday surprise. The full on - cake, flowers, and song. The Division rocked tonight, everybody was into them. My friend James had them sign his ass and dick, then while they were playing, he got on stage and showed the crowd what they signed. Jon grabbed James and acted like he was fucking him and grabbed his dick. It was so funny. At the end of the show, two people offered to buy me, and someone spit on me. So girl asked me to go home with her, but I didn't have a ride back to Johnny's house and Johnny wouldn't let me borrow the van. He sucks. I sold a lot of merchandise for Cletus tonight. They rocked the show so hard. Everyone was singing their songs with them. It was a great show. You can't fuck with Cletus in their hometown.

August 15

We all got up extra early thinking that we're going to Florida, but the show got cancelled. Something about a hurricane. So we all just sat around and did the same old thing.

August 16

Got up extra early to clean up before we left. The last time I saw Kevin he had blonde hair, now it's blue, it rocks. Tampa, FL. It's very hot here. Before the show, Kevin and I walked around the strip, they had a cool tattoo



Pedro gets a hug from Chris

shop and we met some crusty punks who worked at a pizza joint. This kid had a huge hole in his ear, you could put a padlock in it. We told him we were playing at the Blue Chair and he asked Kevin if he was Johnny Puke. The flyer that the Blue Chair put up said, "Cletus with spoken word artist Johnny Puke." The punker told us he didn't like junkie punks. The Blue Chair is a record store that has shows sometimes. Before the show, I bought the new Rancid CD, it's not even out yet but they sold it to me because I'm cool. The girl that worked there gave me a huge Rancid poster, it's as big as Ben. The show was pretty rockin', the sound wasn't that good but everybody seemed to be having a good time. After the show, we stayed at Chris Barrows (Pink Lincolns) house. When the Lincolns came to Charleston, I thought Chris was mean. But he's super nice. He has a killer house with a lot of old time movies. We watched some video of the GoGo's, they were fucking with their roadie. They put shaving cream all over him and put a dildo up his ass. He was so fucked up on drugs he didn't know what was going on. That night Chris said they were going to do that to me. Thanks for not fuckin' with me, Chris.

August 17

Miami, FL. The club is very nice, big and clean. The show rocked, a lot of people showed up. The people here are pretty weird. A bunch of little kids said something to Kevin while we were in a Subway. After the show, some kid kissed me on the cheek. Why don't any girls kiss me? Everybody thinks I'm gay. That night we stayed at some crusty punk's house. It sucked so bad. It was dirty, 70 people sitting around drinking. Ben hit me 3 times in his sleep. Life sucked at that moment.

August 18

I woke up around 1 pm. The first thing I noticed was some girl walking around with no shirt on. That got my attention real quick. She didn't have a care in the world, she was just walking around and throwing up. Later we found out she had a stomach flu or something. So we all packed our shit up and ran out the door, thanks for nothing! So then we decided to go to another crusty dump house. The show tonight sucked, no one was there. Pansy Division played all new songs, I don't like them as much as the old ones but they're pretty good. After the show, we got a motel room on the beach. Kevin and I got pizza and watched Double Impact on tv. Scott, Ben, and Johnny went to the club to drink for free. Ben was already drunk and kept rambling on about fucking the bartender to the wall. I hope he does because I met the last thing he fucked, not a pretty sight. Tomorrow, Painsville. *"I'm gonna fuck that bitch to the wall."* - Ben Hammock

August 19

Last night Johnny never came back to the

motel. Scott snored the entire night. If we taped him snoring, we could send it in to the movies as a Monster Growl or something. I'm talkin' big bucks. Johnny was supposed to meet us at noon but he was late. When he did arrive, he told us he'd OD's on heroin. He said the people he was with threw him in a bathtub and shoved ice cubes up his butt so he would come to. He gave us the entire sob story, I guess he wanted us to feel sorry for him. It didn't work on me.

We all went to the promoter's house to eat. As we figured, it was spaghetti, the cheapest food you can make somebody. Spaghetti. Before the show started, some guy came up to me and started talking. He

August 9

Kevin and I went to buy food and some goofy bag boy asked me what my Queers t shirt meant. I guess he thought I was making fun of gay people. I just walked off.

was a total bullshitter. He said he knew all the guys from Guttermouth and Face to Face and a couple of other big bands. Later he came up and told me he was a parole officer, like that was supposed to make me like him. Pansy Division talked about me in a couple of their songs, so I ran up and sang one chorus of "Pretty Boy." Kevin was dancing on top of a table, Cletus and Pansy Division rocked tonight. Mike's band Into Barbie was crazy. Mike came out on stage with some red trench coat and a bathing suit, with his nuts hanging out of one side. He did a couple of songs, then threw himself on the group, then pulled off the bathing suit and shaved off his pubic hairs around his dick with a pair of hair clippers. He's still singing and doing all then, then he ran threw the crowd and rolled around. It was the total Jim Rose Sideshow. He was a total nut. I think he stole the show.

August 21

Today we play at Sluggo's. Jon Ginoli, Bo, Valerie went out early this morning to put up flyers. The club messed up and thought the show was next week. The entire day before the show, Kevin was playing Sonic The Hedgehog. Some little kid came over and gave him a few tips on the game. The kid went outside and you could hear him through the window saying shit to Kevin while he was playing: "No, dumb ass, go down, up, what are you doing?" We went to the club around 8 pm. A very nice place, three stories. I didn't think a lot of people would show up because the date was screwed up but it was crowded. They even had a radio commercial for the show. Cletus played really good, the crowd was yelling for an encore but Cletus declined the offer. Sold about 5 shirts. A lot of people asked if we had tapes but we had run out. Pansy Division rocked their set. Halfway through the show, Chris said he wanted my lips around the base of his dick while he was on stage. Everybody turned around and looked at me. It's all good. After the show, a lot of people came up to talk to me. I even signed about 6 Pansy Division records. It was pretty fun. Kevin and I gave each other magic marker tattoos of punk rockers, flowers, and people with afros. Then we all went back to Beau's house. Kevin jumped on the Sonic game, swearing he was gonna beat it. Kevin, Beau, and I played the new Rancid CD. While Beau asked Kevin a million questions, he was sitting about two inches from Kevin's face, then he passed out almost on Kevin's lap. We both looked at each other and laughed. Everyone went to sleep except Kevin, who played Sonic until the sun came up.

August 25

We're going to Memphis to visit Graceland, the home of Elvis Presley. On the way there we almost died. Another car was turning into a lane at the same time we were. About 2 inches from hitting each other. The guy just took off, so after we thought of a plan, Ben put the pedal to the metal and off we went after him. Revenge is what we're after. I don't know what was more dangerous, the guy hitting us or Ben driving the van at 85 mph. Ben driving at 20 is scary enough. So we caught up with the guy and Johnny throws a full Sprite can at him. The next hour we dodge him so he can't get our license number. We finally get to Memphis. I go straight to all the Elvis goodies. They had cool Elvis shops and a tour of his house and plane. I didn't go on any of those but I took a lot of pictures, it was great. Back to the shows. The first band that played were very different. They had the full on organ, record scratches, they all jumped around, they were freakin' the funk. This band was pretty weird. But a lot of people are here. Cletus rocked, they got a pit going and some kid ran on stage to some "Sour Grapes." Two gay guys just came up to me and asked me a couple of

stupid questions. They were hitting one me. Pretty funny. While Cletus was playing the song "No Brains," the same punker kid jumped on stage again and sung the chorus, then he went back to his dance of death. The punkers are rockin' the pit tonight. Pansy Division were great. Some fat guy ran around the room with no clothes on. Pansy Division looked like they were having a lot of fun. *Queer sensation that's rockin' the nation.* They've got a plastic male blow up doll, it's rolling around in the crowd. The place is going nuts. When Chris ran out in the crowd to spray his Silly String, some punker jumped on his back and rode him the entire time he was running around. Then the kid jumped on stage and gave Jon a huge lip lock kiss. Chris wouldn't let the kid kiss him. Some kid came up to me and said I had nice lips. Some other guy talked to me about 20 minutes and wouldn't leave. Finally at the end of the show he said, "I hope Pansy Division comes back but especially you" and winked his eye. I couldn't possibly write all that happened at today's show. After the show, I spray painted CLETUS and PEDRO on the wall. Tomorrow we drive 8 hours to Edmond, Oklahoma. That will be the last time we play with Pansy Division on this tour.

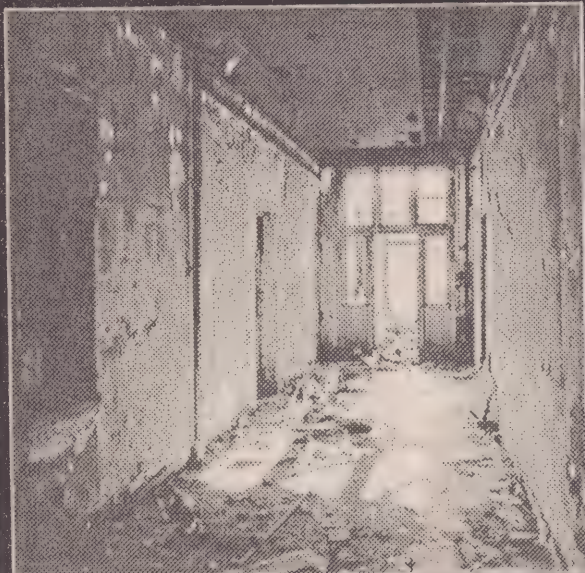
August 26
Edmond, OK. Pulled into the American Legion Hall. There were punkers everywhere. I knew we would have a good time by the look of all these kids, and there were lots of pretty girls there. Before Cletus played, kids were asking me about them and buying their tapes and shirts. It was great, somehow all these kids knew about Cletus. When Cletus came on, everybody moved up front. Cletus rocked out and a full pit of kids were rockin', but there were also a lot of people just standing at the sides. Did I mention there were a lot of pretty girls there? A full encore was ringing out, so not wanting to let anyone down, Cletus had to tell them who the "King" was. (That sounds so cool.) Pansy Division rocked next, a pit bounced up in their set too. Jon looked a little worried but Chris loved it. The kids went wild when the blow up man was tossed out. The punkers quickly beat the poor doll up, they weren't just throwing it around, they were kicking, hitting, body slamming, the whole Hulk Hogan cage match. Som kid even held the doll up so a kid could get a few face shots in. Head butts, figure four, the whole nine yards. Chris picked on some kid, it was all cool till the guy got a little mad. Things got a little hectic at that point. Some guy tried to hit Chris but missed. Some other kid was yelling shit about faggots, so Dustin quickly jumped

off the drums and talked to the guy, asking him if he wanted to speak into the microphone. I think he got embarrassed and then wanted to fight. Things got out of hand then. People were outside, beers were flowing. Some guy came in and turned off the lights. He wanted the show to be over with. Cops were called and the show was shut down. Punkers were yelling shit to the cops, glass bottles were being thrown. What a great way to end a tour. I loved it. A lot of kids were buying merchandise. Cletus sold about 250 bucks' worth, a bunch of kids wanted autographs. I gave them some Cletus posters, they even asked me to sign them. The sad part had to come, saying goodbye to Pansy Division. Hugs and kisses were given out. I gave some girl a hug. She asked for it, she got it. Then the two vans parted ways. I'll miss those guys. It's going to be hard touring with anyone else, because the Division was so nice. This was my favorite show that we played so far. P.S. Did I mention there were a lot of pretty girls there?

Cletus and Pedro's adventures on the road continued for another month, when they toured with the Queers. If you'd like to read more of Pedro's Tour Diary, drop us a line and let us know and we'll continue it next issue.

STEP ON A CRACK (VOLUME TWO)

A NEW YORK SUBTERRANEAN MUSIC COMPILATION



FEATURING TRACKS BY...

13, DEADGUY, THE DEVIL DOGS, DIE 116,
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, GARDEN VARIETY,
HELL NO, HOLESHOT, THE HOT CORN GIRLS,
IABHORHER, IRON PROSTATE, MILHOUSE,
MIND OVER MATTER, MURPHY'S LAW,
NEGLECT, SWEET DIESEL, THE TEMPLARS,
THE VICIOUS BEATNIKS, THE WIVES
AND THE WRETCHED ONES.

AVAILABLE ON CD OR DOUBLE-LP FOR \$10PPD U.S. (\$13PPD FOREIGN) FROM SOUND VIEWS, 96 HENNY STREET, 45W,
BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK 11201-1713. OUT REAL SOON: SWEET DIESEL - 'SEARCH AND ANNOY' 10-INCH EP.

**SOUND
VIEWS**
EXPLORE THE SUBTERRANEAN

ABRASION (Jason, 322 Walnut Lane, Mt Laurel NJ 08054) Hard and heavy mix of hardcore and metal, with a definite nod to Metallica (especially on one slower track that sounds a bit like "Sandman.") The production is strictly DIY but the musicianship has bite and promise. The band is thinking of changing its name to Mindset. - Jim T.

AFTERLIFE (RDS Mgmt) These guys are very undecided. They mix a lot of different styles - techno, metal, funk, and God knows what else. And the demo came with *nothing* written on the tape sleeve, not even the song titles, so I can't refer to any of the songs. - Phil P.

ALL GODS' CHILDREN - "Nice Garden" () Adam Bernstein's multi-ethnic, multi-cultural New Brunswick-based ensemble returns with four more granola-crunchy tracks, with sparkling kitchen-sink instrumentation (guitars, keyboards, woodwinds, horns, accordion, and percussion) and a happy hippie vibe. Bernstein has a bright pop voice, similar to Squeeze's Glen Tilbrook, which dances over these airy and amiable tracks with titles like "Be The Air Of Peace" and "Happy Zone." -Jim T.

ALSO BROKEN - Division of Grace (Also Broken, PO Box 16244, Philadelphia, PA 19114) Uninspired "progressive" rock which shares more in common with Rush or Led Zeppelin (depending on which song you're listening to) than any other band that I can think of. - Paul S.

THE BLISTERS: Meow: The Claude Coleman Sessions (30 Carlsson Ave. Metuchen, NJ 08840) A five song cassette from a band that deserves more recognition than they've got. This recording is worth having just because it's the only recorded version of Eleventh Hour that I know of—a song that rivals the output of Paul Westerberg, Alex Chilton and co. Bass player Nitti would be the first to own up to the debt he owes to the Replacements. But it's 1996 and Bob Stinson's dead: no chance of a reunion. Go see the Blisters. I'll say it again. Go see the Blisters. They aren't as plastered as the 'Mats were most of the time, which means you'll get a full set of music—not



Abrasion

five AC/DC covers, one song off Hootenanny and Bob pissing off the stage (of course, that sounds like a good evening as well). There's no way to really describe the beer swilling gut punch of the Blisters. Suffice it to say, they're proof that being a bar band doesn't mean you have to suck. You can drink while they play and make your brain scream with pleasure and then you can buy 'em a round afterward. - Alex S.



Demo Tapes

CAUTION - "Drunk & Stupid" (9 Carriage Way, Montclair NJ 07042) The musicianship is rudimentary and the production strictly live-in-the-basement, but this Jersey pop/punk trio's demo provides enough teenage kicks to convince me that they have a future. The band specializes in choppy chorded hardcore with catchy, stinging leads, ala' the Queers, with guitarist Mike Gallucci bleating teen-angst vocals about punker topics ranging from broken hearts to macaroni and cheese. Inspirational verse (sung to the tune of "Mary Had A Little Lamb:") "Sandy's hooked on LSD, LSD, LSD, Sandy's hooked on LSD, she's gonna fuckin' die." -Jim T.

DREAD MOTIF (726 Mabie St, New Milford NJ 07646) The vocals are half spoken, half sung, the guitars are metallish and heavy, and the bass have that plunky metallic funk sound. It all comes together quite well in these two songs, which are forceful, commanding, and interestingly paced, with well-constructed tempo and chord changes. - Jim T.

FLOZ - "Jesus Was A Fat Kid" (Fourty-Two Records, 3101 Oxford Valley Rd, Unit 520, Levittown PA 19057) A two-man "funnypunk" band from Pennsylvania, Floz is a cross between the Mr T Experience and King Missile, with silly lyrics and bare-bones instrumentation. Some songs use just one or two strummed electric guitars, or a bass guitar and a snare drum, while others bounce along like a stripped down Queers tunes, with catchy lead guitar licks and peppy chords. The set pieces aren't that funny, but the rapid-fire cheese-whiz punk songs fly by with so much bouncy energy that they'll leave you smiling even if you think they're stupid. -Jim T.

GABRIEL (18 Hayes Ave, Ellington CT 06029) Funny this tape should arrive just in time for our ABC No Rio issue; the band's explosively heavy hardcore and especially Kyle Moran's raw-throated, eye-bugging vocals remind me of those classic psycho-core ABC bands like Rorshach and Citizens Arrest. Gabriel also shows a surprisingly mature command of dynamics, mixing pensive, quiet moments of chiming guitar and stillness side by side with their sonic mayhem. Impressive. - Jim T.

THE GREAT BRAIN (PO Box 5467, Evanston IL 60204) Arch, jagged noisy pop that sounds more like the collegiate art-rock you hear in Boston than anything out of Chicago. There's some nice

spacey Television-ish guitar and three vocalists adding harmonies. Five songs, offering a tasty prelude to what I presume will be a shortly forthcoming album. - Jim T.

LEMMINGS (17 Royal Ct, Lakewood NJ 08701) Their bio says something about their sound having a Sabbath edge, and they're sorta right as far as the guitars go. The production on this 3-song demo is pretty good. "Rollaway," the best track, starts out slow and heavy, and then builds up to an uptempo riff that will get any metalhead banging their head. - Phil P.

LIFE IN A BLENDER (3 Second St., Brooklyn, NY, 11231) Written and sung by Don Ralph, with Mark Lerner on bass and various other folks. Kind of a mixed bag. "Big Hat" has Don sounding like a totally stoned Joe Cocker crossed with Redd Foxx. The 2 songs in the middle are not-too-bad punky ballads. - Rodney L.

LITTLE ROOMS (Amuck Records, 340 E 6th St #21, NYC 10003) This NYC trio fuses traditional hard rock and metal with experimental sounds and distortion, in the vein of Jane's Addiction or Faith No More. Some of it works, some doesn't; by and large, the noisier they get, the more distinctive the songs seem to be. - Jim T.

LOVE HUSKIES - "Semi-Gloss" (DarkMark Mgmt.) This Philadelphia quartet includes three brothers (and a cousin,) but this tape focuses so much attention on Matt's raspy vocals that his siblings' contributions almost go unnoticed. When I saw the group live, I really liked the unusual guitar leads from brother Tim; you can hear some of that going on in the intros but for the most part, Tim is all but buried in the mix here. The songwriting has a mellow, alternapop feel - the Replacements (with Robby Goo on lead vocals) filtered through the Gin Blossoms - with songs like "Emotional Stitches" and "Twenty Nothing" focusing on the usual slacker laments of boredom, alienation, and post-adolescent angst. - Jim T.

THE LOVED ONES (Hedgehog Records, 33 Washington Sq West #1410, NYC 10011) An impressive debut demo from this NJ quartet, which features the Urchins' Andy Gesner on bass and the sassy vocals of Robin Renee. The band has a bouncy hippie vibe, with acoustic guitars and lilting rhythms. The danceable new-wave tempos recall Gesner's old band Spiral Jetty, while Renee's vocals are charming and upbeat throughout, with just the right amount of smirk in the lyrics to give the music an edge. - Jim T.

MR. BITTER - "The Rough Cuts" (% Lerner, 118 Monroe St #3, Hoboken NJ 07030) This four-song demo showcases the impressive vocals of Dan Cromie, the best set of pipes this area has seen since Brad Kane (who left his gig in the Misconceptions for Broadway and the movies.) Despite the title, there's nothing "rough" about these four songs, which veer toward the epic power ballad, with swelling choruses, sweeping melodies, and flowery lyrics (along with fanciful song titles like "Cyan" and "Euchrid Eucrow.") Jamie Balling's bass (which caroms from thumb-popping funk licks to melodic undertones,) Johnathan Yang's thundering drums, and Adam Lerner's shimmering guitar provide appropriate sonic accompaniment, but personally, I'd like to hear them loosen up a little and try something in a more pop direction instead of trying to one-up Live or U2 on every track. - Jim T.

NORA (22 Strathaller Park #1, Rochester NY 14607) More retro-Eighties pop-metal. Pat Benatar, call your service. - Jim T.

PUBLIC ALLEY 414 (c/o Ed, 431 Riverside Dr. #2E, NYC 10025) Fast, sloppy punk in the Doc Hopper vein, with irreverent lyrics and the added dimension of a female on backup vocals. Nothing flashy,

but it's fast, catchy, and fun. - Jim T.

PUMP HOLE MONKEYS - "Goddess"/"Runaways" (Box 227, Chicago IL 60415) Glam rock lives. I wonder if they wear spandex? - Jim T.

QUASIGOGO (511 E 80th St #12C, New York NY 10021) Ooh, I like this. Bouncy head-bobbing punk-rock thump with cool lyrics, gallumphing guitars, strained vocals, and power-pop choruses, like a high-octane cross between Superchunk and the Real Kids. "...from the people at the store, you're not welcome anymore, hardcore twittering machine!" I don't know what it means but I want more. These guys can twitter at my place anytime. - Jim T.

RICANSTRUCTION (Ugly Planet Media, Box 205, New York NY 10012) Given New York's sizable Latin community, it's surprising there aren't more Hispanic bands in the local club scene. Here's one, fronted by ex-Noise Culture vocalist Alan Baez, offering a searing blast of full-bodied alternametal with CD-quality production. Baez - who sings, not screams, his powerful vocals - captures rage and frustration in angry diatribes like "Breakfast In America" and "Abu Jamal." Despite the infusion of radical political thought into the lyrics and metallic riffage in the music, Ricanstruction is not by any means a hardcore band; the vocals are too self-assured and polished, the music too well-crafted and produced. - Jim T.

SEVEN LAYERS OF PLASTIC WRAP (No address) What is it with all these New Wave divas all of a sudden? Like 1982 didn't suck enough the first time around???? - Jim T.



Sky Falls Down

SKY FALLS DOWN (%Casey Boland, 721 Corties Ave., W. Allenhurst NJ 07711) Terribly earnest emocore, given to pronouncements like "I trip and scrape my knees on the gravel of their apathy." It's all so heartfelt and important (in a manner that only the onrush of adolescent hormones and emotions can produce) that it's easy to forgive the band's metaphorical excesses, especially since the music throbs and rocks with energy and grace. Easily the equal of anything on Jade Tree or Equal Vision, which is to say very good indeed. - Jim T.

SLAPROCKET (22 Cathedral Dr, Lakewood NJ 08701) This South Jersey supergroup features ex members of Nudewirl, Godspeed, and Social Decay and can be summed up in two words: Heavy Metal. Like early Black Sabbath, this is all about the power of heavy guitars and bass mixed with swirling guttural vocals. So resolutely

untrendy that you have to admire its integrity. And did I mention the word "heavy?" - Jim T.

SPIDER MONKEYS - "First One" (406 Middle Rd, Hazlet NJ 07730) The Spider Monkeys bill themselves as the world's loudest two-person rock band. They do manage to sound like more than two people, but since the music is badly dated, early Eighties hair metal, who cares? - Jim T.

SPINE (PO Box 7975, Lancaster PA 17605) I just love the drummer's name: Ozzie Christ. Think that's his real name? Anyway, the band hails from Pennsylvania and plays a mixture of progressive rock and heavy metal. The singer has that typical voice that you hear and say, "he sounds like that guy..." but you can never quite figure out who. This is decent, no more. - Phil P.

STRICKEN FOR CATHERINE - "Two Days In November" (30 New York St #1, Dover NH 03820) Very impressive five song demo from this collegiate New England quartet. The first song's distorted vocals adds an in-ye-face aggression that's missing on some of the quieter (wimpier) numbers, a more-melodic variation of Season To Risk or any number of post-hardcore, quasi-industrial rock bands. The quieter numbers do boast an appealing earnestness (one would college bands be without sincerity?) and the playing and vocals throughout are exemplary. A band I'd definitely like to hear more from. - Jim T.

SUBVERTS - "Boy's Town" (c/o Michael, 4311 Spruce St. #C5, Philadelphia PA 19104) The Subverts' manifesto, "This Is Punk," makes their intentions clear: "This is punk, this is not hardcore/we don't play everything real fast, it is such a bore." In fact, these guys do play everything real fast, and it's "punk" of the mohawked, leather-jacketed '77 British variety, not quite catchy enough to be "Oi." When not singing about what is and isn't punk, the boys take a swipe at Newt's Amerika ("Boy's Town") and the American class system ("Dial 911," "Aristocracy.") Good solid hardc... uh, punk. - Jim T.

TORTURE KITTY - Demo #2 (c/o John Sewell, 1530 Northshore Woods Dr., Knoxville, TN 37919) Torture Kitty's new demo is not that much different from their first, just more of the same terminally happy yet sardonic punk rock ala Ramones, Schreeching Weasel, etc. With their addictive pop style and song titles like "Job Corps Girl", you can tell that these guys are a lot of fun live and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if an indy label picked them up soon... that is if indy labels have ever heard of Tennessee. Check out this demo, it's simple and difficult to hate. - Greg M.

TOUCH FREAK (46 Hillis St., Staten Island NY 10312) This duo is like a coed Ween, a guy and girl making jokey, homemade tapes - only without the music, just vocals. In fact, most of the "songs" are nothing but someone saying or shouting the title into a mic, while three others consist of short raps (one's a theme song, another is an anti-Phish rant, and the third is about someone named Buddy Revell.) I'm impressed that anyone would go to this much trouble to produce such an utter waste of time. - Jim T.

TYPECAST - "We Can't Go On"/"No More Lies" (Tate Hoffmann, 1560 River Rd., Belle Mead NJ 08502) Raw-throated metalcore with plenty of punch in the shouted vocals, cleanly executed tempo changes, punishing guitars, and pounding drums. Countermelodies subtly balance the metallic crunch of the guitars. If you like it hard and heavy, look no further. - Jim T.

UBISUNT - "Reflections" (Ground Zero Records, 21 Lincoln Pl., Waidwick, NJ 07463-1923) Five guys who look to be college age. A whole bunch of songs (16 or so), on a relatively short tape (45 minutes, I think), sung at breakneck speed by Pete with 2 guitars, a bass and drums backing like a punk band. If you're a punk type, this is likely worth the 6 bucks to you. - Rodney L.

WHITE OUT (Rim Tim Tim, 485 Tabor St, Long Branch NJ 07740) This four-song demo provides a refreshing antidote for anyone suffering from an overdose of grunge. The bright, driving, chimey guitars recall early U2 and sound great, especially on "I'm Gettin' Down, Sucker" and "Late Night Hours," which whomp along with a swampy rockabilly backbeat. I don't know why a band this talented keeps such a low profile, though. - Jim T.

WHO KILLED BAMBI? - "The Last Temptation" (PO Box 656607, Fresh Meadows NY 11365) These Lower East Side regulars play fast 'n' dirty garage-punk, with a driving lead guitar and snotty vocals. It's got that late 70's Ramones/Dead Boys energy that makes you want to pump your fist in the air and holler "Oi, Oi, Oi!" while you're stomping your Docs onto your landlord's head. Unfortunately, I think they've called it quits. - Jim T.

YCLEPT - "Doors Of Perception" (201 Townbank Rd, Cape May NJ 08204) Metal. Heavy metal. Guitar solos, banshee wails, police car sirens, power chords, and vocals with that sexy bluesy swagger that's part Led Zeppelin and part Grand Funk Railroad. This rocks, and more power to the guys in Yclept for pouring their heart and soul into the music they love rather than change to accommodate what's trendy and commercial. - Jim T.

YAZOO BEACH - Pocket Symphony (N-Beat Records, PO Box 13505, Jackson, MS 39236) Fairly standard "college music". It's pretty ordinary rock music such as you might hear at a bar or something. Nothing special, but at least it's not another Pearl Jam clone! This might sound alot better if the band sounded excited about their music. The performance on this cassette is too laid back. There's no energy. - Paul S.

CRAP RECORDS
MAILORDER
CD COMPILATION

i farm **SMACK**
six-o-seven
Thirsty **for Life**
SECRET SORRRRL
end of one **Nerd**

\$7.00 \$9.00

Cash or Checks
made payable to
Carly Guarino

CRAP PO Box 6784
Ithaca, NY 14851

ICEBURN



ICEBURN

MEDITAVOLUTIONS

REV:49

DBL LP/CS/CD

\$10/\$8/\$10



also available:

CHAIN OF STRENGTH

The One Thing That Still Holds True
this is the long-awaited reissue of their two records on one lp/cs/cd, featuring previously unreleased track

Rev:10

\$8/\$8/\$10



WRITE TO: REVELATION RECORDS

P.O. Box 5232

HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92615-5232

FOR A CATALOG (STAMP PLEASE)

VISA/MC ORDERS CALL 714.842.SLUG

also available: CIV "Set Your Goals" on vinyl, featuring one bonus track
coming soon: the new Sense Field LP "Building"



(mearth album out soon)

FLOOR JACK

FEATURING EX

MEMBERS OF

SUPERTOUCH AND SHOVEL

DELIVER THEIR SOUND VIA

TRANSISTOR,

THEIR DEBUT

AVAILABLE ON

MAGGADEE (RECORDS)

0-002 CD \$12.00 PPD US

(NJ Residents add 6% s/s. tax)



Maggadee (Records) PO Box 60 Hoboken NJ 07030 e-mail: maggadee@aol.com

Record Reviews

1000 MONA LISAS-The EP (RCA) Above average throbpond from LA. Nothing sticks too long, but it has a cute rave-up cover of that Morrisette girl's song ("You Oughta Know") as a "hidden" track. - Des Jr.

3 LB THRILL - *Vulture* (Sony 550/Epic) Boring preprock that wants to attain Better Than Ezra or Toad The Wet Sprocket status. These guys are a bit edgier and more dissonant than the aforementioned bands but that doesn't count for much by me. - Des Jr.

25 TA LIFE - *Keepin' it Real* (We Bite America, 1837 W. Fulton St., Chicago, IL 60612) Well, if you don't know who 25 TA LIFE is by now, you've probably been livin' under a rock for the past 5 years or so! Even if you're not into Hardcore, you still should know. Anyway, it's finally out, their 6-song cd; it's fuckin' phat, it's brutal, and it's in your face. It includes songs from their demo, their first 7-inch, plus the ever popular singalong, "Keepin' it Real," which was first featured on the New York's Hardest comp, as well as 2 brand new songs. Definitely hook up with it, cause in a few years, it'll be a classic! It's groups like this that are keepin' the scene alive and strong as we move further into the 90's, so represent! - Phil Pinto

ACT OF FAITH - *Gain* (Standfast Records, PO Box 973, Lilburn, GA 30226) Reasonably decent modern day hardcore, with abit of heaviness and just a little bit of metal influence. This band, though, is a few years behind the times, as this sounds like so many of the bands from the straight-edge scene of the late '80s. And, while they are obviously talented, their songs tend to end up sounding pretty much the same after awhile. The editing job could have been a little better, too. - Paul Silver

AFTERMATH - *Eyes of Tomorrow* (Thermometer Sound Surface, P.O. Box 31731, Chicago, IL 60631-0731). These guys sort remind me of old Morbid Angel at times, at least the music. The music is basically thrash, I guess you can call it. The songs are all cool for the most part, but don't really have a focus point of any kind. - Phil P.

ALCOHOL FUNNYCAR - *Weasels* (C/Z Records) Pretty straight forward indie rock. This would fit comfortably on commercial Alternative or MTV. Enough hooks to make it somewhat memorable, but overall it's too generic. - Pat Waara

ALL ABOUT CHAD - *Down in Front* (Big Pop) Humorous follow up to their last release. These Brooklynites produce gentle, dumb, melodic pop that though insipid, is fun. Too many self deprecating references to Chad like "Chad is Driving Me Home", "Chad got an Earring", "My sister hates the band" - who fucken cares already. Aside from that gripe, it's harmless and listenable. - Tom Brebric

The Kingsmen meet the Gear Daddies. Sometimes jangly, sometimes distorted garagey pop with clever lyrics sung in a charming adolescent whine. "My Sister Hates the Band" says it all. I love these guys. - Suzanne Thompson

ALL FALL DOWN - *Long Walk Home* (Kranepool Records, PO Box 7164, Capitol Sta, Albany NY 12224) Three of the four members of All Fall Down write and sing lead, providing three different styles but all within the broad confines of poppy punk. Some tunes echo the energetic melodicism of 7 Seconds and Jawbreaker, while others invoke a childhood innocence reminiscent of the Descendents. It's all very light and catchy, with zippy guitar leads and crisp, focused drumming, and things never get as heavy as you'd expect from the sweaty, tattooed liner note photos of these guys. - Jim Testa

JOEY ALTRUDA- *Cocktails With Joey* (Will Records 1202 E. Pike St. Seattle, WA 98122) It's manic babe! Fine collection of contemporary Space Age Bachelor Pad Music (a.k.a. Lounge music) from Mr. Joey Altruda, a former member of Tupelo Chain Sex. But don't buy this expecting to hear anything resembling his former band. This is mad, dad. This thing wails! This album features a variety of different size groups, from small combos to big bands. He even nabbed the cat that threw down that wailing sax on the Pink Panther theme! With influences ranging from Henry Mancini to Ennio Morricone, it is definitely very eclectic. So slip into something more comfortable, mix up a batch of cocktails, turn the lights down low, and just get lost in the moment. - David Brock

THOMAS ANDERSON - *Moon Going Down* (Marilyn Records, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA) Good One! This lad bears a striking physical similarity to Steve Van Zandt. He writes damned good songs, full of references to public figures. His sound is not totally unique, although I wouldn't want to try to compare him to anyone. There's one dud on this album but, hey, that's not a bad percentage. Some of the songs on here, such as the opening "Sing You Sinners" could well find their way onto modern day Country charts, others (such as "Death's Door,") are pure rock & roll, and some, like the very good tribute to Jerry Garcia, "Jerry's Kids", are solid fm radio material. Possibly too "mainstream" ... whatever that is ... for some folks but a great release to my somewhat jaded ears. Definite keeper. - Rodney Leighton

ANTHROPHOBIA - *Framework* (Redzone Records, F.D.R. Station, P.O. Box 8046, New York, NY 10150). Can you say ALICE IN CHAINS? This CD has a lot of A.I.C.-based riffs. It's simple and catchy. The artwork on the cover is nothing fancy but eye-catching because of its simplicity. They're the kind of band that can be easily put on MTV's ALTERNATIVE NATION and sucked dry of all talent. - Phil P.

AMY ARENA (Domo Records, 245 S. Spalding Dr., Suite 105, Beverly Hill, CA 90212) Amy is a young outspoken performance artist living in CA who strives to cut thru the bullshit and address the topics that concern her and women. Her style is raw, disgusted and true to herself as she targets such topics as religion, masturbation and homosexuality. Her honesty is to be appreciated and this rates as excellent for a first release. - Tom B.

AUTOMATIC 7 - *Automatic 7* (Better Youth Organization, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067) Catchy, upbeat, melodic alternative rock in a punk kind of vein. The vocalist has a bit of a nasal quality, slightly reminiscent of Mike Ness of Social Distortion. Nothing earth shaking, but better than the run-of-the-mill MTV punk-pap being pushed on an unsuspecting public these days. - Paul S.



ANTHROPHOBIA

Photo by Jim Testa

BAD RELIGION - All Ages (Epitaph Records) This is a collection of songs from Bad Religion's albums *Suffer*, *No Control*, *Against the Grain* and *Generator* as well as one track from *How Could Hell Be Any Worse?* and two live tracks recorded in Sweden in 1994. I haven't a clue as to why this was released, though. I mean, all of the material is readily available except for the two live tracks, and those are poorly recorded. The material is about what you would expect. The material from the earlier albums is fast and loud with lots of big words in the lyrics, and most of the material from the later albums is slower and less inspired. There's a lot of songs from each of the four albums, too: 19 tracks to be exact (22 total on the CD). If you don't already have these albums, I would recommend this as it does contain the better material from the albums. If you already own the originals, don't buy this for the live tracks. And if, like me, you stopped buying Bad Religion albums after *No Control*, don't bother at all. - Paul S.

BEATRICE NINE - Little Stars Hung Upside Down (Zero Hour Records, 1600 Broadway No.701, New York, NY 10019) Beatrice Nine are the type of band that exists on the fringe of experimentalism, walking the thin line between intellectual potency and esoteric pretention. *Little Stars Hung Upside Down* is just that; a dark, brooding, guitar-noise album much in the tradition of American Music Club that, according to guitarist/vocalist Pete Lohstroh, was created "to explore and survive the depths of questionable human behavior." This is music that isn't made with commercial potential in mind, but rather with a love of sound and a child-like excitement for the musical possibilities of tone and discord. As would be expected, the sweetest surprises come at the end of this disc. *Torquemada: Master of Cruelty* (twenty-three seconds of reverberating vinyl scratches) blends perfectly into the whispered lyrics of the harmonic "Bare Bulb", while the unexpected energy of "Burl Eyes" closes a chapter of musical poetry that isn't often tread. While certainly not for all tastes, with time, the droning lyrics and syrup guitars of Beatrice Nine will definitely alter your perceptions of sound and beauty in music. - Dan Eldridge

BEATRICE NINE - Little Stars Hung Upside Down (Zero Hour, 1600 Broadway #701 New York, NY 10019) With the production help of

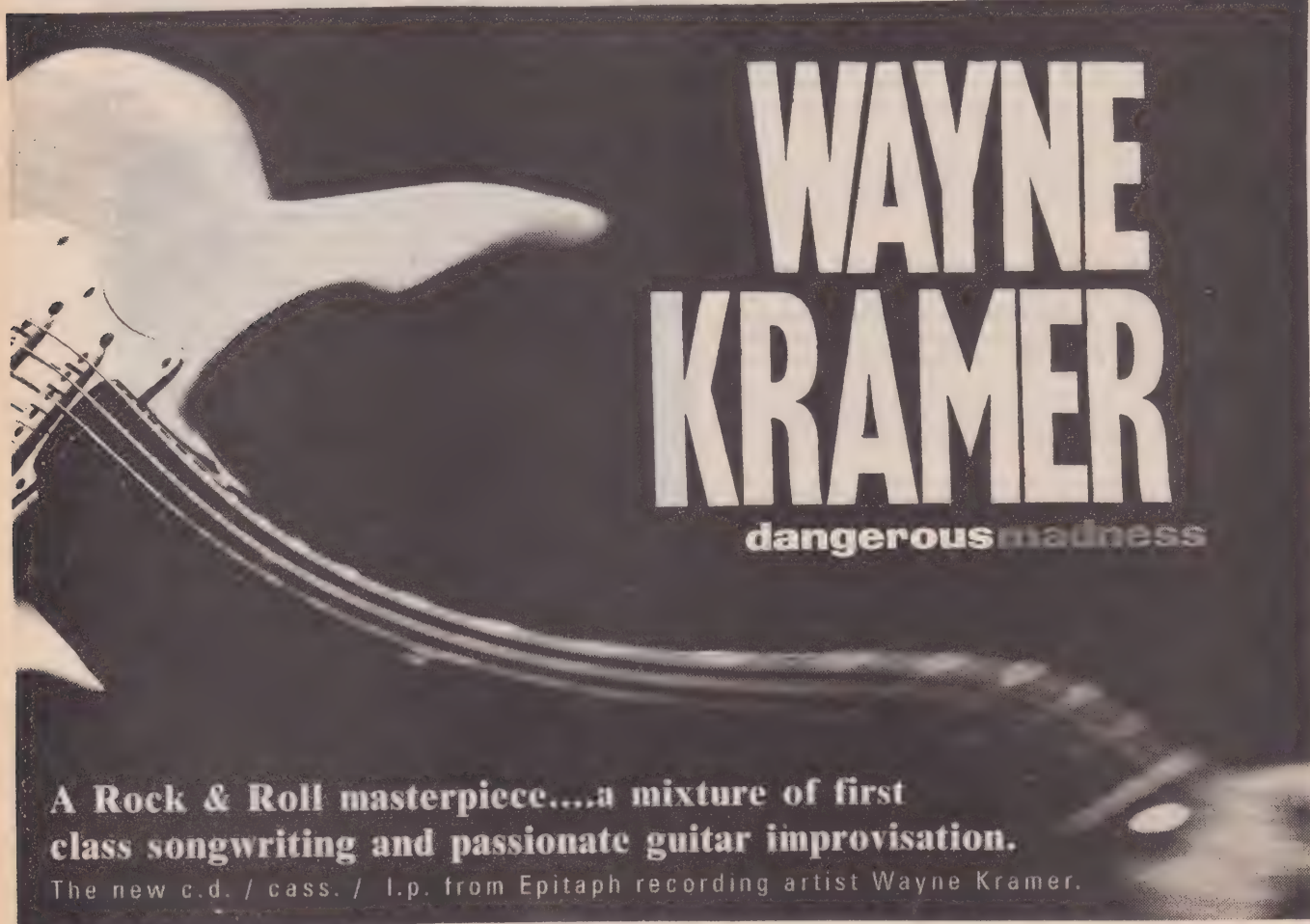
Tom Mallon from American Music Club, Beatrice Nine's first release offers 12 musical homages to the beat of summer days and heartache. Slow paced and well constructed material show this trio competent in the field of dizzy pop creativity. A little edgy and a little sedate, Beatrice Nine will fall into the 'contemporary alternative' bin when someone gets around to slapping a label on this stuff. -Greg Matherly

BEDHEAD - "The Dark Ages" EP (Trance Records, POBox 49771, Austin, TX 78765) You are lying down in that almost asleep state. You know, the kind where you jerk like a weirdo if you dream your running or something. You get the pic. Anyway, you're lying there, the tv is full of static, the fluorescent light is humming away, and someone is whispering across the room. You are mesmerised and loving it. These Dallas boys have a big future ahead of themselves. Go to sleep. - Jamie Turner

BEN FOLDS FIVE (Passenger, 114 W 26 St, NYC 10001) This is not only a distinctive debut for this trio but also Chapel Hill's first viable contribution to the music mainstream. The fact that Ben Folds Five are originally from Chapel Hill - the land of so much studious, aloof, and frankly boring music - makes them so much more refreshing. Based around the baby grand piano of Ben Folds, the band hammers out upbeat pop rock 'n' roll, making them come off as an intelligent, self-deprecating American cousin to Squeeze. While I usually try to stay from anything this friendly to Adult Contemporary Radio, I can't help it - this is infectious. - Johnny Puke

BIG BAD JOHNS - Plymouth Rock (Feralette Records, 306 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014) A bouncy updating of rockability, here, blending in elements of late 80s post-punk and country rock. This is a lot of fun to listen to, even given my normal loathing for most anything even hinting of country rock influence. The production is just smooth enough without being slick. This is primal rock and roll at its most fun. - Paul S.

PETER BLEGVAD WITH JOHN GREAVES AND CHRIS CUTLER - Just Woke Up (East Side Digital, 530 North Third Street, Minneapolis, MN 55401) This started out very promising, with a Lou Reed-ish kind of song, "Special



WAYNE KRAMER
dangerousmadness

A Rock & Roll masterpiece....a mixture of first class songwriting and passionate guitar improvisation.
The new c.d. / cass. / l.p. from Epitaph recording artist Wayne Kramer.

Delivery." It's very laid back, very minimalist. But after this great song came many plain, dull, lite-rock songs. It's a shame, because the musicianship is excellent, but the melodies are uninspired. "Just Woke Up" wasn't too bad, with kind of a folksy psychedelic sound. But too much of this CD reminded me of those old Neil Diamond albums, crossed with Randy Newman. There are a few nice acoustic tunes that help redeem this a bit, but not enough. - Paul S.

BLINKER THE STAR (Cobra Verde Records, 86A MacDonell #3, Toronto, Ontario, M6R 2A2) I utterly detest bands that change their sound with each song. For a few fleeting moments, Blinker the Star changes that; however, this album overall is similar to listening to the whole "indie-rock" genre thrown into a blender. Songs like "Patch", with its Shudder to Think/Sugar sound, totally work. Then again, "Nectarina" (a song which could be a Smashing Pumpkins B-Side) sucks almost as much as the band it rips off. - Mike Gangloff

BLOODLET - *Eclectic* (Victory Records, Box 146546, Chicago IL 60614) I like their style of vocals and the songs are very well put together, and very energetic as well. It's cool because this doesn't sound like a lot of the new hardcore that's coming out; in fact, this doesn't really remind me of anyone else, but still has a lot goin' on. - Phil P.

BLOODLUSH - *Thrush* (Crux Records, PO Box 5347, Kingwood, TX 77325-5347) This band has everything it takes to make it big these days. They have that post-grunge alternative rock sound just like you hear from most bands on MTV, and vocalist Bryan Higginbotham has that Eddie Vedder style down pat. The band does the style well. If that's your cup of tea, you'd probably do better listening to Bloodlush than most of the clones out there. But it's not my particular cup of tea. - Paul S.

BRAINIAC - *Internationale* (Touch and Go Records, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625) Someone left the door to the asylum unlocked and the inmates escaped and recorded this three-song CD. This is brilliantly twisted and way too short. The first song, Go Freaks Go, sounds kind of like heavily distorted early Devo, while the third song, Simon Says, is kind of like a warped Girls Against Boys. Now, don't take these comparisons to mean that I think Brainiac are derivative in any way. Because I don't think so. They are quite unique, as the middle track, Iodine, proves. If you have an adventurous spirit, this is highly recommended. - Paul S.

BRANCH MANAGER (Discord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007) This trio is rigorous and determined. I can't help notice musical similarities with the emo-core fusion of the early to mid eighties (ie Beefeater)... and hey, what do you know... they're on Discord. These guys are talented and are definitely free from modern comparisons, but it's pretty hard to make it through the entire disc without feeling bored. I'm afraid that if I was subjected to the whole thing more than once, I might consider re-writing this review. - Greg M.

MARK BRODIE & THE BEAVER PATROL - *The Shores of Hell* (Shredder, 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94901) "Canada's Most Popular Surfing Combo!" Cool surf instrumentals done old style - sticks to its roots. Very well done, no synthesizers to screw things up. Titles include "Bitch Stole My Board" and "Wedgie". Brings thoughts of summer for the winter months- Tom B.

BUFFALO TOM - *Sleepy Eyed* (Beggars Banquet) Buffalo Tom are an act with a signature sound; you definitely know a B.T. song when you hear one, and there are no great departures on this new CD. What is a bit different is that here, bassist Chris Colburn is entrusted with lead vocals on three tracks, all of which are as enjoyable as the cuts where lead singer/guitarist Bill Janovitz takes the mike. Another difference is the blend of both slower ballads ("Sparklers," "Kitchen Door") as well as all-out rockers ("Tangerine," "Sundress,") where the group's previous outings have relied on either one or the other. In short, no surprises here, just good ol' Buffalo Tom. - Johnny P.

A BULLET FOR FIDEL - *Cold Before Morning* (Scat, 6226 Southwood #3E, St Louis MO 63105) Brian DiPlacido used to rock out in an Erie, PA punk/metal combo called The Lost; these days, he does the acoustic singer-songwriter thing under the name A Bullet For Fidel. These low-fi home recordings (complete with tape hiss and ambient echoes) add immediacy to DiPlacido's heartfelt vocals and his simple but well-strummed acoustic accompaniment. Lyrically, he's as miserable, lonely, and directionless as everyone else in his generation, but he's rarely weepy or self-indulgent, preferring to express his angst by tying his emotions to the changing seasons, as in "Scared Of Summer," "Buried In Snow," "Rain And Snow," and "The Very Last Day Of Fall." - Jim T.

BURST INTO FLAMES - *Sweet Kind of Treat* (Homeless Records, 320 Brook Rd., Richmond, VA 23220) Pop "can" rock. This is a blend of "traditional" indie-pop, complete with fuzzy guitars and dreamy female vocals, and a bit of an edge and a good driving tempo on the non-ballad tunes (there are a few many ballads). There's an interesting cover of "Come on Eileen", the tune made popular about 10-15 years ago by Dexy's Midnight Runners that I kinda liked, too. The production is just slick enough to sound like quality, professional work, but not too slick to make it sound like contrived plastic. And the packaging is pretty damn odd, what with candy sprinkles placed in the "spine" of the clear jewel case. - Paul S.

BUSH LEAGUE ALLSTARS - *Old Numbers* (Pop Narcotic, 1085 Commonwealth Ave #339 Boston, MA 02215) Bluesy countrified rock n roll with lots of heart and grit. Nothing new or innovative, or cutting edge just good ol' fashioned roots rock. The best stuff I've heard off the Pop Narcotic label yet. - Rick K.

THE BUTTERFLIES - *Bored Room* (Ng Records; 622 Broadway #4B; NYC, NY 10012) The Butterflies are one of those bands that play catchy choruses and believable riffs, but string the listener on and on with dissonant music, waiting for the sound to break and be resolved. Dissonant, atonal music really gained popularity in the underground a few years back thanks to noise labels like Amphetamine Reptile and bands like Helios Creed and Lubricated Goat, and the music more or less stayed on the heavy, guitar driven side of things and relied little on vocals and melody. The Butterflies are interesting because they take the atonal musings of early noise rock and experiment with pop sounds that aren't always macho. This record shows definite promise; I can see the full vocals and shifting bars of "Old Woe" making a hit of itself on college radio. I hope The Butterflies are content with being starving artists, though; there isn't one tune here suitable for the sugar-coated MTV audience that's making alternative acts so rich these days. - Dan E.

BUTTERFLY TRAIN - *Distorted, Retarded, Peculiar* (Up Recs, PO Box 21328, Seattle, Wa. 98111) I've never understood the term "indie-pop" as a musical classification but according to the information I was provided this band is supposed to be in that genre. To me, it's reminiscent of Husker Du, Dinosaur JR, Dogs On Ice, & the Treepeople, but without the energy, sincerity, or catchiness. They did, however, help me get to sleep some nights (I'm such an insomniac!!!!) - Paul Ester

BUZZ ZEEMER - *Play Thing* (Record Cellar Productions, 367 Trevor Lane, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004) In preparation for an appearance at the 1996 South by Southwest Music Conference in Austin, Texas, Buzz Zeemer have released *Play Thing*, a fairly even display of shimmering guitar-pop with extremely impressive twangy vocals that will probably stand to make or break this band. The clean finger-picking and pedal-steal guitar of "Porch", for instance, seem to almost sing the mellow lyrics right back at you, although the repetitive chorus of the disc's closing track, "She Don't Care", does a poor job at coming to any sort of an aesthetical conclusion. Overall, a fairly interesting album from a guitar-pop band that probably should have spent extra time creating somewhat more complicated arrangements that would have given them the authenticity that they seem so close to discovering. - Dan E.

CANDIRIA - *Surrealistic Madness* (Too Damn Hype) Ten songs of madness, combining hardcore, deathmetal, hip hop, and believe it or not, jazz! It's the kind of CD that sounds good but you know you're never going to be in the mood to pick up and play again. These guys are fabulous musicians; their jazz roots show through bright and clear. Lots of tempo and riff changes, lots of weird percussion... Bottomline: Whack! - Phil P.

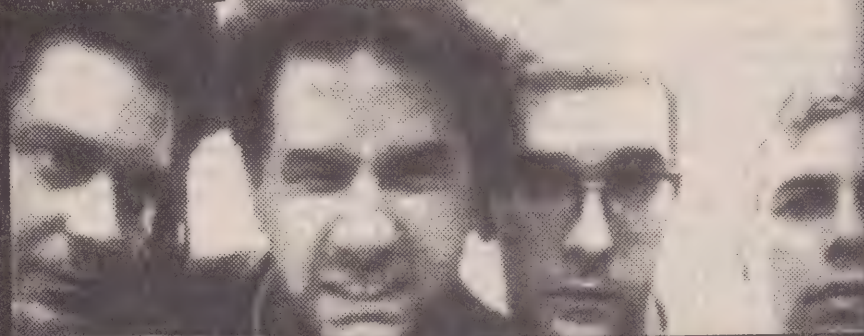
THE CANDY SNATCHERS (Safe House) Frantic hi-speed, low-fi garage-rock that sounds like it was recorded live in a broom closet, with the vocals buried somewhere under the mops. If they cleaned up the sound a little, I suspect you'd hear some Real Kids-style Sixties power-pop going on, but these mooks are only interested in two things: Loud, and fast. - Jim T.

CAPSIZE 7 - *Mephisto* (Caroline) Capsize 7 take the chugging guitars and angular rhythms from such post hardcore bands like Drive Like Jehu and Hoover, while incorporating bright guitar melodies and noodling ala Superchunk and Treepeople. The vocals have that high pitched quality to them not unlike Rick Froberg from Jehu, or Blair from Knapsack. While this disc didn't grab me right away, after repeated listens I am convinced, these fellers rock. I'd like to catch em' live when they roll through town. - Rick K.

CARDIACS - *Bellyeye EP* (Org Records-POBox 790, London, E17 5RF) This is the most annoying disc that I have heard in quite a while. It's like crossing Emerson, Lake & Palmer with Oingo Boingo or something. Absolutely wretched. - Des Jr.

Buttsteak

Men Who Pause



"The word awesome went through some tough times. It was abused to such great length that in only a few years after the fact it has taken on a different, much less powerful meaning. Kick the old school grammar for a second - this record is awesome. Jaw dropping, pants wetting, extremely original...awesome" - #2 'zine

gk 017 - Available on
CD only
mailorder - \$10
send SASE for a catalog



go-kart Records PO Box 20 Prince Street Station New York, NY 10012 phone: (212) 673-3380 fax: (212) 982-4959 email: gregross@panix.com

weston

GOT BEATUP

IN STORES APRIL 16
ON CD, CA AND LP



Send a SASE for a Catalog
Mail order -
CD-\$10, LP-\$8, CA-\$8



go-kart Records PO Box 20 Prince Street Station New York, NY 10012 phone: (212) 673-3380 fax: (212) 982-4959 email: gregross@panix.com

CARLOS! - *Amy Armageddon* (Headhunter/Cargo, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117) *Amy Armageddon*, the second full length album from the San Francisco based Carlos!, continues their tradition of fuzzy, teen-angst ridden noise pop. Produced by the infamous Kramer and mixed by Drive Like Jehu's Mark Trombino, the album's greatest flaw is its discontinuity, from its title track - a song whose anxious atonality is unfortunately never resolved - through into "Family Tree", a marvelous blend of melody that works wonders with Rich Scramaglia's drawn out vocals. If anything, Carlos' obvious potential is overshadowed by typical distortion melodies that have already been played to death by a hundred other bands. With a stronger sense of originality and a more distinctive use of the tools already at hand, Carlos! could very easily transform themselves into quite a powerful band. - Dan E.

CELESTIAL SEASON - *Solar Lovers* (Metal Blade) Melodic deathmetal with, get this, two female violinists! I've never heard of "death violins" before but I guess there's a first time for everything. As far as the music, it sounds a lot like the deathmetal band Unleashed. The lyrics are very "lovey-dovey-hippie;" hell, just look at the album title. These guys are trying to combine too many different styles together, but whether they're trying to be appealing or just different, it doesn't do anything for me. - Phil P.

PAUL CHAIN - *Alkahest* (Godhead, 594 Broadway #405, NYC 10012) An amazing CD, too bad I can't understand half of it. That's because Paul just mumbles stuff in his so-called "language," not a word of English. It's cool though. He sings on five of nine tracks while Cathedral vocalist Lee Dorrian sings on the rest, which not surprisingly sound just like Cathedral. Paul's music has a lot of Sabbath influences, some with a gothic edge. If you like melodic goth or Sabbath influenced metal, hook up. - Phil P.

JAMES CHANCE AND THE CONTORTIONS - *Lost Chance* (ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012) Raw, minimalist, white boy funk recorded live in Chicago back in 1981. The key word here is "raw." Very raw. very minimalist, very poorly recorded. In a studio setting I'll bet these guys could crank out some high energy music, but this live recording was kind of hard to listen to. It's very lo-fi with a very bad mix, and that's probably a big part of the problem. - Paul S.

CHEATER SLICKS - *Don't Like You* (In The Red Records-2627 E. Strong PL Anaheim, CA 92806) Ugly, dirtyass whiteboy RnB that farts and burps it's way thru the speaker hole in a most disgusting manner. I think it's awesome. It says "produced by Jon Spencer" but it sounds more like he ran the master tape thru some sandpaper. The Cheater Slicks are gone, daddy gone. - Des Jr.

CHRISTIAN DEATH - *Amen* (Century Media-1453-A 14th St. Santa Monica, CA 90404) I know that CD mainman Valor is somewhat of a figurehead as far as deathrockers go and I really wanted to like this thing, but...I thought it sucked from the lurid cover art to the overwrought song titles ("The Nascent Virgin"?!) to the lumpy tunage that attempted to creep out of my speakers. How can anyone really take this shit seriously? - Des Jr.

CHUNE - *Big Hat, No Cattle* (Headhunter/Cargo) I saw this San Diego quartet at 1995's SXSW convention and was enormously unimpressed. I stand corrected. Guitar rock is only rarely this beautiful; musicianship of this sort is a gift, and rarer still when it's mixed with the sort of sassy wit that can come up with a song like "Fishwrap," which is essentially a tongue-in-cheek conversation between a band very much like Chune and a sleazy major label A&R man. Next time I see them live, I am obviously going to have to listen much more closely. - Jim T.

CHYNA - *In the Night* (FLX Records PO Box 948 Lodi, NJ 07644-0948) If you like contrived synth-metal, and dated mid-eighties cheesy love ballads which belong in such great epic films as "Night of the Comet" and "Zombie Nightmare," then this may be right up your alley. I hated this stuff back then (when I was 10). Why should I like it now? Avoid. - Mike G.

CLAIRMEL (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville FL 32604) Muscular punk that veers from burly Huskerish rock to mopey emocore. I like them better yelling than when they're whining but to be honest, they didn't do much for me. - Jim T.

CONGLOMERATE - *Armeghetto* (Earth Wlusic/Cargo Recs) Conglomerate is a 4 piece from San Diego who play a little blues, a little funk, a little classic rock, all the while maintaining those smooth Al Jareau R&B vocals with a touch of Otis Redding at times. I couldn't help but notice that "Hootie & The Blowfish" came up in their promo stuff more than once and I can see why. But I certainly *hope* they can grow and develop beyond the "Hootie" comparisons, because I'd rather hear these guys clogging up the airwaves instead of that other soulless garbage. - Paul Ester



CHUNE

Photo by Shawn Scallen

THE COWSLINGERS - *That's Truckdrivin'* (Sympathy for the Record Industry) Simply stated, *That's Truckdrivin'* is an up tempo, all-American, blue-collar rockabilly concept album which, (according to a disclaimer in the liner notes) "is dedicated to the guys who keep the big wheels rollin' and the girls who light their cigars". With photos of the band mugging in full cowboy regalia and song titles like "Queen of the Truckstop," though, The Cowslingers show us that their take on the rockabilly genre is half respect and half sarcasm, which can be good or bad, I suppose, depending on how seriously you take the concept of American music. Musically speaking, however, The Cowslinger's sound is similar to that of The Reverend Horton Heat's more energetic numbers; "One Cup of Coffee", and "Truck Drivin' Man" overflow with classic hillbilly riffs and distorted vocals, clocking in at a little more than two minutes each. The gem of the bunch, though, is surprisingly enough the relaxing "Ten Days Out, Two Days In", within which the Cowslingers slow things down a bit and show us that they can write an interesting, rhythmic country tune without always having to rely on the ear splitting volumes and punk rock speeds that seem to, at times, overshadow the talents of a band who know what American music is all about- Dan E.

CROWN OF THORNZ - *Train Yard Blues* (Equal Vision) Monotony through trying way too damn hard. Very busy and contrived run-of-the-mill riffs, which overwhelm those parts that actually sound decent. Combine that with lyrics taken right out of the Sam Black Church bible (another bad hardcore band), and that is Crown of Thornz, more metal/core trying to change the meaning of hardcore into "lack of originality." - Mike G.

CRUX - *Failure to Yield* (Tooth and Nail, POB 12698, Seattle, WA 98111-4698) Four old school punks who give a damn, have something to say and know how to say it while playing electrified instruments. I like the singer's voice a lot too. Enough? - Jamie T.

DEAD MOON - *Nervous Sooner Changes* (Tombstone Records, POBox 1463, Clackamas, OR 97015) Where do I start? I suppose this group of well-meaning Greeks have stumbled into a forest of musical clichés and built a log house which comprises this offering. Ludicrous lyrics (see Ace of Bass), tired punk chords, and the unbelievable hilarity of the singer

plastering a laugh riot of a poem on the back of the insert make this pretty much of a disaster. - Jamie T.

DEADGUY- *Fixation On A Coworker* (Victory) Sorry to delve into cliché this early into the review, but this band must put on one hell of a live show. I say this because this CD is almost complete in its ability to pulverize. The singer's diet of gravel makes for some high octane spoken/shouted hate. The band's forays into standard thrash make things less interesting, but said forays don't happen too often. The band instead chooses to rely on guitar interplay and punctuating drums (you'd better bet they're exclamation points) instead of just powerchords. Viva hate indeed....these guys do it well. When they come this way again..... - Mike F.

DING - *It Is "97% Genuine" Your Feeling of Being Watched* (Chumpire, PO Box 680, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680) DC style emo blended with the hardcore emo style that was prevalent a couple of years ago with bands such as Antioch Arrow, Current, Indian Summer, and Still Life. Lo-Fi production gets in the way of the smooth instrumental arrangements, but is right on for the screaming vocals. It all mixes together for an interesting release. - Paul S.

DISARRAY - *Widespread Human Disaster* (P.O. Box 975, Dickson, TN 37055). Nothing special about these guys except for their logo. Anyways, this is a 5-song thrash metal demo from Tennessee. 4 dudes, long hair, but with nothing to give or impress you with. - Phil P.

DISMEMBERMENT PLAN - ! (DeSoto). Man, this is some weird shit. Shudder To Think on speed crossed with a punker They Might Be Giants. Listened to it a few times through, wanted to love it, ended up only liking it. Definitely different. - Jon C.

DORA FLOOD - 1301 EP (American Standard Recordings-3739 Balboa St.#105 SF,CA 94121) Effectively trippy psychepopdelia in a dreamy slo-mo vein. Like as if Vanilla Fudge had played the Beatles "Day In A Life". I rather like it.- Des Jr.

DOWN BY LAW - *All Scratched Up!* (Epitaph) Despite the loss of the multi-talented Hunter Oswald on drums, Dave Smalley returns with yet

even some thrashy stuff this time out. Like Kevin Seconds, Smalley has managed the nearly impossible task of settling comfortably into the role of a career punk - he's out there earning a living, but standing by the same ideals he espoused over a dozen years ago in DYS. On "True Music," he even apologizes for losing his way and making a video, "but I won't do it again," he promises, "I just want to play true music." And he does. - Jim T.

DQE - *Jump On In* (The Making of Americans, P.O. Box 490 Cooper Station, NYC, NY 10276) Guitar and drum duo with female vocals. Some records just don't need to be made and this country/rockabilly influenced personal document is one of them. Neither the guitar playing, singing, drumming, nor song writing stands out in any way. All of the above comes across as sloppy and uninspiring, though the singer/guitarist certainly seems to believe in what she is doing. This probably would have been best left as a cassette circulated amongst friends. - Pat W.

D.R.I. - *Full Speed Ahead* (Rotten Records, PO Box 2157 Monclair, CA 91763-0657) Geez these fellas won't go away, twelve years later and they're still cranking out the that "cross-over" sound. This is a lot more hardcore and a lot less metal sounding than the last couple of records. Die hard fans only need apply. - Rick K.

DRILL - *Drill* (A&M) At first glance, Drill may well appear to be nothing more than a simple reincarnation of a hundred other Hollywood vampire/glam bands, but a few spins of their debut album tell a different story. Drill's sound is simple: heavy hitting, guitar driven music that might be overlooked were it not fronted by female vocalist Lucia, who belts out some of the most guttural, unearthly vampire screams and outer-space melodies I've ever had the pleasure to hear. The emotionality and harmony of the band seems to unintentionally wrap itself around Lucia's voice, who, brooding with dignity one moment, may well be shrieking with passion and fury the next. Although Drill's guitar driven, bass heavy sound is easily classifiable, its vocal structures are not, and they stand a very good chance of accumulating much flattery by means of imitation in the near future. - Dan E.

DUH - *The Unholy Handjob* (Alternative Tentacles) Duh, is right. Sophomoric lyrics over generic hard rock, dumb covers of stupid TV theme songs, simple sample manipulations...everything I don't want or need in my collection. The



DEADGUY

Photo by Justin Borucki

only mildly interesting spot on the CD is a live cut where we get to hear an audience heckle them and their "witty" retorts. I'm tired of hearing weak humor as an excuse for a lack of ideas. - Pat W.

E-TRANCE (Shimmy Disc) The start of this disc is PIL with chanting vocals in the background. Nothing too exciting to start with. Then there is some more noisy material a la Butthole Surfers. Later in the CD, some of the pretentious edge wears off and we are left with some enjoyable tunes and fun stuff without all the gimmicks. - Jamie T.

HEATHER EATMAN - *Mascara Falls* (Oh Boy Records, 33 Music Square West #102A, Nashville, TN, 37203) Nope, not C.&W. Eatman looks sorta like Sinead O'Connor about a week before another scalping job. Lots better voice, though. This is her debut release and at 11 songs, it's a nice slab of music. Songs are mostly social commentary, with quite a few references to public figures. Eatman has a breathy, almost little girl voice which reminds me of someone but I've been beating what passes for my brain for 3 days trying to think of who it is she sounds like with no success. Well accompanied by what looks like a Southern version of the old E Street band. Excellent start to a promising career. - Rodney L.

THE EMBARRASSMENT - *Heyday. 1979-83* (Bar/None) This is the first taste of the Embarrassment I've ever had, and I'll tell you what, I like them a lot. Fun and quirky punk/new wave, that in a lot of ways sounds like it could have come from L.A. during that same period, the late 70's. After hearing this I'd defiantly like to get my hands on more stuff from this seminal midwest punk outfit. - Rick K.

EVERREADY - Fairplay (Liquid Meat PO Box 460692 Escondido, CA 92046) This re-issue of their first release (1992) has some pretty decent pop-punk ala Screaming Weasel, Face to Face, and Green Day (in order of obviousness), which on the surface can be lame. However, there is enough here to let it stand out from being extremely bandwagonesque. Good vocal sound and not over-produced, giving it a slight Crimpshrine sheen. Not too bad at all. - Mike G.

THE EXPLODING KIND - *Sugar Pill* (Shimmy Boot) This band seems to have a split personality. Some of the songs on this album are a very cool, listenable blend of psychedelic, punk, and grunge. But other songs tend to wander into slow, excruciating, self-indulgent wanking. Lose those damn guitar solos, guys. - Paul S.

5IVE STYLE - (Sub Pop Records, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102) The entire album consists of instrumentals, mostly with a funk or country feel. But something seems to be missing. A-ha! It's the vocals! While other recent instrumental bands, such as Don Caballero, Tortoise, Denison-Kimball Trio, and so on provide music so challenging and stimulating that vocals aren't needed, the instrumentals presented here are simple and basic. They sound like the music for songs, but there are no vocals. Don't get me wrong, the music is good and it's well performed, but the lack of vocals in such obvious "songs" leaves me feeling like I've been cheated. - Paul S.

FARSIDE - *4 song EP* (Revelation) Although I've always thought of Farside as a punk/hardcore band, this EP suggests they're moving on (maturing) into a more alternative rock direction. While still dealing with the confused adolescent emotions that are at the core of punk rock, the guitars and vocals on "12/21/94" and "Turnip" are more polished and lack that frantic, urgent quality usually associated with hardcore. "Lollapalooza," on the other hand, zips along with a nice 7 Seconds-y melodic rush, while "Knox" goes the Dag Nasty route, with jagged rhythms and soaring vocals. A nice mix of styles although the two wimpy acoustic ballads that end this are a definite mistake. - Jim T.

FATSO JETSON - *Stinky Little Gods* (SST Records, PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260) Some quirky but average alternative rock, some bad country rock, and some average surf instrumentals make for a thoroughly average recording with no outstanding features to make it memorable. - Paul S.

FISHERMAN'S STEW - *Letter to Norway* (DaDa Records, PO Box 112 New Brunswick, NJ 08903-0112) With *Letter to Norway*, the first CD from New Brunswick's Fisherman's Stew, we're offered an uneven, though honest, myriad of soul-searching roots pop. Fisherman's Stew are without question at their best when acoustic; the traditional, almost gospel-tinged "Open Umbrella, Open Door", and the carefree, big guitar sounds of "Fine" exemplify the makings of a band with promise. On the other side of the musical (and social) barometer, however, Fisherman's Stew just as often get caught up in cliched neo-funk pop that leaves the listener feeling almost cheated; after experiencing what Fisherman's Stew can do when they get serious and speak through their music, it's disappointing indeed to discover where they fail. - Dan E.

FLAMING LIPS - *Clouds Taste Metallic* (Warner Brothers) These guys used to come to Tampa about 3 times a year when they were on Enigma. Then they signed with WB and only came around as 1st opening act at alternative arena shows (a true dichotomy if there ever was one) or on the second stage at Laladoodooza. Somewhere during that time I quit paying attention. Then last year I start seeing them pop up on MTV and this year I get this disc. Well, while they once used to be able to kick out some jam (see "Unplugged" off of *Hear It Is* or "Everything's Explodin'" off "Oh My Gawd It's...") these Okies seem to have succumbed to druggy drift with heavy bits lumbering in and out of these haze. Like their Warner brothers, the Butthole Surfers, the inspiration seems to have been long sapped from them. - Des Jr.

FLOORJACK - *Transistor* (Maggadee Records) An impressive debut by this new trio, which features Joe Graziano of Supertouch on bass. The band plays post-hardcore, but with a groove, combining the sonic aggressiveness of Quicksand with the throb and pulse of Soulside. Another new NYC band to be reckoned with. - Jim T.

FLOWCHART - *Multi-Personality Tabletop Vacation* (Carrot Top, 2438 N. Lincoln Ave., 3rd Floor Chicago, IL 60614) Formerly known as Heroine, Flowchart utilize the same hypnotic dream recipe as My Bloody Valentine. Now that I think of it, the difference between Flowchart and My Bloody Valentine is microscopic. Peas in a pod. -Greg M.

FLUF - *The Classic Years* (Headhunter/Cargo) This is crazy, some songs sound like they could be the next in the MTV buzz bin with the typical soft then loud guitar feedback ordeal while some other tunes are covers of PJ Harvey, The Spinanes, and Overwhelming Colorfast. Definitely something I can do without... - Dave Thirsty

FLYWHEEL - *Self Titled* (Carbon Records, P.O. Box 10718, Rochester, NY 14610) 7"/CS Three piece band with female guitarist and drummer and male bass player. All three share vocal responsibilities with the bassist and guitarist doing most of the lead vocals. This debut release has five songs of good indie pop, but still with enough rock to keep the edge on it. Both the 7" and the cassette have unique packaging (the cassette has 3 extra songs) with the cassette's tri-fold being reminiscent of the back pages of Mad magazine. I like this record and this band. Get it if you can find it. - Pat W.

FOREHEAD STEW - *Rote* (Rust Belt Records) Sits somewhere between 70's hard rock (the better ones like Black Sabbath) and 60's trippy psych. They do their best on the trippier stuff. There's also a bit of interesting dialog cutup where some guy is reminiscing about his drug experiences which has an eerie feel to. The whole record has a spooky feel to it, which may just be because it reminds me too much of my younger days. - Pat W.

FRANK BLACK - *The Cult of Ray* (American) By now you've probably heard that ol' Franky B is back with a new release. "The Cult of Ray" does not stray from the usual pop-noise and space conscious lyrics but it is, however, more radio friendly than previous efforts. It appears as though Mr. Black has a regular, full-time band now helping him convey his vision of UFO's and "Men in Black." The result is a guitar sound which is more technical than brash. This will probably lose a lot of those fans gained with his first, self-titled release. One thing hasn't changed... Black's satirical goofs and friendly paranoia remain intact and worth the listen. The 13 tracks on "Ray" aren't quite enough to discern whether Black is a prophet or just a melodic goofball but hey, it's not the answer that counts, it's the process of finding out. -Greg M.

FRONTIER TRUST - *Speed Nebraska* (Caulfield Records, PO Box 84323, Lincoln, NE) My parents grew up in Lincoln. It sounds like the place has gotten a lot cooler since 1955. I mean, I love my parents, but they didn't even get Elvis. This isn't the most original record--it's a mix of straight ahead hardcore from the heartland and cracker rhythms--but it's so honest it sounds like the wind of revolution compared to the rest of the faux puke I got in the mail this time around. This is the real folk music of the times, the sound of relief from a dull, repressed life, it's a righteous shout that shames the preachers and makes you wake up happy in the morning. There's enough variation in the songs on the disc to keep it interesting and show great potential. This is a record that can save a life, not because of sheer reatness, but out of raw humanity. - Alex Saville

FUNBOX - *New Theme* (Crack Records, suite 0116 #10; Toronto, Ontario; Canada M5J 1E6) The less interesting and less girl crazy all-Canadian version of Weston. Somebody should say this, so i will...pop punk is lame except in a few instances which i could count on one hand. That's it. - Brandon Stosuy

FUZZY - Electric Juices (T.A.G./Atlantic) Bouncy, bubbly, and not too cute, Fuzzy's grrl-group vocals and GoGo's beat whip up the frothiest pop soufflé since Katrina & The Waves' "Dancing On Sunshine." Get it while it's hot. - Jim T.

GAMEFACE - Three To Get Ready (Dr. Strange). Sounds like Gameface, which is to say that it sounds like Big Drill Car. A LOT like Big Drill Car. Of course, there are worse bands to sound like than Big Drill Car, so at least give them credit for mimicing a good band and doing a good job of it (Fat Wreck Chords bands take notice). Actually, I enjoyed this record quite a bit, for as far as contemporary Cali pop-punk goes, I'd rather listen to this stuff any day than Pennywise or No Use For A Name. - Jon C.

THE GAMMA MEN - Less Is More (1+2 Records; Gloria Hatsuho; Nishi-Shinjuku; 7-6-5 Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160 JAPAN) The Gamma Men are supposed to be a retro garage rock band (they've been distributed by Crypt Records in Germany) but in reality they're a very tired band who are trying to make a name for themselves by recycling the same three or four punk rock riffs that The Ramones created the genre with nearly twenty years ago. Yes, imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, but whether that imitation deserves to be preserved and deemed valid is questionable. For obvious reasons, most fans of music that in essence is progressive and advanced aren't interested in a history lesson by a band who not only can't let go of the past, but who refuse to even attempt at putting an interesting spin on it while doing so. - Dan E.

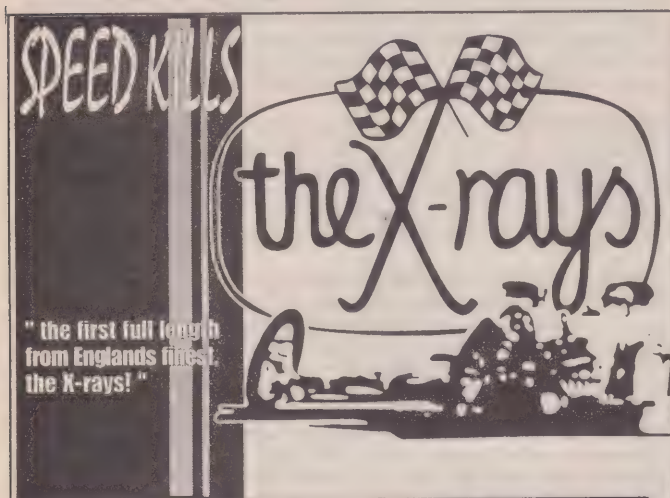
GARGANTA - Souped Up (Satellite Records, 920 East Colorado #151, Pasadena, CA 91106) This has kind of a neo-gothic sound that reminds me of Strange Boutique and the other Bedazzled bands. Kind of airy, very minor/modal, with psychedelic influences, moderate tempos, and strong, morose female vocals. It's not bad, but at 55 minutes, this disc is a bit too much to listen to in one sitting; it starts to all run together. - Paul S.

GIANT SAND - BBQ (KOCH International I.P., 2 Tr-Hardbor Court, Port Washington, NY 11050) This is one hell of a laid back album. The first track consists of several songs recorded at one of WFMU's Backyard Barbecue Broadcasts. Most of the album consists of a kind of country-folk hybrid on valium. Very relaxed, easy going music. A couple of tracks go for more of an avant garde jazz ballad feel, still maintaining the relaxed atmosphere. Sure to induce a coma in all but the most manic of music listeners. - Paul S.

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS - House Of GVS (Touch & Go) Sexy, undulating waves of rhythm and noise pulse through Girls Against Boys' hard-edged rock songs, a soundscape that overlooks the cutting edge of New York's underground music scene. Scott McCloud's gritty, guttural vocals suggest menace and seduction, even if the lyrics never quite make sense. The guitars whirl and whoosh in a sensory miasma, while Eli Janney's keyboard flourishes, pounding bass, and otherworldly backup vocals keep the songs from sinking into entirely into the murk. Girls Against Boys don't play pop; this is dance music for the post-disco apocalypse. - Jim T.

GO! - Existence: Musings On The Need To Be (Epistrophy, P.O.B. 312, 30003 Hannover, Germany). GO!, as you may remember, was the NYC hardcore band fronted by ABC-No Rio honcho and MRR columnist Mike Bullshit. Though musically similar to most other NYHC bands, GO!'s socially responsible, pro-gay lyrics set them far apart from the the knuckle-headed Warzone/Sick Of It All crowd. This 44-song (!) LP collects the band's first four 7"s as well as some demo tracks and comes with a cool lyric/photo booklet. Not to be missed by anyone who likes their hardcore with a brain. - Jon C.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT - Puss 02 (Dark Beloved Cloud, 5-16 47th Road #3L, Long Island City, NY 11101) This is like a blend of a female Happy Flowers and a less arty and more fun Longshoremen. Bizarre, twisted, dissonant, and hilarious all at the same time. One of the more unique recordings on the market at this time, I would think. Many of the lyrics are

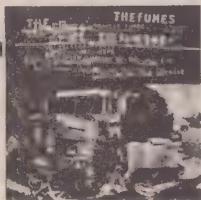


SPEED KILLS
the X-rays
"the first full length from England's finest the X-rays!"



The Motards
Rock Kids LP/CD

The Fumes - Self
Appointed Guardian
of the machine
LP/CD



SASE For Catalog:
PO Box 12044
Seattle, Wa 98102

Lp \$8 /CD \$10.99
Distributed by Mardam



TOETAG
Ye Old Boston Hardcore
send for a free catalog
CherryDisc
Po Box 990424 Boston, MA 02199

right on the money, such as "Teenage Boyfriend", as it describes exactly what a teenage boy wants out of a relationship. - Paul S.

THE GOOPS - Lucky (Kinetic/Reprise) There are a lot of bands in New York these days reviving the campy New Wave sound of Blondie, but few do it as well as the Goops. Eleanor Whittedge can belt out a tune with all the verve and sparkle of Debbie Harry, and happily captures the trashy, sardonic edge that was at the heart of Blondie's appeal too. (Inspirational verse: "How can I miss you when you won't go away?") The Goops' wise-guy lyrics and punk rock tempos are about as New York as it gets, the perfect soundtrack for that long bus ride out to Rockaway Beach. - Jim T.

GRITHER - All Smiles (MCA) Let's talk about school for a second and how it pertains to music. There are bands that remind me of English majors because of the words they manage to cram into songs (a prime example being Bad Religion... 'anthropocentric?'), and I tend to think of bands like Slint and Dis as 'math rock'. Cool. Right about the time that I was graduating from Star Wars action figures to Transformers, D. Boon sang about 'scientist rock'. And I tend to think that Grither falls into that category. I'm not sure what D. had in mind, but here's my explanation: these guys are scientist rock in the sense that it's not difficult for me to picture men in lab coats sitting around charts and graphs, trying to somehow form a series of chemical formulas that will, when placed over a lighted Bunsen burner, appeal to the widest possible 'alternative rock' audience. Apparently the formula used for Grither seems to involve sounding a lot like a sub-par version of Paw (if that's possible). Altogether unoriginal and bland, ad the scientists behind this band forgot to throw some balls into their concoction. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go find something that rhymes with 'anthropocentric'. - Mike F.

GROTUS - Mass (London) Noise-rock that actually rocks: Grotus does the twisted industrial blare-core thing about as well as anyone these days, and if you listen closely enough, you can actually hear melodies rumbling underneath the layers of densely distorted guitar, Satanesque vocals, bludgeoning drums, and eerie samples. Beyond the abundance of ear-bleeding noise, Grotus' sense of humor adds immeasurably to the fun; most of these doom 'n' gloom combos take themselves so seriously they risk self-parody. Grotus knows this stuff is nuts and wallows in the mayhem. (Drummer Bruce "Sick" Boyd is a onetime Jersey Beat contributor.) - Jim T.

GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS - Peace Off! (Group of Individuals, PO Box 528200, Chicago, IL 60652) This band from Chicago produced a unique blend of punk and rock. Some of the songs are very much old school punk, snotty, fast, lots of repetitive chords in a vaguely minor key. Damn good. Some of the songs are more like a "punk-lite", more rock with a punk sensibility. And then there are a few songs which are very rock-like, with keyboards, solos, and lameness. But overall, this is a pretty fine CD. - Paul S.

GUILT - Bardstown Ugly Box (Victory Records, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614) Combine equal amounts of modern, heavy melodic hardcore, math-rock, and emo-core and you'll end up with Guilt. This music is skillfully played, nicely produced, and beautifully packaged, and boy does it sound good, too. It's not overly dramatic and angst-filled screaming like a lot of modern emo, but it has plenty of emotion. It's not super-complex like a lot of math-rock, but it has enough complexity to keep it interesting. And it's not super-metallic heavy like some of the current crop of straight edge HC, but it's nice and crunchy. This band has balance to it. Overall, it's just right. The one annoying thing was that there was a hidden bonus mystery track. I hate having to fast-forward through 15 minutes of silence to get to a track. Why do people do this? The bonus track itself is quite good, but it was annoying to hunt for it. - Paul S.

GUMSHOE - Too Deep for Your Daddy (Crushed Grape Records, 2 Speridakis Terrace, Cambridge, MA 02139) This is odd. Not the music. That's ordinary enough. Very ordinary alterna-rock. What's odd is that, while I listened closely to this I was unmoved. But when I tuned out and paid more attention to other things, it turned out to be decent background music, for the most part. The song "Sober Sex" is annoying country rock, as is "Run and Hide" in a way. But as background music that you don't pay close attention to, this album overall is not half bad. - Paul S.

THE HANGDOGS - Same Old Story (Crazyhead Records, c/o the Dogpound, 124 W 25th St #2R, New York, NY 10001) Man, do I hate country music. And this CD didn't change my mind. Yes, these are talented musicians, and yes, if you like country rock,

you'll love the Hangdogs, I guess. But this music is much more at home at the local country music radio station than in a zine dedicated to alternative types of music. - Paul S.

HANK - Are You Insane? (Buzzsaw Records) Decent jangly indie-pop with male vocals and simple harmonies. Some catchy hooks raise this above being among the totally generic glut of indie rock, but overall it would fit well on the next Friends soundtrack. - Pat W.

HAZE - Tom Dooley (Mutiny Records PO Box B, New York, NY 10159) The first track, "Tom Dooley" is a cheesy whisper-rapped girl style rip off of the old folk tune with an easy beat beneath it. Anyone with a computer, a key board, and any midi-program could do this in a couple of afternoons. Then there are two other tracks, then they go into four remixes/other versions of Tom Dooley. This girl Haze may be sexy, but if she has any real talent there's precious little of it exhibited here. - Alex S.

HEAVY VEGETABLE - Frisbie (Headhunter/Cargo Records, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432) Start with the traditional "San Diego Sound", including snappy bass, crunchy guitars, and a semi-math-rock approach. Now make it a little bit minimalist and a lot bouncy and poppy. This is a fair description, I think, of the music on this album. Damn fine, it is, too. I just wish the songs were longer than the average minute and a half. And, hey, there's a song about the infamous Wesley Willis, too! This CD is way fun. Recommended. - Paul S.

HELL NO - Adios Armageddon! (Reservoir, PO Box 790366, Middle Village NY 11379) Easily the best New York post-hardcore whatchamacallit since Quicksand's first album, Hell No take their aggro noise-core a step beyond the ABC No Rio formula of mind-wrenching rage, exploring subtleties of dynamics and rhythm, and yet - here's the amazing part - making it swing



HELL NO

Photo by Justine Demetrick

as well. Lots of bands can bludgeon you with riffs and screams; it takes artistry to capture those raw emotions and make them dance. - Jim T.

DEVIN HILL - *Wayout Lane* (Big Deal, P.O.Box 2072, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009-9998) This is the sort of thing that gives pop a bad name: predictable lyrics, sanitized production, and instrumental overkill. Devin Hill makes the ever-so-twee Brian Stevens Band sound like the Sex Pistols. - Suzanne T.

HILKKA/LIFT - *In Cooperation With Gravity* (Carbon Records, P.O. Box 10718, Rochester, NY 14610) Split CD Lift play a sort of jazz inspired form of mostly instrumental rock. They use dynamics and switching between clean and distorted sound quite effectively (and without sounding anything like Slint.) They tend to wander a bit, but there are a couple of songs where that's appropriate. Hilikka simply rock my world. I like them so much I could kiss them all on the mouth. Hilikka play loud, noisy rock with inherent feedback, nice hooks, and relatively few lyrics. This is the first recording they've done that really captured how they sound live. It's big, it's loud, and I like it. Buy it now. - Pat W.

HOOVER'S G-STRING - self-titled (Red Tide Records) 5 song EP of fairly generic indie rock. There is nothing here to distinguish it from the glut of indie rock available today. Basically, it's the kind of band you find yourself trying to talk over to hold a conversation at the bar. Not bad enough to heckle, not good enough to enjoy. - Pat W.

HUMBLE GODS- (Tackle Box, PO Box 1709 La Jolla, CA 92038) New band from Doug Carrion (ex- Dag Nasty, Descendants) bass guy, now plays guitar with four other aging punk rock dorks. With names like Ricky Vodka, Spike X, and Brad X, give me a friggin break. With hard rock/punk tunes that are so scary and punk, eh right! Even the thank you lists are cheesy, Doug Carrion feels some need to use all his punk cred, and names drops every old school hardcore band from the Bad Brains to Black Flag to Minor Threat. Why Doug? Everybody who already knows who you are, knows your a really cool punk guy. These guys should just play cheesy Guns N Roses type LA hardcore, it would have to be better than this weak attempt at punk. - Rick K.

ICU. - *O No No 0 Zone* (Radical Records, 77 Bleeker St.Suite C221, NY,NY 10012) I can't tell if this singer is a guy or a girl since the singer is credited with a male's name; not only that but the vocals are really high pitched in heavy metal falsetto kinda way. I seriously couldn't make it through the third song! Bad Circus Of Power metal schlock. Eeeeeek! (Editor's note: I had the same problem - live, yet! - but the singer, although quite androgynous, is a woman.) - Rick K.

IDLE - *Gravity Rocks* (Big Deal, PO Box 2072, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009-9998) Kinda dull, uninspiring pseudo-alternative rock. Sometimes it's jangly pop, sometimes it sounds a bit like the Stones, sometimes Pink Floyd influenced. But it never strays from formulaic, by the numbers rock. - Paul S.

ILLTET/ILLNESS - "Live at CBGB's, 6/9/95" cassette, *Chromium 12"* (Mutiny Zoo, Box 622, Hoboken NJ 07030) A few years ago, the Sweet Spit Idlet was the hottest band in Hoboken, but they got gobbled up and lized out by Warner Brothers in one of those classic major label horror stories, and have been trying to rebuild ever since. The "Live At CBGB's" cassette captures the post-WB incarnation of the group known as the Illtet, complete with Mike's funky bass, Emilio's raps and fluid vocals, and a heavy, almost metal guitar sound on some tracks. After the departure of guitarist Boo Reiniers, the name changed to Illness; *Chromium* captures a series of experimental, improvisational jams recorded in the band's Mutiny Zoo Studios, featuring a variety of Hoboken musicians, with Mike and Emilio's talents at the center but a whole lot of freaky psychedelic hip-hop weirdness going on around them. The new lineup of Illness should start playing out this Spring. - Jim T.

THE INHALANTS (Estrus) Good old fashioned punk rock music you might have heard on the 80's good old Mystic Record comps from So.Cal. It's been a while since I heard this stripped down punk but in these days of arena punk. It's a breath of fresh air. - Jamie T.



ILLNESS

Photo by Jim Testa

J CHURCH - *Arbor Vitae* (Honey Bear) Beautiful, simply beautiful and poetic. A must have. Get it.....NOW! - Dave T

J CHURCH - *Nostalgic For Nothing* (Broken Rekids-POB 460402 SF,CA 94146-0402) A CD collection of singles and EP tracks that this prolific Mission District band has released over the last couple of years. The sound is kind of samey with strummed propulsion, trick drumstering and a superflat singerguy. This disc goes about an hour but I can only take about 15 minutes at a time. It's pretty good though during those short doses, which may explain why the 7" is these guys forte.- Des Jr.

JED BONNIWELL - *Yeah!* (Magellan Records, PO Box 590725, San Francisco, CA 94159) There's nothing more satisfying musically, I think, than an artist who's able to present himself to an audience in more than one light, something Jed Bonniwell has managed to do quite favorably on the "yeah!" album. Bonniwell's music develops from the distortion ridden, nearly self-deprecating "Grow," to the sensibly harmonic, acoustic backing of "Sunny Backyard," to a closing instrumental piece which seems to finalize Bonniwell's emotive statement with assertive acoustic guitars and reposed drums. An interesting effort from a pleasantly contented artist. - Dan E.

JESUS CHRIST SUPERFLY - *Texas Toast* (No Lie Music, 2118 Guadalupe No. 216, Austin, TX 78705) From the graphics, I would have thought that this was going to be some kind of funk or punk-funk album. The graphics are hilarious, I must say. What I got instead was melodic punk music. It's heavier than typical pop-punk stuff that's been proliferating these days, and a little slower, too, with the exception of a few songs toward the end of the album ("Gun," "Sob Story," and "Lights Out" being notable exceptions). It's solid and well-done, but doesn't stand out as anything special. - Paul S.

THE JIGSAWS - *Wicked Alternative* (Yellow Dog Records) These Boston popsters have abandoned the jangle of their previous efforts for a more distorted and less hook-laden sound; fortunately, they haven't also abandoned their clever (if obtuse) lyrics, their gorgeous harmonies, and their sly sense of humor. "I Am in a Band" should make even the most jaded scenester chuckle, and the bonus track---well, I'll let you figure that out for yourself. - Suzanne T.

JOHN FLYWHEEL - *John Flywheel* (PO Box 13631, Reading PA 19612) Harmonic Sixtiesish pop rock. Every song John Flywheel plays is well put together but ultimately underwhelming. You know your songwriting needs some oomph when the most memorable cut on your CD is a cover of a Mike Nesmith song. - Jim T.

JOCOBONO - *Jacobono* (Cherry Disc Records, PO Box 990424, Boston, MA 02199) The one sheet which came with this CD states that the band

sounds like a cross between the Jesus Lizard and the Pixies. Well, maybe on a couple of the songs. But I would describe it more of a cross between the Jesus Lizard and NOMEANSNO. The overall general sound is like JL, but there's the machine gun precision of NOMEANSNO. On a couple of songs. The rest is a dull assortment of typical alternative rock bordering on cheese metal. Overall, an unimpressive release. Oh, and the opening track, Goddess, is probably the worst of the bunch. I always thought that bands are supposed to put their best track first (which should have been Ripped Off or Last Call at Foley's, in my opinion). - Paul S.

JIMMY SILVA'S GOAT 5 - *The End of the Harvest* (PopLlama Products, PO Box 95364 Seattle, WA 98145) Although virtually unknown to the majority of the music loving population, (save for discriminating rock critics and a loyal circle of traditional folk/pop fans) Jimmy Silva's songs have nonetheless been honored by such bands as The Smithereens (who covered Silva's "Hand of Glory" on their debut album) and The Young Fresh Fellows. "Despite your eyes, you won't see the good in anything", guitarist Bill Jedrzejewski observes on the wonderfully rootsy "Tell it to the Raven". A telling line indeed; singer/songwriter Jimmy Silva himself died only recently, never receiving the acclamation due to such finely crafted folk/pop tunes. Jimmy Silva's "harvest-core" mixes traditional sounds like the mandolin, accordion, harmonica, and ethereal e-bow to create a very proud, honest blue-collar sound that would sound just as practical in the nineteenth century as it does in the twentieth. The quick fiddle on "Come What May" and the grass-roots slide guitar on the aforementioned "Tell it to the Raven" offer a pleasant, sleepy feel to a contented band of musicians that have yet to receive the attention that their unparalleled brand of field music rightly deserves. While the moving "Christmas is Holy" challenges us with with an extremely American offering of a holiday song that could very easily, along with the rest of this amazing disc, rival nearly any current pop song on the radio today. Very highly recommended. - Dan E.

BRAD JONES - *Gilt-Flake* (Ginger Records, 2234 N. Hamilton, Chicago, IL 60647) When I first realized this was being done by a Nashville producer, I incorrectly thought it was going to be country western shit. Instead we have Brad, who is a video tech & siteman for the likes of Yo La Tengo & Jill Sobule doing harmonic pop with lush instrumentalization. Pleasant. - Tom B.

JUGHEAD'S REVENGE - 13 Kiddie Favorites (BYO). Thirteen kiddie favorites which unfortunately ended up in the hands of an adult who didn't like them too much. Fast, ass-kicking punk with gruff vocals, like a cross between So. Cal. punk and NYC hardcore, but without any good hooks or interesting ideas. I guess the kiddies really do love this stuff. I won't fault them though, for in my own day as a kiddie, I used to love the Electric Light Orchestra. - Jon C.

JUNEBUG - *Ticket To Hell* (Stoney Records / Circumstantial, 408 West Clair Avenue, #318, Cleveland OH 44113) Lemme tell ya, kiddies, I've been working this rock & roll beat for nigh on two and a half decades now. During that time, I've had the leisure to formulate a few rules of thumb concerning the records presented to me for review. Rule numero uno: if more than half of the songs on an album are co-written by the band's producer, then the disc is probably a stinker. Rule numero dos: if the band feels the need to splash their individual musical "credentials" on the CD cover, as this bunch of ex-Tora Tora, David Lee Roth and Dmoll's rejects have done, then they're most likely a bunch of lame-o's. Rule the third - and this is an important one - if the album's song titles resemble something along the lines of, say, "Ride Her Like A Pony" or "Bad Little Girl," then you'd need a lobotomy to enjoy them. Junebug's *Ticket To Hell* is just that, a one-way, no-refund ride to a musical inferno that even Dante could never have imagined in his worst nightmares. Produced by Chip "How's my hair?" Z'nuff, *Ticket To Hell* is exactly the kind of clichéd pseudo-metal hard rock hair band bullshit we thought we'd left behind during the Reagan era ... in other words, avoid this one like a bad dose of the clap. - Reyerend K

THE KINDRED - *Bomb Up The Town* (G.I. Productions, P.O. Box 6948, San Jose, CA 95150). A 3-piece Punk band from CA. This is their debut full-length album which was recorded live in the studio. It's hard for me...to say if I think this sounds good cause I pretty much hate all the new Punk that's been coming out. It's very bass-driven, maybe cause the singer is also the bassist. - Phil P.

KISS THE CLOWN (Rotten Records-POB 2157 Montclair, CA 917630657) This label is home to DRI, but the last couple of things I've gotten from them have been more powerpoppunky. KTC's disc has 14 quick songs on it, but I can't recall a single one. I liked the Streetcleaners disc better. - Des Jr.

LA GRITONA - *Arrasa Con Todo* (Vaya Con Discos)/ORBIT - La Mano (Lunch). Today's Boston music scene really sucks ass, and here are two

bands doing nothing whatsoever to help matters. 'The first wants to be the grunge Slapshot, the second wants to be the grunge Pixies. Neither are any good at all. You know, when Sam Black Church can be legitimately considered as one of the top 10 bands in Boston, things have definitely hit rock bottom. Where's The Freeze when you need them? Hell, I'd almost take an Evan Dando homecoming over this shit. - Jon C.

LAUGHING HYENAS - *Merry Go Round* (Touch and Go) Gruff, wailing vocals over pretty straight ahead, yet at times powerful, rock. Occasionally, I was reminded of Alice Cooper and that was confirmed by the "Public Animal #9" Cooper cover. Highlight was the feedback drenched live version of "Dedications To the One I Love". All in all not a bad record, but there's something missing that makes it truly distinctive. Try before you buy. - Pat W.

LAURELS - 90-95 (Dot Dot Dash, PO Box 1971 NY! NY 10009) This CD contains all of this Providence Rhode Island group's seven inches over the past five years. The band creates some edgy guitar driven pop, while the vocals are usually buried or distorted. Somewhere between Candy Machine and Polvo. Check em out. - Rick K.

LESS THAN JAKE - *Losers, Kings, And Things We Don't Understand* (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville FL 32604) Bratty pop-punk mixed with ska, in what I would (lazily) call the "Lookout" style. The ska stuff is great, with fun backup vocals yelling back at the lead singer and zingy horns. The punk tunes are okay if a bit generic. On the other hand, how can you not love a band that does a song called "24 Hours In Paramus?" - Jim T.

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS - *Get Lost* (Merge Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514) This album is very different from previous efforts. This album is less traditional fuzzy indie-pop and more retro Euro-pop. Think OMD crossed with a laid-back Human League. It doesn't break any new ground, but is still nice to listen to. Nostalgia deluxe. The recording quality is a bit more lo-fi than it should be. But it doesn't disturb my enjoyment of this fine music. - Paul S.

MAKERS (Estrus PO Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227) Total rocking garage-punk Estrus style; fresh out of the garage with non-stop action from the minute you press play. Reminiscent of a scummier Teengenerate (minus the Ramones influence), if this doesn't get you to kick up the volume, you have no right owning a stereo. - Mike G.

MARILYN MANSON - *Smells Like Children* (Interscope Records/Atlantic. Look it up or go to Sam Goody) This is supposed to be really scary and extreme, right? Well, even Gwar is way more intense than this. This is like a soundtrack. In fact, it might make a great soundtrack for some 90210 scene at an "industrial" club. Phooey. These guys have got videos out getting air play on MTV, right? Here's the scene in the boardroom at Atlantic: Lab Coat: "Clear evidence of the influence of television on the mind, Mein Fuhrer. You see, they cannot withstand the numbing influences. Very quickly their brains are reduced to pre-simian functions." Chief suit: "Yes, yes, I see, Herr Doktor. With the cathode ray tube and the lure of cash we have put down the revolution of rock and roll. We have triumphed! Now we can make them think they are living while we torture their souls for eternity!" - Alex S.

MARINER 9 - *Shallow End of the Gene Pool* (Meltdown Records, PO Box 1389, Hollywood, CA 90078) I see a vision. It's a coffee shop, there are beatniks, Mariner 9 are playing. The music is mellow acoustic pop and I am grooving. I am also laughing at the people inside the coffee shop. Oh well, at least they have good taste in music. - Jamie T.

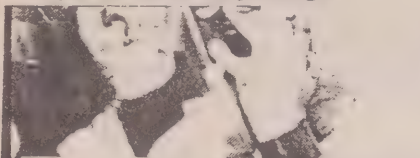
MCRACKINS - *In On The Yolk* (Shredder, 75 Plum Tree Ln, #3, San Rafael, CA 94901) For those of you who don't know who the mighty Mcrackins are I pity you, cause they fuckin rule!! These crazy Canucks are at it again playing their brand of ultra catchy pop punk. If your fed up with overflow of mediocre pop punk bands give these three kooks a try you won't be disappointed Chalk another one up for Mr. Mel Shredder.-Rick K.

MCRACKINS - *Planet of the Eggs* (Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742) Standard pop-punk, a little rawer than most. Nothing unique here, but a good, solid job. I could have done without the mystery hidden track, though: it's a bad cover of a bad song. - Paul S.

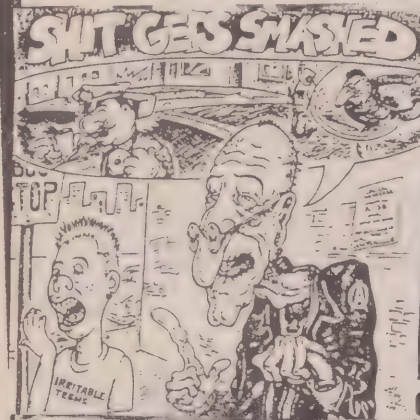
MEAT PUPPETS - *No Joke* (London) Since many of my favorite bands feature brothers (Nomeansno, Smoking Popes, Redd Kross,) I can only assume that there's some special bond that assures cohesiveness and trust in these bands. Meat Puppets are no exception; one can sense the give and take when listening to the Kirkwood brothers. The songs on No Joke are exciting and complex, but done with such style and flair as to make it seem effortless. No Joke is as breathtaking and polychromatic as the

	US	Canada	Overseaz
LP	\$7.50	\$9.00	\$12.00
CD	\$9.00	\$10.00	\$13.00

All prices include postage



10 BAND COMPILATION
FROM THE S.F. BAY AREA

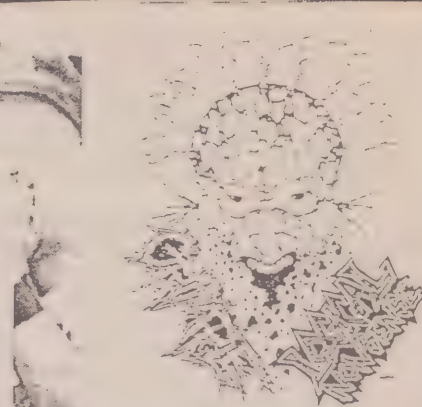


CD/LP



UP Only

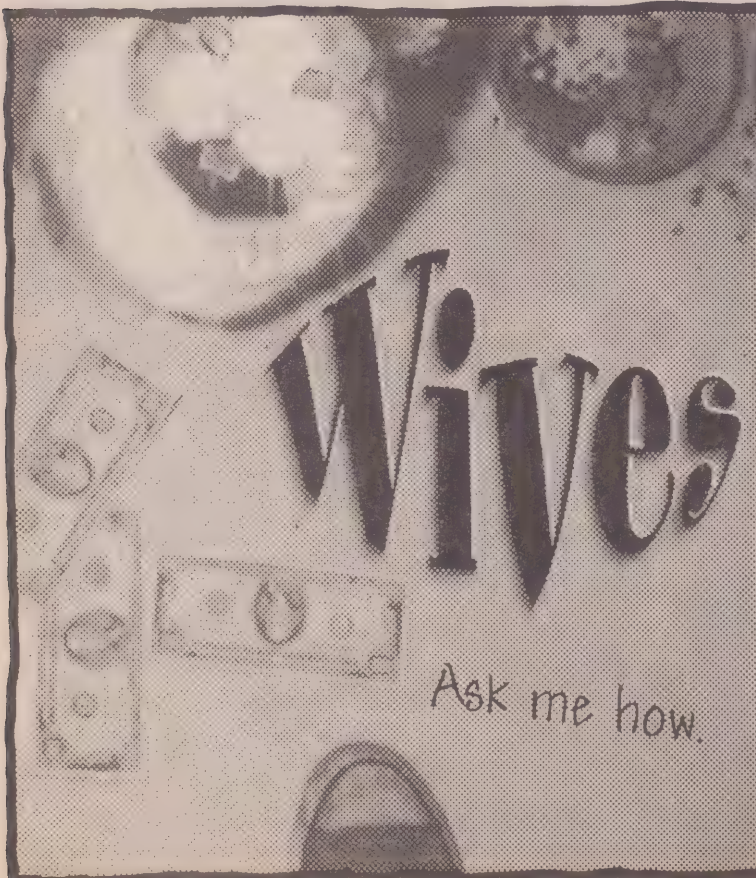
Distro hauzez get in touch



Santa Fe / East Bay
desert baked
hardcore CD/LP



P.O. Box 3313
Oakland CA
94609



Ask me how.

WIVES

ASK ME HOW

"... tight, fast, melodic hard-core punk (not NYHC, more like a west coast style). 7 Year Bitch meets Bad Religion? Maybe. I do know that this is some really good stuff."

SOUND VIEWS

"fast-trash assaults with whiplash time shifts"

**ALTERNATIVE
PRESS**

**go
kart**
Records



P.O. Box 20
Prince Street Station
NYC 10012
ph/fax: 212.673.3380
e-mail: gregross@panix.com

desert where the 'Puppets come from. - Johnny P.

TYSON MEADE Motorcycle Childhood (Echostatic, 2802 E. Madison, #159 Seattle, WA 98112) Ex Chainsaw Kittens frontman's first solo release - and what a departure in format it is. Rather than the flamboyant cross-dresser that he was in the Chainsaw Kittens, this finds Tyson a lonely and isolated character looking for love and meaning - but then aren't we all? An underlying sadness pervades throughout as Tyson ponders "how can I see tomorrow when I can't even see straight, I can't even see today." - Torn B.

MEANWHILES - *Minimum Wage Poets* (Balloon Guy, PO Box 357, New Hyde Park NY 11040) Harmless affable folk-pop from youngish (oldest guy is 22) NYC trio. Actually, the first track is an awesome Big Star-influenced heartjerker but the rest of the CD lacks the same bite. By the time they get to the la-la-la novelty tune "Kurt Loder," it's milk 'n' cookies time. - Jim T.

THE METROSCHIFTER - *Fort Saint Metroschifter* (Doghouse Records, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623) Louisville style post-emo with homage to Slint. Overall a good disc. Most of the songs have a powerful driving force like all good emo inspired music, though a few tend to drag. Bob Weston's engineering gives fuzzy guitars which yield that proverbial wall of sound, while the drums were recorded in Weston's trademarked clean, dead, present sound. Superb standout song, in my opinion is track 4, "\$39.00." - Paul S.

MILKMONEY - *Wheelie* (Wicked Disc, 38 Everett St, Allston, MA 02134) I hope Courtney Love isn't into suing people for plagiarism. Really, honest. This must've been recorded in a lunch box. - Brandon S.

MR. MIRAINGA - *Mr. Mirainga* (Way Cool Music/MCA) Although Mr. Mirainga claim to be a tejana/punk band, only two tracks on their self-titled debut show any sort of Latin influence. The remainder of the disk, however, overflows with ultra-catchy, power chord driven pop-punk, fronted by whiny vocals and ends with a hidden bonus track (The "Ace Ventura II" soundtrack version of "Burnin' Rubber"). All told, Mr. Mirainga offer a fairly impressive array of musical variation, from can't miss anthems like "Baglady," to a surprisingly sensitive ballad about alcoholism. - Dan E.

MR. T EXPERIENCE - *Love Is Dead* (Lookout) Is it my imagination or does MTX sound more like Screeching Weasel with every record? Snotty vocals, squiggly lead guitar lines running through Ramonesish powerchords, funny lyrics... What's really amazing is that these guys (at least Dr. Frank, the band's lead singer-guitarist-songwriter) have been around a really long time, yet their songwriting just seems to get stronger and tighter all the time. All the girl songs (as in, "I can't get one to like me...") on this album are fun but the best cut by far is "Dumb Little Band," a hilariously self-deprecating anthem that sums up what it's like to be in a band like the Mr T Experience: "And nobody knows/why we keep having shows/even though nobody goes/we keep rolling along/playing our dumb little songs/hand in hand/a dumb little band." - Jim T.

MISFITS - *Collection II* (Caroline) Even with all that stuff about zombies and black magic, the only really scary thing about the Misfits is just how good they really were. This second compilation from Caroline's vaults is full of classic Misfits tunes - "138," "Last Caress," "Rat Fink," "Braineaters" - songs you know by heart even if all you know are the covers that other bands have done over the years. This will have you dancing around your CD player and worshipping Satan faster than your mom can call the exorcist. - Jim T.

THE MOCKERS - *Somewhere Between Mocksville and Harmony* (One Eye Open, 2953 Beach Blvd. #101, Virginia Beach, VA 23452) This reminds me a lot of the kind of pop music that was all over the radio in the mid to late 70s, but not quite. There's a quirkiness to it which makes it more non-commercial, in the same vein as the Modern Lovers. This is certainly not indie-pop in the traditional sense. It's more pop-rock. And, you know, it's pretty catchy and enjoyable. And the cover photo is perfect, showing a highway sign indicating the turns to make to get to Mocksville or Harmony (apparently real places). - Paul S.

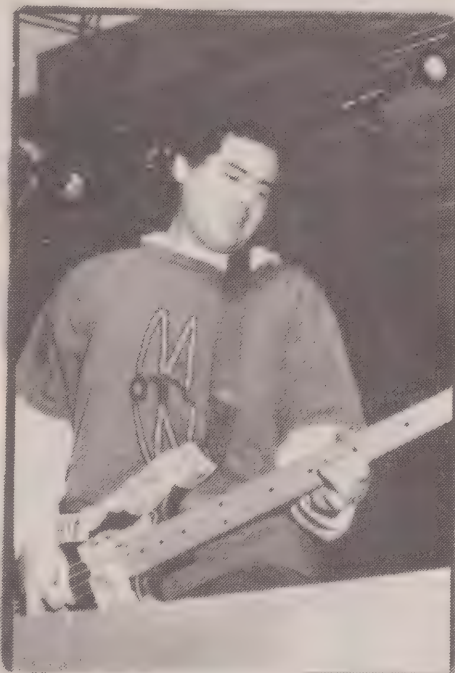
MODEST MOUSE - *This Is A Long Drive For Someone With Nothing To Think About* (Up Records) Youngish slacker-pop, with sloppy guitars and boyish vocals (ala' Superchunk.) The faster songs capture the band's enthusiasm and verve (even when they're whining about having to get up and go to work in the morning,) but the laid-back Slint-type vibe on the slower, spacier songs makes more of an impression. Some nice guitars and plenty of ideas here. Watch for 'em. - Jim T.

MOLE - *Mole* (AGM, 1324 State St #J138, Santa Barbara CA 93101) These guys are a fuckin' trip. They have a tribute to Kurt Cobain called "Kurt," which uses the music to Nirvana's "Polly." The song "Move Over Elvis" is

about all the people who say that Elvis is still alive and still The King. So for some hilarious punk-alternative, get this. - Phil P.

MOMMYHEADS - *Bingham's Hole* (DotDotDash-POB 1971 NYC NY 10009) Mellow avanternative jambandage. Translation; Tight,quirky pop songs that goes for gitdown funky spacehead improvs. Not bad,I guess but it only really grabs me for moments at a time. - Des Jr.

MOONWATER - *Invitation* (Masquerade Recordings, 695 North Ave, NE, Atlanta, GA 30308) Well at least I can rest assured that I now know what happened to the ex-members of Dee Snyder's Widowmaker, Ladies and gentlemen, please say hello to the Dokken of the '90s. Thank you, thank you. - Brandon S.



NO FX

Photo
by
Shawn
Scallen

THE MORNING GLORIES - *Many Moods* (Zev Records, 211 Myrtle Ave, Ramsey, NJ 07446) The term "acid drenched" is way overused in "rock journalism", but that's what this is. In a major departure from their previous album, this band has produced a 1960s album of dreamy, droney, psychedelic, trip-out music. It's very hypnotic, very authentic sounding, but it's also too much of it at one time. I recommend listening to this one in small doses. - Paul S.

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS - *Nine Black Poppies* (Trance/Emperor Jones, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765) Simple, mostly acoustic tunes, with nasaly vocals. sorta reminds me of stuff Daniel Johnston might do. Decent enough. Acoustic guitar and bass can sound nice. Some of this is recorded fairly well, and some is very lo-fi. - Paul S.

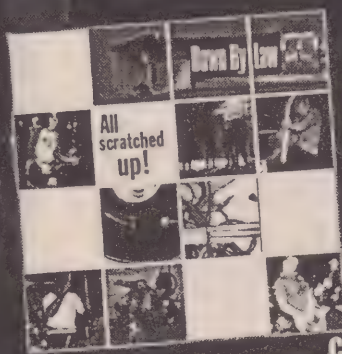
NAPALM DEATH - *Greed Killing* (Earache) Like many of the death and thrash bands of the 80's who are still around today, Napalm Death has changed its style. It's still brutal and heavy but there's more of a groove feel to the songs now, not just 1,000 drumbeats per second and wild guitars. They're slowing down and realizing that speed isn't everything, and it works. This is an excellent album and I'd especially recommend it for old fans who thought this band had nothing new to offer. - Phil P.

THE NARROWS (615 E, 74-12 35th Ave., Jackson Heights, NY 11372) Wow, this is hard to describe. It's pop/rock music. But it's not alterna-rock nor is it indie-pop style. It's got some interesting 60s influence, I hear some Doors kind of stuff, some Pink-Floyd-ish overtones. It's kind of like the local bar band doing original material instead of covers. - Paul S.

NEW PROVIDENCE - (Rockfish Records, 95 E. 7th St., New York, NY 10009) Most of this is pretty standard, boring rock music. The only decent cut, "Marianne," is pretty good, though. It's got a bit of an old time honky tonk feel to it. But it's just not enough to save this mediocre release. - Paul S.

Down By Law

The new record. Honest music
for dishonest times. Double gatefold
vinyl with extra trax for the punks.



All scratched up!

cd/dbl. lp/cs



We're

THE fiendz

Finally!

The Fiendz punk classic
is available on CD.
Completely remastered and
chock full of bonus tracks
including ALL the original
7"s... "Runaway with me",
"HAVIN' FUN", & "DEAD
END". Also includes the
unreleased track "Never
walk home alone" from the
original sessions. Buy, or
perish in ignorance.

CD's ONLY \$10 PPD
SEND CHECKS OR MONEY
ORDERS PAYABLE TO:



PO BOX 4377,
RIVER EDGE, NJ
07661-4377

NO FX - Heavy Petting Zoo (Epitaph) On the one hand, No FX are champions of what has come to be known as pop-punk. On the other hand, this band is so much more than that -- innovative chord changes, sublimely crafted harmony vocals, .. not to mention that trumpet. More than that, this is one band that has always known that the funniest thing about punk-rock is...well, punk rock itself, and has never been afraid to be politically incorrect in pursuit of a good joke, or cast a jaundiced eye at some of nuttier aspects of "the scene." Besides 13 catchy new tunes you'll be humming in your sleep, the CD booklet is terrific as well (as long as you aren't offended by photos of naked women or fat guys with their shirt off.) - Jim T.

NOMEANSNO - The Worldhood of the World (as such), (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092) They sequenced this thing wrong. They first two songs did not impress me in the least, and I was all set to write about how mediocre the Wright Brothers have become, how they've lost their energy and their edge. Then I listened further. And was ecstatic to find out that I was wrong. Now, mind you, while this album doesn't quite approach the pure brilliance of their album, "Wrong," it comes close, and is still one of the better albums to come out lately. It has its own moments of brilliance, such as in songs like "My Politics" and "Lost." The overall feel seems a little more buzzsaw-ish and less precise than in the past. Oh, and while this album is not quite at the level of perfection of "Wrong" it is, in my opinion, better than the two albums that came out in between ("0+2=1" and "Why Do They Call Me Mr. Happy?"). - Paul S.

THE NUKES - Why Things Burn (New Red Archives, P.O. Box 210501, San Francisco CA 94121) Bay area punksters The Nukes flex muscle and flash steel with *Why Things Burn*, a meaty collection of hard-and-fast rockers. Chockfull of molten riffs and razor-sharp, thrashy guitars, The Nukes successfully blend snotty punk ethics and metallic fury, blanketing the entire disc with the ol' Phil Spector "wall-of-sound" production trick to ensure that the noise level remains consistently high. A solid effort, *Why Things Burn* provides both mindless entertainment and thought-provoking lyrics in one neat package, delivering an aural radiation burn that'll take days to wear off. - Reverend K.

OPPRESSOR - European Oppression Live + As Blood Flows (Megalithic Records, 116 E. Pleasant St., Milwaukee, WI, 53212) The first 7 tracks were recorded live in various parts of Europe. Cuts 8 to 14 are the un-released EP "As Blood Flows." The album contains doubles of two songs; one version live and one off the EP. Unfortunately, they sound the same. In fact, this release has 14 tracks which are indistinguishable from front to back. The singer sounds like Godzilla with a helluva cold, gargling through a mouthful of blood and gore. The instrumentation is simply a dirge ... same beats from start to finish, almost. - Rodney L.

P (Capitol) Okay, here's the lineup: Gibby Haynes...vocals, Bill Carter...Guitars, Johnny Depp...Guitars, Sal Jenco...percussion, with some additional musicians being, Flea, Steve Jones and Andrew Weiss. 11 humorously warped songs about cigarette butts, spilling beer on Jesus, Michael Stipe, and a cover of Abba's, "Dancing Queen." Almost unbelievable, this super-group of sick and noble icons pounds out raw rock-n-roll that ranges the spectrum from cow-punk to blues and from Butthole-ish blasts to the ballad. If it were not for Gibby expelling the waste of his noodle, however, this band wouldn't be much to speak of. Outside of the psychedelic jewels ('Jon Glenn', 'Scrapings From Ring'), P stands alone as an interesting novelty of a seemingly impossible union. -Greg M.

PAIN TEENS - Beast of Dreams (Trance Syndicate, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765) Now this is different. Not your run of the mill alternative rock music, this is unique stuff. This vaguely sounds like Eastern ritual music that has been updated for the rock 'n' roll generation. They do for instrumental music what Crash Worship has done for percussion. Thick, complex instrumentation in many of the songs and simple lines in others keep you interested. This stuff blows me away. - Paul S.

PALEFACE - Raw (Shimmy Disc-Jaf Box 1187 NYC, NY 10116) I've put this one on several times, but I have yet to get to the end of it's 50+ minutes. Just-short-of-brilliance in it's near incompetence, this rantfest usually gets the best of me before I can finish it out. Do you remember Wild Man Fischer? Well this guy isn't as retarded, but it's kind of in that direction. Proceed at your own risk. - Des Jr.

THE PASTELS - Mobile Safari (Up Records, POBox 21328, Seattle, WA 98111-3328) New Zealand's folk-meisters the Bats and these fellows sure have a hell of a lot in common. For one thing, The Pastels are from Glasgow, so first off we can assume they hate us Yanks. Second, both deliver nice folksy tunes using the old two dames and a dude formula for vocals. The only thing I might change would be the forlorn quality a few of the songs have which seems to detract from the tune-age. Besides that, however, bravo. - Jamie T.

PIGFACE - Feels Like Heaven (Invisible-POB 16008 Chicago, IL 60616) Martin Atkins has always struck me as somewhat of a prankster who also happens to be able to turn a vicious backbeat (check stints with PIL, Killing Joke, Brian Brain and Ministry for references). Over the last couple of years I've been hearing tell about this Pigface studio-mindfuck/touring carnival thingie he had going. This is my first hands-on to it and man, it's pretty incredible. Heavyweight guest stars (Psychic TV, Skatenigs, Die Warzau, Flea and Taine Downe) add to a generally warped atmosphere and this works on cerebral, gut and boot levels. It's funny too! - Des Jr.

PILGRIM - (Hard Weik Records, Dave Landolin, 90 Passaic St., Garfield, NJ 07026) Garfield, NJ locals create a mellow original folk rock experience with their use of accordion & Irish Bouzouki. The songs explore the various vagaries and unanswered question in life. An intriguing listen, but you have to be in the mood to appreciate it - Tom B.

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER - Carry The Banner (Lookout) How's about this...this "10" turned into a cd by Lookout just sucks. Why can't anyone put out something remotely fun and exciting now a days? If only Crimpshrine were still a band... - Dave T

PITCHBLENDE - Gygax! (Headhunter/Cargo) Beautiful, fuzzy pop with a hard edge. Inventiveness abounds. Once you think you know the pattern of a song, it changes. It always keeps you a little off balance, never too sure of what's going to happen next. So it never bores. The ode to Dr. Death himself, "Kevorkian," is a stand-out among stand-outs. - Paul S.

PLASTIQUE - Front Towards Enemy (Rawkus Entertainment, 65 Reade St #2B, NYC 10007) Another multi-racial mixed-genre NYC group that combines elements of rap, metal, hardcore, and funk. The beats come hard and fast, the band plays with authority, and the hip hop vocals flow like tap water. If Orange 9mm's commercial failure hasn't queered it for this whole genre, these guys should be a force to be reckoned with. - Jim T.

POP DEFECT - Live At Big Bear (Flipside) This is a smooth, suave recording, perfect for those intent on making the late 90's some kind of Dean Martin Cocktail Age. I assume Big Bear is some sort of ski resort where the Defects brought their surfy detective lounge rock for all us punkers to sip our martinis to as we slide toward retirement. There are lots of covers here - "Strychnine," "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'," even "Love Potion No. 9." I could see myself taking my parents down to the lounge at the Holiday Inn to see a gig like this, and I bet they'd like it. I did. - Johnny P.

POTTHOLE (STS Records PO Box 177, Queanbeyan, NSW 2620, Australia) Seeing as how this Australian band started just 2 years ago in February, I assume this is their 1st full length attempt and I guess it's not so bad. In my opinion, their music is basically generic 4 timed hardcore, but not of the Blanks 77 variety, just sorta more basic than that. Kinda like very early Blanks and at times sounds like Paul Bearer from Sheer Terror on vocals. Scary, very scary. - Paul Ester

PURA VIDA - Vivien (ORG Records, Unit 205, The Gramophone Works, 326 Kensal Road, London, W10 5BZ, United Kingdom) MTV-ready "alternative rock" from across the ocean. It sounds just like everything else infecting the airwaves these days. No redeeming value. - Paul S.

PUSH ON JUNIOR - Want (Earmark Records; PO Box 23620; Minneapolis, MN 55423-9995) I would have to pass on this primarily because I've heard this sound so many times before, and honestly I think it's run its course and needs to be laid to rest once and for all. I think that maybe "emo-core" music may have in a since created its own decline by forcing itself to fill such big shoes. For instance, its definition is "the heart or essence of emotional music", yet the majority of it generates from pimply teenagers with trust funds who simply haven't had the time to figure out that there are worse things in life than losing a girlfriend or two. This is of course why most of it deals exclusively with the subject of love lost, and is therefore boring as all get out. Push On Junior are no exception, and while they may well be decent musicians, without the important ingredients of originality and creativity, the music loses its importance and ceases to exist in the mind of this critic. - Dan E.

QUEERS - A Day Late And A Dollar Short (Lookout) This compilation brings together a lot of the band's early recordings, back in those pre-Screaching Weasel days when nobody had ever heard of this band. While the production on some of this stuff is horrendous, it's fun to hear what the Queens were like in the days before riot grills and political correctness, when rude, snotty, irreverent punkers like the Angry Samoans and the early G.G. Allin were as big an influence as the Ramones. Joe King also provides a history of the band on the CD sleeve. The album ends with several live tracks from a fairly recent radio session. - Jim T.

The Closest Thing To Real Entertainment

...BUT ALIVE



NRA

Another Day At Work

HORACE PINKER

SUCK SHIT.

DOC HOPPER



LYNYRD'S
Sissy
INNARDS

US/CAN \$3 WORLD \$5 CASH OR M.O.

POB 52114 HOUSTON, TX 77052 ph/fax 713/861/5868

THE RACHELS - *Music for Egon Schiele* (Quarterstick Records, PO Box 25342 Chicago, IL 60626) This is something different. Quarterstick records, generally known for promoting testosterone-fueled punk rock like The Rollins Band and Pegboy, has released the soundtrack to The University of Illinois' live theater/dance production of "Egon Schiele", the story of an Austrian artist who studied with Gustav Klimt, (founder of the Vienna Secession movement) and died of influenza at the age of twenty-eight. The Rachels, who consist solely of a pianist, cellist, and viola, acted as the orchestra during live performances; as a band they divide their time between composing music for theater companies and creating their own dismal, moving chamber music as The Rachels. *Music for Egon Schiele* is a sometimes jazzy, always classical soundtrack with quick-tempered pieces that seem to have an emotionality all their own. Unlike popular chamber music, most Rachels pieces clock in at around three or four minutes, and often display a time-beat more typical to pop music than classical compositions. Impressively tight and occasionally bitter, The Rachel's are highly recommended for involved math-rockers and other fans of the avant-garde who, as pianist Rachel Grimes puts it, "like to actually sit there and listen to music". - Dan E.

REMEMBER ALICE? (Topless Records, Inc. 150 W. 28th St., Suite 1103A, New York, NY 10001) I really loved Jethro Tull when I was in high school. That was in the 70s. The liner notes for this record thank David Bowie, Larry Mullen, Jr., Sigourney Weaver, Little Steven, David Geffen, you get the idea. They can listen to it so you won't have to. - Alex S.

RESOLVE - *Jack* (Artists Only, 477 Madison Ave 10th Fl, NYC 10022) This young Boston quartet (profiled in this issue) is at its best on throbbing, heartfelt rockers like "Gun For Christmas" and "Kid," with Bill Madden's bleating vocals and the band's ringing guitars going at fever pitch. That stuff is great, but the album abruptly switches gears (maybe because the band ran out of material?) into countryish, acoustic folk songs. I'm all for punk rockers showing their sensitive side, but there's a thin line between mellow and wimpy, and I wish these guys would resolve not to cross it in the future. - Jim T.

RHYTHM COLLISION - *Clobberer* (Dr. Strange). A West Coast pop-punk band with an East Coast feel, thanks in large part to the Joe Queer/Ben Weasel-esque vocals. Fast, fun, catchy; it's everything this style of music is supposed to be. - Jon C.

RINGWORM - *Can't Stop* (Rat Town Records, PO Box 50803, Jacksonville Beach, FL, 32240) With their obviously limited vocabulary (running total of 28 "fucks", 9 "shits", and 7 "bitch"s) and absolutely ingenious, well thought-out and thought provoking lyrics like "Kiss my ass, and suck my dick, fuck you pussy, and your chick..." (from song #2 "You're Thru,") these rockers are awesome. Awesome if shallow, insincere Face To Face-style glam "hardcore" with one hand dabbling in the all too familiar sexist/homophobic qualities that (unfortunately) a lot of hardcore & hip hop possess. From the same hometown of Lynyrd Skynyrd comes Ringworm and boy, do they make me embarrassed to be from Florida. Yeeeee-hawwww. - Paul Ester

SELF - *Subliminal Plastic Motives* (Spongebath Records) Strange that I get this disc for review. Matt Mahaffey, who is the main man behind the 'Self' title, is from the same area as I and presently we reside in the same town. Funny thing is, I've never met him and the only time that I've seen him was on MTV. The towns that I refer to are in Tennessee and considered to be quite small. Isn't that a little odd? Matt played all the instruments, sang and made all of the samples on this electronically dictated pop release. His songwriting talent is clever and fuses well with his precise eye for digital manipulation. Perhaps you've seen the video for the single, 'Cannon'. It's catchy as hell and has been invading the airwaves of middle Tennessee for months. Matt has recruited a band and they've been touring quite a bit lately. Check 'em out if you're into very modern, supercharged-pop songwriting. -Greg M.

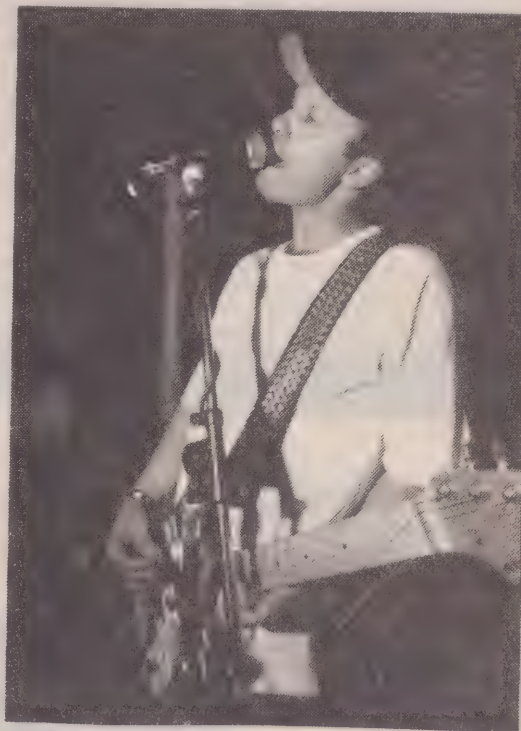
SERPICO - *Feel Bad Rainbow* (Equal Vision) Serpico, formerly NYC's Sleeper, are pretty hard for me to do justice to because I hear so many little pieces of so many bands in their songs. The singer can (and often does) sing, which is good, as is the musicianship. The bass player reminds me of early Samiam from time to time, and the guitar/drum interplay reminds me of the 1.6 Band on occasion. None of these similarities is so overpowering that the band begins to sound trite, though. Add to the whole package some good vocal harmony a la Dag Nasty and earnest lyrics and what you've got is nothing but hot. - Mike F.

SEVEN GONE (Temperance, 900 Tilton Rd #3, Northfield NJ 08225) Predictably whiney and anal retentive emo-core from three scene veterans, with Zac Eller on vocals. Even for suffer-core, I found this oppressively dreary. - Jim T.

SEX IN VIOLETS - *Deflowered* (FTS Records, 10 Church Road, Merchantville, NJ 08109) Recent winners of the Delaware Valley Music Poll Award's best Industrial/Goth band - yet this more than just industrial in nature. Emotions abound as lead singer Jade Starling belts out "Shit on Me" - a tribute to her manic depressive friend. Melodic, dance oriented, and moody as hell - just good shit all around. - Tom B.

SHALLOW - "The Sonic Boom Remixes 10" (Zero Hour, 1600 Broadway #701 NYC 10019) Angelic sweet vocals run through an effects machine, while the guitars at points are minimal and at other points are like sonic bursts of spacey noise. If you dig Cocteau Twins and My Bloody Valentine and bands of that ilk, then pick up this 10" slab of yellow wax. It'll lull you to the outer limits. - Rick K.

SHALLOW - *CD Laser Lens Clean* (Zero Hour Records, 1600 Broadway No.701 New York, NY 10019) Another interesting release from Zero Hour, Shallow covers mostly ambivalent, eerie electronic noise, usually rounded out with a warm and constant bass feel wrapped tightly inside engrossing, hollow space music. The opening track "Uncapable", opens with an absorbing, sparkling sound and high, distorted guitar chords which work their way into Shallow's female, pixie-like vocals. The forth track, "Goodbye", which was recorded on a home eight-track, takes a bit of a turn



QUEERS

Photo by Shawn Scallen

by introducing the listener to Shallow's more radio-friendly side. The guitar parts actually have a bit of poppy tonality to them, although once again, Shallow's elfish vocalist steals the show with even sounds that work wonders with the music. This is a very interesting, very different electronic-noise album which should appeal to fans of avant-garde art music, and like the majority of the releases on Zero Hour, deserves to be taken seriously and listened to with an open mind. Dan E.

SHATTERPROOF - *Slip It Under the Door* (MCA Records) This is pretty lame stuff. I wouldn't call it alternative rock, though. It's more like the stuff that used to be called "college music" a few years ago. Just as lame, but a little more pop oriented than the Pearl Jam clones that are known as "alternative". Zzzzzz.... - Paul S.

SHIRK CIRCUS - *March* (Bar/None) The follow up to *Words to Say*, this is a definite improvement - more polished and the writing has gotten better. Tales of self-destruction, regret, and all sorts of soul searching done to an accessible pop format. Loved it. - Tom B.

SHIV - *Flayed and Ashamed* (Thirsty Ear Recordings, 274 Madison Ave. #804, New York, NY 10016) This kinda reminds me of a raw NOMEANSNO

for the most part. Shiv has the same guitar/bass/drums arrangements as NOMEANSNO, the same rumbling, thumping bass, and the same kinds of riffs repeated over and over. A couple of songs on the album get away from this to a heavier sound, but most of the songs are like this. The sound is rawer than NOMEANSNO, though. The guitar growls more, and the vocals are more like something out of an East Bay pop-punk band than the gruff vocals of the Wright brothers. This gives the overall feel one of an older punk band. The only advice I would give them would be that I think the overall energy level would go up several notches if they would speed up the tempo a bit. - Paul S.

SHOWBUSINESS GIANTS - *Let's Have a Talk With the Dead* (Essential Noise/Virgin) When I heard that this record had members of No Means No and D.O.A., I had high expectations. I was sorely disappointed when it turned out to be a novelty record. Musically, the styles are all over the place (lots of rockabilly), but only occasionally does anything come close to rocking. I'll admit a few songs get a grin out of me, but novelty rock just doesn't sit well with me. - Pat W.

SIBERIA - *Damage* (Necessary Records; 676 Broadway; NYC, NY 10012) Siberia consists of a female vocalist who, like Johnny Cash, talks more than she sings, and a fairly large band of guitarists and percussionists. I think this was probably supposed to be something along the lines of a trailer park Cowboy Junkies, but it comes across with way too much quasi-metal guitar to have much of a care-free feel about it. Siberia would do well to take a good look at where they're coming from and re-invent itself as an acoustic band. - Dan E.

SKARHEAD - *Drugs, Money, Sex* (Another Planet) Phat! Phat! Phat! As their bio says, The Third Wave of NYHC is upon us. This 6-song CD is all that. It includes two songs featured on the *New York's Hardest* comp. The band features ex-members of Crown Of Thorns, H2O, Maximum Penalty, and Stillsuit. This CD definitely shows that NYHC is alive and kicking. - Phil P.

SLEEPERS - *The Less an Object* (Tim Kerr Records, P.O.Box 42423 Portland, OR 97242) This is a much needed compilation of the important and easily obscured work of the Sleepers. In San Francisco during the late

seventies, the Sleepers set the stage for the wave of punk to come. Since finding Sleepers' albums is an exercise in futility, Tim Kerr Records has compiled all of the old songs and even a few unreleased ones, creating the definitive Sleepers' anthology. "The Less an Object" contains 19 of the Sleepers' infamous mixtures of space ramblings and improv-ish melodies. Every punk rocker should own a copy of this for the archives. -Greg M.

SLIP - *Commitment* (Lithium Snake Dance Records, 1595 Lafayette Street, Santa Clara CA 95050) There's nothing, really, like the sound of good old-fashioned three-chord, three-minutes-per-song-and-we're-outa-here styled punk rock bouncing around inside your skull to shake up the overwhelming tedium of life. Whereas the great unwashed masses have satisfied themselves with saccharine mouthwash like Green Day, a great motherlode of righteous punk remains undiscovered just beneath the surface of the mainstream. Case in point: Slip, whose latest effort, *Commitment*, is a spirited collection of songs that certainly ring true to these ears. The songs on *Commitment*, like a lyrical shotgun blast, cover a lot of ground while the holy instrumental triad of honest rock & roll - roaring guitars, throbbing bass lines and pounding drums - rage beneath the shouted vocals. It's a hard-driving record, and a sure cure for whatever work week funk you may be suffering from. - Reverend K

SLOT - *Rule of 45* (Third Gear Records, PO Box 1886, Royal Oak, MI 48068) Pleasant, unassuming indie-pop, with a rumbling bass and understated female vocals. The whole thing is pretty understated, with sparse, minimalist arrangements. Nice. - Paul S.

SMART WENT CRAZY - *Now We're Even* (Dischord Records, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007) Yeah, Washington, DC sure does have a "sound." There's no use in denying it. And I happen to like that sound. Smart Went Crazy take the DC sound in a bit of a different direction, though, with a little more grunge influence and by putting a violin to good use. It keeps it from sounding too much like the other Dischord bands, and breathes some freshness into the DC/Dischord sound. - Paul S.

SMOKE - *Another Reason To Fast* (Long Play Records, PO Box 55233, Atlanta GA 30308) Tom Waitish cry in your whisky glass music with violins,

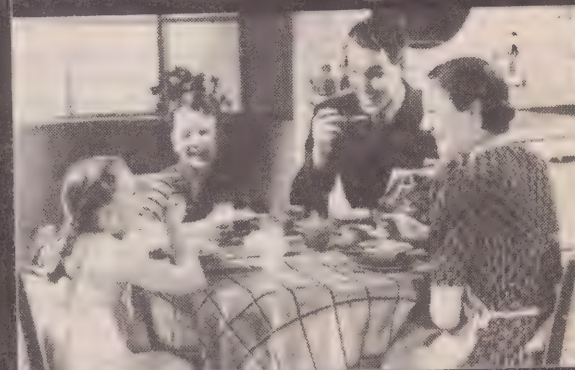


SNUFF DEMMAMUSSABERONK



SNUFF DEMMAMUSSABERONK

FAT533 CDILPICS



Hi-STANDARD GROWING UP

FAT534 CDILPICS

FAT

NEW RELEASES available from

FAT WRECK CHORDS • P.O. Box 460144 • San Francisco, CA 94146

harmonicas, slide guitar, horns and banjos. An eclectic blend of soothing music for your aching heart.-Rick K.

SNOWMEN - *Snowmen In Orbit* (Double Play Records, 41 Sutter Street, Suite 1397, San Francisco, CA 94104) After a raucous, retro start with "Crash and Burn," this settles into quiet, slow, dreamy, fuzzy pop music. It's very pretty stuff, and has a hint of 60's psych influence, with its organ and well-deployed reverb. It doesn't really go anywhere; it just kind of lolls around, like on a lazy Sunday afternoon. Nice, restful music for a hectic world. - Paul S.

SOCCER - *La Boheme II Electric Boogaloo* (Coolidge Records; 157 Coolidge Terrace; Wyckoff, NY 07481) Soccer are a mediocre novelty act who curiously enough hail from the ultra-pretentious college rock scene of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and have written a self proclaimed "anthem" entitled "Hey Hipster!" which is apparently ruffling a few feathers among the indie set back home who've taken it as somewhat of a personal attack. Unfortunately, aside from being Chapel Hill's first answer to The Dead Milkmen, Soccer really doesn't have all that much to offer. I'll admit the 44 second "Androo" got a few grins out of me, ("Andrew, we love you, thank you for making Weekend at Bernie's II") but at the same time I have a hard time respecting a band that doesn't seem to take either itself or its music seriously. Bands like Weezer and The Dead Milkmen got where they are by knowing that just as there's a time to goof off, there's also a time to get down to business and do something genuine with the music. - Dan E.

SOLUTION A.D. - "A Week There One Night" CD5 (T.A.G./Atlantic) Three of these four songs suggest that Solution A.D.'s ascension from the Delaware Valley band scene to major labeldom rests largely on a muscular post-grunge sound, a second-generation Nirvana-esque predilection for roiling melody that actually winds up sounding more like Bush than anything else. The last cut is a lighter, poppier party-rock track. Produced by Chad Taylor of Live. It will be interesting to see if the band can carve out any sort of identity of its own on the forthcoming album. - Jim T.

THE SORT OF QUARTET - *Planet Mamon* (SST Records, PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260) Kind of avant-fusion. Jazz-rock with plenty of free jazz and dissonance to keep you guessing and on the edge of your seat. There's even a good sense of humor to this release, such as the tune "Caustic Soda" with its quotations of Black Sabbath and the theme from the TV show "The Munsters." This is really good in small doses, but at 63 minutes, this CD is too long to listen to in one sitting. - Paul S.

SPARE SNARE - *Design Opportunity* (Prospective Records, 2217 Nicolet Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55404) Prospective licensed this English band from Chute Records in the UK. And I'm damn glad they did. For the most part, this disc features fuzzy indie-pop of a My Bloody Valentine ilk, but more jangly. Early in the album there are a couple of aberrations, though, which are also welcome. The disc starts out with a kind of psychedelic blues sort of thing. Also early on is a faster and louder, almost punkish sort of fuzzy pop song. I like this one. - Paul S.

SPEED MCQUEEN - *Gig* (Citrus & Tang, 19th Fl, 825 8th Ave., NY, NY 10019) 5 song EP recorded live at CBGBS. I don't know where they're from, but they're being marketed by Polygram records. Large Harmonious rock oriented tunes that don't offend but neither differentiate themselves excessively... yet another one of those CDs that leaves no impression in one's mind. - Tom B.

SPEED THE PLOUGH - *Mantra* (East Side Digital) I was expecting this CD to be by this unintentionally hilarious sub-grunge band that I saw play at a V.F.W. in Hartford, CT. It was a surprise to put it on and hear this 9-piece, vaguely new age-y band. I guess a lot of this would be standard stuff at any college coffeehouse if it was just some schlep with an acoustic playing these songs. It's not. The diverse instrumentation (piano and congas, to name two) and vocal interplay from a bunch of different people hold my interest here. This is quirky enough to keep around (like the capella part on "Said and Done" that sounds like it could've been written by any of today's pop-punk kids), but inconspicuous enough so that I can read or study with it on, if that makes any sense. As an aside, the five or so fans of that Connecticut grunge band with the same name at THIS band's show would probably be a lot of fun to watch..... - Mike F.

SPIT MUFFINS - *You're Soaking In It* (LSD Records, 1595 Lafayette Street, Santa Clara, CA 95050) I really wanted to like this because I knew that they were involved somehow with Bay Area independent music (be it "punk" or whatever...) and I guess it's real cool that they ARE releasing records independently. But one side note that I can't avoid is that, for reasons unbeknownst to me, I was expecting a "punk" related band, whether it was pop punk, hardcore, metal crossover, whatever. But the weird thing is, the closest thing I can come up with as far as sound goes is that they are just

ROCK!!!! I mean, at times it sounds like L7 with reference nods to the likes of Lita Ford, Ozzy, Rush, and Molly Hatchett. This is not a joke, I swear this CD covers all that ground. But hey, like Sammy Hagar once sang "There's only one way, there's only one way to rock!!!" and my reply to that is "HARD!!!!" - Paul Ester

SPLENDORA - *In The Grass* (Koch Int'l, 2 TriHarbor Ct, Pt Washington NY 11050) Janet and Tricia Wygal have been creating brainy pop songs since the early 80's, both in the Wygals (with brother Doug on drums) and earlier, back when Janet helped foment the fabled Hoboken pop scene as a member of the Individuals. Apparently tired of being brainy and beautiful, the Wygal sisters have apparently decided to try snatching some of Belly's audience: Splendor's pure-pop, new-wavey sound mixes raw guitars, bouncy melodies, and female harmony vocals with lyrics that are often dumb ("she's such a trip/she makes you flip") and catty ("we don't hate you 'cos you're beautiful.") The music incorporates violin, cello, flute, guitars, and weird noises, and sounds exquisite - a richer, denser, more melodic variation on Yo La Tengo's simple pop thump. But the album's girlish tone - which seems to pander to slobbering male stereotypes - is discomfiting coming from some one I've always respected as one of the first strong feminist presences on the local club scene. - Jim T.

THE SPUDMONSTERS - *No Guarantees* (Massacre Records, 11526 Burbank Blvd. #6, North Hollywood, CA 91601). This is the band's 2nd full length effort. They're a Cleveland-based Hardcore/Thrash band. Very intense vocals and music as well. Some of the songs have a little touch of Biohazard in them. The only thing that sucks about this album is that whoever mixed it, couldn't mix concrete to save their lives! There's no bass whatsoever throughout the whole album! Other than that, it's pretty phat! - Phil P.

STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT - *The Gato Hunch* (World Domination) An excellent record with good songs and production. The guitars are big and loud, the bass knows its place on the bottom end, and the vocals are biting and cynical. The structures are not poppy, but they still come across as songs. This is my first exposure to SPE, and I like it a lot. (There is a long bonus track of a lecture extolling the virtues of labor unions and their need in the American societal and political environment that is mildly interesting, but completely extraneous to the CD.) - Pat W.

STANLEY - *Clobbered* (Another Planet Records) Fairly hard rockin' punk in the vein of Victim's Family, but not as fast nor as funk influenced. Just good old heart felt rock. What else do you want? - Pat W.

STEREOLAB - *Refried Ectoplasm* (Switched on Volume 2) (Drag City Records, POB 47687, Chicago, IL 60647-6867) Sifting through this assortment of rare singles and unreleased oddities, I found myself enjoying and snoozing at the same time. Stereolab are known for evoking this feeling, I believe. Hailing from South London, their appeal is their ability to repeat simple chords for an entire song and still have it be relatively interesting. How enjoyable this is a matter of opinion, and just like another band who sounds similar to Lab (The Velvet Underground), you have to take the big hits with the big duds. - Jamie T.

BRIAN STEVENS - *Prettier Than You* (Q Division Records & Tapes, 443 Albany Street, Boston, Ma., 02118) There is no way in hell that this guys is, in fact, prettier than me and where does he get these song titles: "Mixed-up", "Far From Happy", "The Real Thing"? Probably sips espresso at poetry/coffee houses and is far too "complex" for any of us to understand. Which would be cool if any of these 11 songs seemed sincerely frustrated or whatever. Instead this comes across as a bunch of pseudo-complex former drama majors playing forgettable a la Julian Lennon. Bad to say the least. - Paul Ester

STORE-BOUGHT SUPERHERO - *@how.i.learned.to.love.the.media.&.the.man.#* (Coup D'etat Records, 630 May Ave. Suite H, Norfolk, Va, 23504) The band's name and label's name being pretty cool and the CD's title being even cooler, you'd kinda expect something a little more cynical and/or radical. Lynyrd Skynyrd, Eric Clapton, Sly & The Family Stone are all musical references while some of the lyrics drift into the "We're enslaved by the man" territory. Its tough to combine Born Against with Blues Traveler and still sound like you're serious. Rock-Funk with watered down, elusive politics. - Paul Ester.

STRAIGHT FACED - *Guilty* (Lethal Records) Hardcore for those who liked Dag Nasty and their ilk. Fast, guitar driven music, with angst filled lyrics. There's nothing particularly new here, but it scratched an itch I've had for some new hardcore in the style I remembered and liked. Don't let the cover art put you off, it's really pretty good. - Pat W.

SUNDIAL - Acid Yntra (Beggars Banquet) God, for some reason this fuzzy, lo-fi happy psychdelia is really getting my motor running these days. Maybe it's because no one else is on this bandwagon anymore or perhaps Sundial are just doing one hell of a job. Regardless, thumbs up brother. Pass the bong. - Jamie T.

SUPERDUDE - Guerilla Rock (Ace Records) A commanding male voice with a heavy Noo Yawk accent sings/speaks his vocals over catchy synth and guitar riffs, while a gitchy girl backup chorus chirps their response. The music ranges from candy-coated New Wave pop to mock-erotic disco, and it's all delivered with just enough irony to capitalize on the material's comic possibilities. Surprisingly, it all hangs together remarkably well, thanks in large part to the ample production, which never skimps on the sound and turns ever song into a full-blown production number. Imagine Handsome Dick Maniotoba trapped in The Rocky Horror Picture Show and you'll get an idea of the fun in store when you meet up with Superdude. - Jim T.

SUPERNOVA - Ages 3 and Up (Amphetamine Reptile Records, 2645 First Avenue S., Minneapolis, MN 55408) This mostly reminds me of new wave rock and roll (without any electronics), very bouncy and poppy. Except that these are "children's" songs! The vocals are like a cross between John Lydon, Adam Sandler, Jello Biafra, and Mark Mothersborough, while the musical arrangement reminds me of the Buzzcocks crossed with the Ramones. What a fun album! - Paul S.

SUPPLE - Puppets Night Out (Futurist) These wiseacre New Yorkers' picked a good name for their group - limber grooves, mellow melodies, and a lot of early R.E.M. jangle make for a very supple sound indeed. Cliche's abound - they do the angry slacker angst thing on one song, and the obligatory sensitive acoustic ballad sounds like a carbon copy of the Goo Goo Dolls' "Name" - but heck, they'd be on a major label already if they sounded this good and came from Chicago or Seattle. Inspirational verse: "Cindy Crawford can't cook/and I don't care how she looks." - Jim T.

SURREAL - Drawing Bridges (Melting Palette, 225 W 20 St #5E, NYC 10011) Amiable jangle-pop in a mellow neo-hippie groove. Happily, these NYC club-scene regulars succeed in avoiding hemp-induced catatonia with impressively melodic basslines, shimmering lead guitar, and sweetly crooned lead

vocals. This 6 song CD consists of two 3-song recording sessions, "Drawing Bridges" and "Basement Sketches." The latter - homemade demos - have a bit rawer edge and rock a little harder. Coming soon to a dingy bar near you. Check them out. - Jim T.

SVEN GALI - Inwire (RCA Records) The first thirty seconds of *Inwire* plays out interestingly enough, a repeated riff surrounded by chaos that serves as the intro to "What You Give," the album's opening cut. The song rapidly degenerates into every drooling cliché that one can imagine, from weak echo-laden vocals to poorly distorted guitars. The remainder of the disc is pretty much more of the same, Sven Gali mixing flaccid hard rock riffs with a bit of that Trent Reznor-inspired industrial angst that's so popular with all of the kids these days. The result is a truly mundane collection of tunes that straddle the thick white line between boredom and irritation. As such, *Inwire* only serves to prove my latest theory that, in this modern era of music, there are far too many bands, too little real rock & roll. - Reverend K

TEENGENERATE - Smash Hits! (Duophonic/Estrus Anchovies, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227) Super lo-fi, super charged, garage punk. Cross the Stooges and the Ramones and crank up the tempo a few notches. This is the kind of music that makes you just start jumping around like a maniac. You can't help it. The one problem is that the lo-fi-ness of it gets annoying after about 20 minutes. The whole disc is about 30 minutes long. Perhaps they need to limit themselves to EPs, or change the fidelity. I know, this would change the whole sound of the band. But still... - Paul S

TEENGENERATE - Smash Hits! (Estrus-POB 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227) Slobberic, fucking GO!GO!GO! garage punk from Japan. Sounds like it was recorded with an oatmeal box or something. Fucking rules! - Des Jr.

TEXAS IS THE REASON - EP (Revelation) In a little under 11 minutes and just three songs, Texas Is The Reason establishes itself as the strongest contender for Quicksand's crown as the most emotionally resonant post-hardcore rock band in New York City. "If It's Here When We Get Back It's Ours" kicks things off with a joy-filled vocal that soars over driving guitars and pounding drums. "Dressing Cold" is darker, angrier, with undulating rhythms and a shimmering wall of ringing guitars. "Antique" slows things down, hammers home the band's debt to Quicksand, then rocks out, leaves you panting for more. - Jim T.



TEXAS IS THE REASON

Photo by Shawn Scallen

30 FOOTFALL - *Divided We Stand* (Fuzzgun Records) Pop-punk in the tradition of the East-Bay scene of Gilman Street and Lookout! Records bands: fast, loud, and obnoxious. Some of the songs are heavier on the punk side than the pop side. A snotty good time. - Paul S.

THIS LIVING HAND - *Consolation Prize* (e pluribus unum recordings, 8424A Santa Monica Blvd. #831, West Hollywood, CA 90069) A quiet, sleepy album full of quiet, sleepy ballads. This is the kind of album that people who are suffering from depression shouldn't be allowed to listen to, for fear they might be driven to suicide. Not that it's bad, it's just very sad sounding, very depressing sounding. The kind of thing you might listen to on a rainy day. The sound is heavy with keyboards and violin to add to the effect, along with a lone guitar and plenty of reverb. If you like depressing music, you will likely enjoy this. OK, everyone, start staring at your shoes and weeping. - Paul S.

THE THIN MEN - *Glass Of Water* (Screaming Conure, PO Box 654, Milltown NJ 08850) Straightahead jangle pop, with a taste of that H.O.R.D.E. hippie vibe. Clean guitars, sweet tenor vocals from Scott Olszewski, and they sound happy to be making music. You could do worse. - Jim T.

THE THRILL CYCLE - *First Taste Is Free* (New York Music Corporation, 140 East 7th, suite 4C; New York, NY 10009) I'm glad it's free because this tastes like ass. Unbelievably bad (I mean terrible) white trash bar hopping music for people who most likely consider the new Rolling Stones album 'groundbreaking.' Male pattern lameness has never been so bad. Hey, go have your mid-life crisis on your own time! - Brandon S.

THE TIME LODGERS - *Majors And Minors* (Rainbow Quartz, 154 W. 70th Street, Suite 7F, New York NY 10023) In case you were unaware of the economics of it all, Quirky Pop Music - or Q.P.M. as it's known in the biz - is a valuable and easily salable commodity. In the world-wide market, we Americans have pretty much ruled the roost for a long time. Alex Chilton, Jonathan Richman, R. Stevie Moore, They Might Be Giants ... hell, the best the Brits could come up with was John Otway, and as for the Aussies, well, let's just say two words on their attempts: Rick Springfield. But now our dominance in the field is being threatened by, of all places, the Netherlands, with bands like Nemo, and now, The Time Lodgers. The Time Lodgers' stateside debut proves that the band have been listening to a lot of import discs through those long Norwegian nights. A finely crafted and pleasantly rollicking collection of songs, *Majors And Minors* shows all of the classic signs of true Q.P.M., from the bouncy guitars and happily inane lyrics to their tasteful harmonies and cheerful rhythms. If this is your sort of vice, I'd heartily recommend The Time Lodgers. Even if your purchase does upset the delicate Q.P.M. trade balance, *Majors And Minors* is worth the risk, being as much fun as you're ever likely to have in a little over an hour's time. - Reverend K

TINY LIGHTS - *The Young Person's Guide to* (Bar/None) This is part of Bar/None's Retro-Future Series which also includes the Embarrassment and The Scene is Now. This is a decade long compilation of Tiny Lights' sensible but fuzzy pop songs and includes Jane Scarpantoni on cello. Nice and mellow, but I just don't get the appeal. - Tom B.

TOETAG - *Righteous* (Cherrydisc, Box 990424, Boston MA 02199) Old school testosterone-spewing hardcore, with the heavy chugga chugga guitars, shouted vocals, and muscular rhythm machine behind the drumkit. Although they tackle a few unorthodox topics (HIV, Chinese mafia,) you've heard all this before. - Jim T.



mailorder: \$3/\$5 u.s./world ppd

(sbr009-7)

distributed by caroline

scaries 7"



springbox records

p.o. box 1063 benicia ca 94510

VIRTUAL PUNK

Intensive Care Unit

O
NO
NO
O
ZONE

RAD #70011CD • \$13.98 LIST

O
NO
NO
O
ZONE

RADICAL RECORDS

77 Bleecker St. NYC, NY 10012
212 475 5517 - Fax: 212 475 1037

TOO MUCH JOY - *Finally* (Discovery Records/Warner) An album that's the musical equivalent of an exploitation film. It's too much fun to turn off, but with its tongue-in-cheek sarcasm and self-praising anthems with lyrics that state, "Have you worshipped at our feet? You will. Have you felt our awesome reach? You will", they inherently create a rather difficult package to swallow. On the other hand, with choruses this catchy and hooks this snappy, does it really matter? Too Much Joy obviously has a lot of fun making music, and it's a recipe that seems to have paid off well. By all means, *Finally* is an exciting guitar-pop album with an admirable knack for blending its punk sensibilities with emotionally sour hooks and pulling it off, with or without style. - Dan E.

TORQUE - *Measure of Force* (I.C.B.M. Records, 7303 7th Ave.N.W., Bradenton, FL 34209). Fuckin' brutal! This CD is fuckin' great because it's heavy, brutal, and the songs are very straight-forward and to the point! There's no bullshit to this CD, and that makes it great, in my opinion. Hopefully these guys don't sell out, cause I'd hate to see them change for a major label. - Phil P.

TROUBLE - *Plastic Green Head* (Century Media). I hate to break it to the guys in this band but-, I do believe it's time to hang up the old leather jackets and snakeskin boots! Don't get me wrong, these guys back in the day were the shit! Back in 190 they were heavy, melodic, and underground (which was pretty cool), but now their music is hollow with a lot of hippie crap in it, and no point of focus. The album does have its memorable moments (3 seconds or so), but nothing to make you drool over. - Phil P.

TVTV\$ - *Pepsi Generation X* (Flipside, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116) Decent enough (post) punk music with sometimes biting satirical and sometimes simplistic lyrics. This reminds me of what punk used to be (and still can be) - music with a conscience that's also fun. - Paul S.

The UK SUBS- *Killing Time* (New Red Archives, PO Box 21051 S.F. CA 94121) This disc is a reunion of the original lineup, but I gotta tell ya it just doesn't cut the mustard. Live this lineup would rock, but this disc just doesn't capture that energy. If your interested in checkin out the Subs, any one of their early releases will do the job.-Rick K.

UNDERSTAND- 4 song CD (Equal Vision) This 4-song CD (maybe it's some anti-Glut conspiracy or something) didn't grab me at first, but did so after a few more listens. Discordant post-hardcore that reminded me of Quicksand, and, in the case of one of the songs, sounded like the all-downstroke interlude in Fugazi's "KYEO". Which is a good thing. If you can find this as a 7-inch, it'd be a fine purchase. - Mike F.

THE UNKNOWN - *Rocket Pop* (Jiffy Pop) Happy, upbeat power-pop with a punk-edge from Ohio. Nice to find a band that isn't afraid to smile. Great snappy drums and chirpy vocals. Fans of anything from the Undertones to bratty pop punk bands like Sinkhole should dig it. - Jim T.

UNWRITTEN LAW - *Blue Room* (Epic) The press release accompanying this major-label reissue drops all the right names (Green Day, Offspring, Bad Religion, Pennywise, Rancid, and NOFX) and the music doesn't disappoint. These 12 tracks mix poppy punk with melodic hardcore and add something that most bands of this ilk eschew---guitar solos. But how could I hate a band that wrote a song about me? - Suzanne T.

VANDALS - *Peace Through Vanadialism/When In Rome Do As The Vandals* (Time Bomb). The Vandals were an above-average early 80's L.A. punk band that put out a couple of good records (both of them on this CD) before putting out a couple of really crappy records. If you're interested in hearing what these guys could do before they became thirtysomethings with junior high bathroom humor album titles like "Live Fast, Diarrhea," check out this 17-song CD. Includes the punk hits "Anarchy Burger" and "The Legend Of Pat Brown," which you might remember from the Penelope Spheeris film "Suburbia." - Jon C.

VARNALINE- Man of Sin (Zero Hour) Grungy guitar+ Sub pop fuzz = angry songs of dirt and anger. My kind of stuff. - Jamie T.

THE VELVETEENS - *Dangle* (Swoop Discs, PO Box 41513, 923-12th St., New Westminster, B.C., V3M 6L1, Canada) The ultimate in "indie releases," this was self-released by the band. The music, on the other hand, sounds less like traditional indie music. The band is technically excellent, the production is professional sounding, and the style is right on the edge between indie-rock and "alternative" (read "commercial") rock. Though they play well and the music is easy to listen to, it's always disappointing when a talented band chooses to sound as much like everyone else as possible. - Paul S.

VIVA LA DIVA - *Greatest Hits Volume 1* (Moksha Records, 603 W. 13th Street #1A-335, Austin, TX 78701) Although this disc is a little too slickly produced for my tastes, the music is not half bad. A lot of the songs have a vaguely gothic feel to them, though they're a little too bouncy to truly be gothic. And "Ready Steady Go" is downright bright, jangly and happy sounding. - Paul S.

THE VOLEBEATS - *Bittersweet* (Third Gear Records; PO Box 1886; Royal Oak, MI 48068) A very enjoyable, relaxed account from this Detroit based acoustic cow-pop band. Bittersweet begins with a rustic rendition of Barry White's "I'm Gonna Love You Just a Little More, Baby", and flows calmly into five more gentle, country love songs somewhat similar to Chris Isaak's urban folk or the honest twang of a Johnny Cash ballad. All told, The Volebeats display an impressive musical maturity and create a straightforward, yet heavyhearted sound that mourns as it celebrates. Well worth your time. - Dan E.

VOODOO GLOW SKULLS - *Firme* (Epitaph). Less ska than straight-ahead hardcore punk, which is just fine with me as I'm no big ska fan. Thing is, when you add a bunch of horns to loud, fast guitar-driven music, it tends to clutter up the sound, which leaves me with a headache (I had the same problem with the latest Rocket From The Crypt stuff). Too many high-volume instruments fighting with each other to be heard and you get a great big din. Knock out the horns, and you've got yourself a smokin' punk band. Knock down the guitars and ska it up a little more and you've probably got a good ska band. But try to be both and it gets kind of messy. - Jon C.

WARZONE/CAUSE FOR ALARM (Victory Records) I listened to a lot of hardcore back when I was a sprout, and achieved the saturation point that often crept in back then. When all the songs sound alike, I still have a hard time listening to the stuff. Four songs apiece is a good length for these bands, I think. But onto the music itself...the Cause For Alarm stuff is pretty good. The vocals are fully screamed but still intelligible. I guess this band was around back in the days and got back together recently. Cool. And Warzone....it didn't strike me as altogether inspiring or grabbing. And that was before "Skinhead Warrior Girl", which, admittedly rad title aside, fell flat, trying to be a good ol song. Blech. Give me Cause For Alarm over them any day. - Mike F.

WIVES - *Ask Me How* (Go Kart) Tempo shifting herky-jerky all female pop punk that won't revolutionize anything, but still manages to be sorta okay in some points. This reminds me of something homestead would've put out during that whole Death of Samantha era, but I'm not sure why. The cover sports a rad photo of a bugged-out cat with insane flash-enhanced eyeballs. I'll probably never listen to this again, but at least they like cats. - Brandon S.

WIPERS - *The Herd* (Tim Kerr Records, PO Box 42423, Portland, OR 97242) How many times can this band play the same song on one album? Every song is played at the same tempo and they all have the identical fuzzy guitar with reverb sound. For a song or two, it's great. But for a whole album, it gets really tired really fast. - Paul S.

X RAYS - *Speed Kills* (Empty Records) Low-fi, high-energy garage rock from Nottingham, UK. If you're gonna have an English band playing American styled rock, this sort thing is a lot better than Bush, I suppose, although the X Rays really need to sharpen up their songwriting if they want to be remembered as anything more than a Cynics tribute band. - Jim T.

YOUR MOTHER - *One Big Inside Joke* (Probe Records, PO Box 5068, Pleasanton CA 94566) This was released by Aaron Muentz of Probe zine fame, so it's easy to figure out that it's goofy drunk fun-time punk rock. In fact, it reminds me a lot of a West Coast version of Weston - silly, fast punk songs in an Angry Samoans/Mr T. vein about Dr Seuss, Pez, and (not) growing up, with some unexpectedly sharp wit (typical song titles: "Color Me Badd Religion," "Socially Dogmatic Stigmatism," and my favorite, "Life's Too Short To Be A White Male, Age 18-25." Everything whizzes by so fast that if you don't like one song, there's another playing in a couple of seconds (48 tracks, all told!) - Jim T.

DAN ZANES - *Cool Down Time* (Private Music, 8750 Wilshire Blvd Beverly Hills, CA 90211) This reminds me of some L.A. session-dude project from the late 70's that would feature David Lindley and Russ Kunkel. It has somewhat of a junked out reggae feel to it and it doesn't have ANYTHING to do with punk OR alternative. As such, it's got a couple of pretty decent songs on it. I also find that when it's on I tend to let it play to completion. That fact beats about 75% of the other discs I get. You can call this a recommendation. - Des Jr.

ZEN GORILLA - 6 Song EP (Insect Records, 1107 Potrero Ave. SF, CA 94110) I've seen their name around for a while, but until now never had a

listen. Zen Gorilla crank out high octane blues damaged punk rock, with a tad of psychedelic weirdness thrown for good measure. The vocals on this disc are high pitched wailing that are out of control: Ain't really my cup o' joe, but I'm sure some lonely punk out there is bouncing off the walls of his room right now to this CD.- Rick K.

COMPILATIONS

A MEANS TO AN END (Virgin) There is definitely a glut of these tribute CD's, some of questionable origin (Tom Petty???) But it's about time that people recognized the scope of seminal British depresso's Joy Division. This compilation features all American bands and ranges from acts who wear their J.D. influences on their sleeves (Codeine, Low) to those less obvious (Face To Face, Boys Against Girls.) Of note are a few collaborations whose names you won't recognize (like Stanton-Miranda, featuring Yo La Tengo's Ira Kaplan, and Honeymoon Stitch, with ex-Jane's Addiction-turned-Chili Pepper Dave Navarro.) Being a big Joy Division fan, I enjoyed this tribute. Now, will someone do the same for the music of Woody Guthrie, Hank Williams, Elton John, or King Crimson? - Johnny P.

ARMED & HAMMERED (Double Deuce) "Killing Me" by Fucken Fat (FF) rules with its Foo Fighters sound. Jet Black's tales of "giving it up in the back seat of a GTO" really tell it like it is when it comes to love. FF's unreleased "Lies" is another fine work that is full of negative energy and Industry Girl cranks on "Scampi". More good than bad on this compilation. - Tom B.

BEATLEJUICE - A Big Apple Tribute To The Beatles (Raven, 491 Amsterdam Ave. #133, New York NY 10024) Here are 19 bands covering one of the most prolific and eclectic bands ever to exist. This is a grassroots style comp with no "big name" acts (if you don't count Stuttering John,) just 19 of Long Island and NYC's unrecognized outfits. Overall, there are no balls-out rock bands here; in fact, a jazzy tone seems to prevail, as evidenced by cuts from the Plums, the Poets, Raina Page, and Zen Tricksters. This may be of interest to absolute Beatles nuts, but the confines of a Beatles cover

leave little room to introduce us to the style of any of these up and coming bands. - Johnny P.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END AGAIN (Unclean Records, P.O. Box 49737, Austin, TX 78765) A collection of noisy favorites taken from previous Unclean recordings. Some of the bands include: N.O.T.A., Do It Now Foundation, Cherubs, Inhalants, The Dropouts and Orange Mothers. Most selections are abrasive and all are punk as fuck... so piss-off! -Greg M.

1st ANNUAL TEXAS SPEED TRIALS (No Lie Music, 2118 Guadalupe #216, Austin, TX 78705) Three live cuts each from the Satans, Inhalants, The Cryin Out Louds, Motards, and the Rip-offs, plus one from the Lord High Fixers. Great old-style garage-like proto-punk. Fast, loud, and snotty. Kind of like a raw Stooges of the mid 70s. - Paul S.

THE FIRST BUBBLE CORE RECORDS SAMPLER (Bubble Core Records, 250 Milton Road, Rye, NY 10580) This compilation features 18 songs from 7 bands. IRIS is a nice, quiet indie-pop band with occasional bursts of emo-ish noise. ME AND DAVE provide songs which are fuzzier and more complex, but still in a quiet, understated fashion. HEY STELLAR offer up some more traditional fuzzy indie-pop fare. THE PHILISTINES, JR. contribute beautiful, dreamy music. The last few tracks are more experimental in nature, and don't really fit in with the rest of the disc, but not counting them, this disc does flow together quite well. - Paul S.

BURIED ALIVE: SMOKE 7 RECORDS 81-83 (BOMP Records, PO 7112 Burbank, CA 91510). Here's a whole bunch of stuff released at least 13 years ago, now released again for yer listening pleasure. Lots of hard to find elsewhere stuff from the second wave of American/Californian hardcore punk: Redd Kross, Bad Religion, RF7, M.I.A., Sacred Order, Genocide, J.F.A., Sin 34, Youth Gone Mad, Sadist Faction, Circle One, Ten Minute Warning. You can really hear the punk in the hardcore on this disc, and since it's original, it don't sound retro. good primer for those who haven't heard these bands, and worth having for those of us who didn't get the original releases. - Alex S.

THE KINDRED

BOMB UP THE TOWN

FULL LENGTH CD OUT NOW!!

SEND A STAMP FOR A COMPLETE MAIL ORDER CATALOG



From the bowels of silicon valley, where the freeways are as black as everyone's lungs, and Boys To Men is everyone's favorite "Band", comes the new full length release from The Kindred. "Bomb Up The Town" was recorded live in the studio and showcases the kindred as they are live, -raw, fast, and out of con-fucking-trol. This 12 track CD features all new mod influenced punk anthems including: "Bomb Up The Town", "American Goods", "Throwback", "Buildings", "Freeways", and many more! Available at fine independent record stores, or direct from G.I. Productions for only \$9.00ppd.

Coming Soon!

Odd Numbers / Hi Fives Split 7"

G.I. PRODUCTIONS

P.O. BOX 6948 SAN JOSE, CA 95150

Round
Flat
Records

5000 Titles.
Best Selection.
Cheapest Prices.
Punk Fucking Rock.

Send A Stamp For
Your Free 16 Page Catalog

Round Flat Records P.O. Box 1676-B Amherst MA 01426



CAUTION

HEARING PROTECTION
REQUIRED HERE



**J.P. Productions
97 Summit Street
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11231
Phone/Fax 718 403 0463
1 800 407 2690**

SUPERDUDE . . . Hard, Fast, and Fun . . . that's what Rock and Roll is all about. A child of the '60's, **SUPERDUDE** was born in Flatbush U.S.A. in the middle of the psychedelic era.

This release, his debut album, *Guerrilla Rock*, is packed with ten hard-driving songs which all vary in technique and style but are linked together by one common factor—they all pump at one hundred fifty beats per minute and beyond. **SUPERDUDE's** lyrics, which incorporate the double entendre, are joined by John Pergamo's guitar playing and arrangements. This is all blended by sound engineer Frank Heller, whose mixes include Jimmy Cliff's Grammy-winning sound track to L.L. Cool J.'s triple platinum album. **SUPERDUDE** and John Pergamo have maintained complete artistic control over the entire project and feel very positive about the acceptance of this album by both the media and the public.

J.P.'s extensive and well-rounded musical experience ranges from 20th Century composition, studying with renowned composer and Grammy-winning John Corigliano to classical guitar playing, studying with world-famous Jorge Morel. This contributes to the album's unique sound which borrows and layers instrumentation and styles from varying musical idioms. This includes Reggae, Jazz, Classical, and World not to mention twelve-tone composition as heard in the musical interlude of *Meat Of The Story*, fifth song of the album.

The original art work, by Victor Rinaldo, and photographs, by Bob Gruen, were merged using computer editing.

The record release party will signify the beginning of **SUPERDUDE's** Northeast American tour. The show features dancers, costumes and theatricals. Buddy "Doll" Bowzer, formerly of the New York Dolls, is featured on saxophone and back-up vocals. On drums is Scheebo Pillionia, who has played with everybody on the New York City punk scene from Joey Ramone to Johnny Thunders.

While most bands are in it for the money, **SUPERDUDE** feels "The CD and album cover should be enlarged and used as my tombstone." Even if the **SUPERDUDE** is irreverant, the music can only be taken seriously.

Guerrilla Rock—two R's for Rock and Roll.

CINCO ANOS (Trance Syndicate Records) This is a five year anniversary record from Trance Syndicate. Like most collections the songs here hit and miss, but for the most part they hit. Contributors range from Pain Teens to Roky Erickson displaying the diversity of the label. Most of the cuts are not readily available, so the songs are not redundant of other releases. Strong songs for me include the Pain Teens' "Manouche" and an ambitious cover by Sweetpea of the Minutemen's "Cul". Additional bonus points for donating profits to charity. - Pat W.

CHILDREN OF THE MIND/BODY (RMI Mind/Body CD Project c/o Steven Boswell, P.O. Box 22121, San Diego, CA 92192-2121) Four groups from the Mind/Body CD compilation put together 15 songs on this more focused comp. The groups include: sHAPE FACTOR MOMENT, Fuzzboy, Circular Firing Squad, and EtherRing. I found sHAPE FACTOR MOMENT to be virtually unlistenable. Synth dominated dance music which I've never had a stomach for. Fuzzboy is a bit of an improvement, but still falls into the same category. Circular Firing Squad and EtherRing pick things up a bit with a much noisier and more interesting set of songs. I particularly liked CFS's ambient "Between Dawn and Sunrise". Unfortunately, that was the only cut that stands out for me. I like the concept to the Mind/Body releases, but they don't always deliver the goods. - Pat W.

GO ON GIRL - Compilation (100% Fret Free Records, 108-22 Queens Blvd., Suite 226 Forest Hills, NY 11375) According to Susan White, executive producer of the "Go on Girl" compilation, the project was "born out of a desire to hear and see more women artists on the radio, in the clubs, and in the public eye". In any other circumstances this would be quite a noble cause indeed; the problem with the "Go on Girl" project is that none of the artists seem to be pushing the idea of femininity themselves. Unfortunately, the bands represent anything but a composite of forward thinking. Instead, we're handed an unorganized jumble of glam-rock heavy metal acts who seem to have been included in this project for the sole reason that they consist of female musicians - and not because of any "progressive" ideals that the music itself is attempting to put forth. The first three bands, Velvet Hammer, Psalm 69, and Amanda's Waiting (from Austin, Dallas, and NYC respectively) seem to be more concerned with image than message, while folk/rock acts Broken Sky and Gate 18 concentrate more on instrumental posturing. Hopefully on her next project, Susan White will remember that it's important that the music actually backs up any political statements that a supposedly radical project is attempting to make. - Dan E.

HEMPILATION (Capricorn) Just as the pro-hemp movement as done itself a disservice by remaining insular and aiming itself as a fairly narrow portion of the general population (i.e. diehard stoners,) this compilation suffers from a lack of interesting acts and musical diversity. Put clearly, there are too many bland farm-league Deadhead bands and too many of them doing pot songs, all bluesy and full of sap, or reggaeish and repetitious. No doubt a lineup that includes Blues Traveler, Black Crowes, Widespread Panic, and Ziggy Marley will appeal to your average High Times subscriber, but there's little here that will interest most Jersey Beat readers. - Johnny P.

THE HISTORY OF SPACE AGE POP (RCA Records) When I was a kid and would look through some of the records my parents or grandparents kept around the house, I used to think what a bunch of squares they were for listening to some of the stuff they did. All the albums looked and sounded ridiculous. That was the early 70's, and as I grew older, I never even bothered to look through their records anymore because I knew it was crap. Switch to 1992. I see an Esquivel album at a friends house, and I immediately remember it from childhood. We listen to it, and I'm hooked. Oh no, they're all out of print! But thanks to RCA for releasing this awesome 3 CD set covering the years 1954-64, the prime years of the Living Stereo and for artists like Esquivel, Henry Mancini, Perez Prado, The Three Suns, Ray Martin and many more. If you want a contemporary band to use as a comparison, Combustible Edison is perfect. You'll have to buy the 3 CD's separately, but if you dig this kinda stuff, you have to get it. Vol.1 is "Meodies nd Mischief, Vol.2 is "Mallets In Wonderland", and Vol.3 is "The Stereo Action Dimension". These recordings are a wonder to behold because stereo was a fairly new invention, and these guys used it to the extreme, with sounds ping-ponging back and forth. These things have class to spare. Did you say one olive, or two? - David B.

LOVE IN 5D (Third World Underground, PO Box 43342, Tucson, AZ 85733) This groovy comp showcases 5 Tucson area bands showin off their stuff. Each band has four tunes which gives the listener a pretty good idea what is going on in Tucson these days. First off is the Fells who play top notch Velvets sounding fuzzed-out 6m's psych. Next up are Helldriver, who has more punk rock n' roll approach, not unlike the Turks. Fuzz sound nothing like their name implies, they actually have a heavy yet melodic sound, somewhere between Jawbox and Helmet. Teeth on the other hand, have this total San Diego sound, you know the angular-melodic guitar stuff, with

nasally vocals. And last but not least we have the band Beyond 7, who have a cool 70's riff rock thing going on. This is defiantly one of the best area comps I've ever had the pleasure of listening to. By the way, the cover has this Beck lookin dude ridin a banana seat chopper with a superman shirt and cape on, just so you know what to look for. -Rick K.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND Vol 1 & 2 (Priority) A 2 disc sampler of previously released trax. It leans toward the noisier (as opposed to poppier) side of punkism, which is cool with me. Notes #1 includes Everclear, Godheadsize, Slug, Milk Cult, and Unsane. #2 has Foreskin 500, 7 Year Bitch, Treepeople, and Barkmarket. A strong quicklime overview of what may (or may not) be breaking in the next year or two. Nice cover paintings from TAZ. - Des Jr.

SASQUATCH THE COMPILATION AND OTHER NASTY LITTLE FREAKS (Kirkdog, PO Box 286, Santa Rosa, Ca, 95401) I really, really, wanted to like this CD more than I actually did. But even repeated listens at high volumes doesn't make any of these songs stick. This CD features the "Sasquatch" 2X?" (which featured Nomeansno, Victims Family, Schlong, Cringer, Nuisance, & i vioral Crux) and 12 or 13 mostly throwaway sleepers from the likes of Ground Round, Mickey & The Big Mouths, One Man Running, Kid Dynamo, etc. I also noticed that some of (if not most of, or all of...) these songs had been released before on other Kirkdog Records. Not to mention that the packaging is practically nil to say the least, including NO information about any of the bands (where they're from, pictures, addresses, etc.) except their names & song titles, where the comp was mixed, & the labels address. - Paul Ester

SUMMER GAMES (Lookout! Records, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712) A hip, peppy, CD single with two chic tracks from the ultra-mod Hi-Fives, and one track each from The Smugglers and Brent's TV, who represent the early Lookout! east-bay punk sound. - Dan E.

SUPER FANTASTIC MEGA SMASH HITS - compilation (Pravda) A compilation of AM radio pop hits of the seventies by todays alternative bands. Covers of Hooked on a Feeling, Kung-Fu Fighting, Rocket Man and countless other songs that I'm old enough to remember hating when the original artists did them. Why do talented alternative bands like the New Duncan Imperials, Smashing Pumpkins and The Fastbacks feel a need to cover this shit? If I wanted to hear cover bands I'd go to the wasteland of a club scene in NJ and do it. A waste of perfectly good talent. - Tom B.

STEP RIGHT UP: The Songs of Tom Waits (Manifesto Records, 5967 West 3rd St., Suite 301, Los Angeles, CA 90063-2835) You know, I'm really getting tired of all of these tribute albums. The idea was a good one when it was first done, but now it's a tired cliché. That said, this one is decent enough, featuring such luminaries as Pete Shelley, The Wedding Present, Violent Femmes, Alex Chilton, and others; some well-known, some not so well-known. Each track sounds pretty much like you would expect from the particular performer or band. Special mention, though, goes to Jeffrey Lee Pierce for his creative rap/hip hop rendition of "Pasties and a G-String." But you know what? The original Tom Waits renditions of all of the songs here are much more satisfying, as is almost always the case with tribute albums. I highly recommend that people listen to original Tom Waits recordings. - Paul S.

WE'D RATHER BE FLYING-The Solution For Your Thinning Hair (Lumber Jack Records, 2543 N 55th St; Omaha, NE 68104) A bad grunge take on the sound pioneered by the likes of Slint and Basstro and later deciphered with aplomb by Drive Like Jehu, Unwound, etc et al. Although some of this is okay, I can't get past the bad vocals and embarrassing funk sensibilities (funky). This is yet another case of excellent influences gone awry and all over the place. They just don't write good songs. Check out the new Boys Life LP instead. - Brandon S.

WALKING BY A BUILDING (Hat Factory) What we have here is a fine collection of 22 Baltimore area bands. And while living on and off in Baltimore for the past five years, I've had the pleasure of catching most of the bands on this compilation live at one time or another. This comp has your indie rock, from bands like Big Heifer, Pedge, Helikopter, and Jag. It also showcases some stranger stuff like Thick Shake, Blister Freak Circus, Matt Clark Five, Fat, and Submensas. Stand out tracks for me, were from Plow, the now defunct Universal Order Of Armageddon, and Edith. Just to let you know, that in the past few years there have been a handful of other Baltimore band comps out, but by far this one is best, so if you've ever been curious about what good bands hail from Charm City here's your chance. Plus neat little insert with pictures of all the local hangs, makes me wish I had a Natty Boh. - Rick K.

Fanzine Reviews

Most of these reviews are by Jim Testa; a few were done by Alex Swain (AS)

3 CYNICAL #1 (PO Box 343, Merrick NY 11566, \$2) This first issue introduces a number of new writers who talk about their interest in, feelings about, and initiation into the punk scene. There are also interviews with Unsane, Guzzard, and Supernova, which show a good knowledge of music and a refreshing openmindedness, even with all the polemical rants about "punk." (JT)

ADHESIVE X #3 (184 Oak Hill Rd, Concord, NH 03301 \$1.50PPD) Jawbox, Albini, lot's of various rants about various things. Guide to watching bands play, zine/record reviews, one of those conscious zine things. Not bad, not good. Good read on the bus to NYC. Email: mtf@christa.unh.edu. (AS)

ALL THAT #7 (PO Box 1520, NYC 10276-1520, \$3) All That always comes up with a good mixture of punk, rock, and (uniquely) hip hop. This issue has interviews with Into Another, 7 Seconds, Rancid, Voodoo Glow Skulls, Fear, Souls of Mischief, Avail, 7 Seconds, Snapcase, and a lot more. Obviously there's a lot to read and it's all presented with excellent layouts and solid writing. A good 'un. (JT)

ALL THE ANSWERS #3 (207 W Clarendon #14B, Phoenix AZ 85013, \$2) Okay, pet peeve time. I know the editor of this zine is 18, I know his favorite bands, I know his e-mail address, I know he's quiet at school and hates our national addiction with beer drinking. But I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME!!! This is a fine, intelligent, beautifully put together fanzine. It includes useful political information, an informative Phoenix scene report, and some very good interviews (Down By Law's Dave Smalley, Propagandhi, Jimmy Eat World) and reviews. So how about signing your name someplace!!!!????????!!!! (JT)

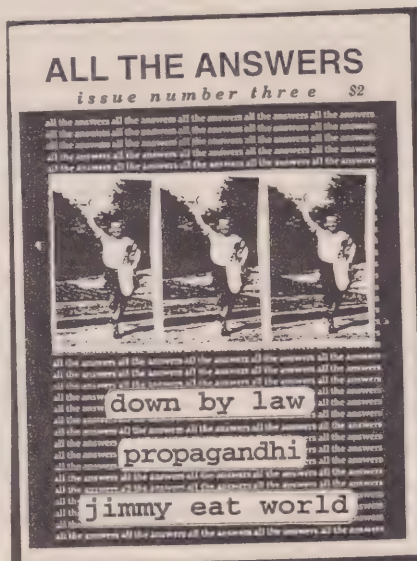
BANTER/THIS IS HERSEY Split Zine (G. Walter, GPO 645, NYC 10001) The first half of this zine is This Is Heresy, an angry, polemical cut-and-paste punk zine. The Banter half of the zine includes reviews and some hardcore/punk interviews, although to be quite honest, the chicken-scratch writing and confusing paste-ups made most if it unintelligible. (JT)

BIG TAKEOVER #38 (249 Eldridge St #14, NYC 10002, \$4) Jack Rabid celebrates his 15th anniversary with his usual aplomb. Reviewing an issue of The Big Takeover is a little like trying to write a concise wrapup of the Encyclopedia Britannica; every issue groans under the weight of enough interviews, reviews, live reviews, and editorials to keep you engrossed for days. One highlight of #38 is the anniversary roundtable discussion in which Jack and a few old-time accomplices basically interview themselves about what it was like trying to publish a punk zine 15 years ago. People talk about heroes all

the time; well, here's one of mine. (JT)

BLINK #11 (PO Box 823, Miami FL 33243 \$2) The theme of this issue is to disprove the slacker stereotype and examine the lives of twentysomethings leading creative, fulfilling, and very busy lives. But there's also music stuff (including a Fear interview and a reviews section) presented with a distinctive layout style. A good one. (JT)

CHARACTER BUILDER #3 (1317 Grant Ave #516, San Francisco CA 94133, \$2) A spiral-bound collection of graphics, text, and pasted-in



objects, turning every page into its own art object. Here's my favorite: A piece of green construction paper. Black text: "February 14, 1977. I was the child who never got a valentine. Unlike other boys my age, I was attracted to girls. A heartbroken and horny 7 year old. Imagine the joy and excitement when the young blonde I had a crush on placed a valentine with a candy in my desk." Taped to the page is one of those little pink candy hearts. And scribbled in its center, in ink, the word "Die." (JT)

CLUTTER #1 (1870 No Vermont Ave #539, Los Angeles CA 90027, \$2) This half-size zine takes an intellectual approach to fanzines - spartan layouts, no gushy prose, book reviews, etc. But the language is simple and straightforward, and nothing written here is particularly deep, including the book reviews. In fact, the best articles are the ones closest to traditional pop zine writing - a piece on the Straitjacket Fits last U.S.

tour and a tour diary from NYC's Psychlone Rangers. (JT)

COFFEE & HASHBROWNS #4 (12206 Plumbrook, Houston TX 77099, \$2) Standard punk zine with kind of a sloppy look. Slacker stuff, school memories... The Propagandhi interview, even though done by mail, has its moments, though. Also: Fifteen, Blueprint, reviews. (JT)

CRANK #5 (PO Box 757, NYC 10009, \$3) A kid's magazine for grownups. Games, hate mail from Rush Limbaugh's lackeys, a trip to Cleveland, a Keanu Reeves career retrospective, and record reviews rendered in icons. Always fun to leaf through. (JT)

DAMn (5 Franklin Blvd, Somerset NJ 08873, \$1) A monthly roundup of techno/industrial/cyber music, news about NJ's club scene, and opinion articles of interest from JB columnist Mick Hale. (JT)

EVIL EYE #18 (Grogan, 3 Tulip Ct, Jackson NJ 08527, \$1) Larry Grogan looks back 10 years to NYC/NJ's mod/psychedelic scene, including memoirs from two scene veterans and some funny old photos. Plus Bill Luther's history of British indies and reviews of new releases. Lots of fun - especially if you were around back in the days of The Dive and want to relive some half-forgotten memories. (JT)

EYE #5 (Box 303, NYC 10009, \$2) This is the place to find out all about Siamese twins, voodoo, frog venom, killer dolls in the movies, and lots more. An original twist on pop culture and well worth checking out. (JT)

FIREBALL #4 (276 George St, Providence RI 02906, \$1) Surrealistic skate comix. (JT)

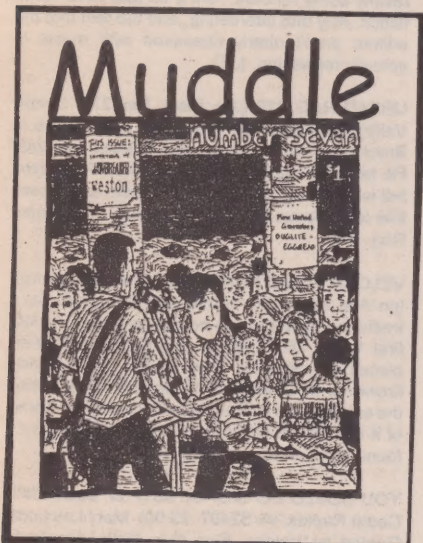
FOURBALL #2 (69 Governor, Box 214, Providence RI 02906 \$2) Off the cuff rock and punk zine with mostly obscure acts - Laurels, Ashley Von Hurter and the Haters, Pranger, Helen Stickler, and a Waterdog tour diary. Plus the usual comix, reviews, photos. (JT)

GREEN MEANS GO! #3 (PO Box 6278, Hoboken NJ 07030, \$2) Editors Mike and Jen tell us about their trip to California, mourn a dead friend, interview Nardwuar, Pet UFO, and the infamous Rev. Norb, and review shows and records. It's all zippy, fun to read, and easy on the eyes, while still looking comfortably home-made and punk. (JT)

INNER MUSIC #4 (PO Box 8681, Missoula MT 59807, \$2) An interesting newsprint punkzine with some offbeat columns & articles, like the homage to actor Gary Bussey ("Portrait Of A Dumb White Guy,") and the interviews with left of center noisemongers like Teengenerate, Diesel Queens, and Chrome Cranks. (JT)

INVENT YOUR OWN RELIGION #1 (Clint, 114 S 17th St, Ferrandina FL 32034, 2 stamps, or trade) Some hand-lettered record reviews, some paste-up art with an anti-war theme. Fuzzy xeroxing. Ummm.... yeah. (JT)

IT'S ALIVE #13 (Fred Hammer, 900 Azalea St, Oxnard CA 93030, \$1) News and interviews from Fred's home base in Oxnard, CA (& surrounding towns like Ventura, Camarillo, and Santa Barbara.) He interviews lots of bands you've probably



never heard of (yet,) like Stalag 13, No Motiv, Skinny Rogers, Burning Dog, and Dick Circus, with big photos and even a No Motiv pinup. A strong regional zine that's not afraid to tell it like it is. (JT)

LIVEBEAT #4 (Yael Grauer, 3238 Lenape Dr, Drescher PA 19025, \$2) Despite some hard to read layouts, this zine's enthusiasm is infectious, whether editor Yael is talking to her favorite bands (Kicking Giant, Janet Speaks French,) cartoonist Peter Bagge, or raving about shows she's seen. (JT)

MUDDLE #1 (PO Box 621, Ithaca NY 14850, \$1) Ah, there's nothing like a couple of post-high school punk geeks who can't get girls and have too much time on their hands. What else to do but play in punk bands and do a zine? Formerly known as Holinwun, Muddle is largely the product of JB contributor Dave Thirsty. It's got the basic MRR format - columns, cartoons, reviews, and interviews (Weston, Buglite, Egghead, Jawbreaker,) some nice photos, and a slaphappy attitude I can't resist. Like it says on the first page, "it's about being punk and in love..." Awwwww. (JT)

MUTANT RENEGADE ZINE #6 (PO Box 3445, Dayton OH 45401, \$1) This issue is stuffed with information on animal rights and related topics, including my favorite, "How To Win An Argument With A Meat Eater." There are also zine and music reviews, and why the editor hates America OnLine. (JT)

MY BRIGHTEST SUMMER #4 (985 Providence Sq #209, Virginia Beach VA 23464, \$2) This is the "super late Valentine's Day issue," which I got in the mail on the day after Valentine's Day, "late" obviously being a relative term. Anyway, MBS always looks nice, in its compact half-legal format with clear layouts and sharp fonts. The issue follows thru on the Valentine's Day theme - a

history of the holiday, "confessing secret crushes," and songs to play when your heart is broken ("bummer tapes mania!") Also, interviews with the Wedding Present, Cub, and the Raymond Brake, and a good reviews section. (JT)

MY SO CALLED BEAVER #3 (Tim, 818 Defense Dr, Marlton NJ 08053 \$2) Some short stories, some rants, a Queers interview, reviews, Joseph Gervasi's "Why Not To Do A Zine," a dumb cartoon. This has some potential but I hope they outgrow the mopey punk-kid editorials and start looking at something to write about besides their own navels. (JT)

NEGATIVE INK #3 (PO Box 20302, Staten Island NY 10302 \$2) Really sharp looking offset zine, filled with Justin Borucki's eye-catching punk rock photos and several professional quality comix. Interviews include Weston, Good Riddance, Three Steps Up, and a pre-breakup chat with Quicksand. (JT)

NUMBER TWO #7 (PO Box 1764, NYC 10009 \$2) Keith Werwa's stream of consciousness interviews take a bit of getting used to ... they always seem to start in the middle of a conversation. Reading them is more like eavesdropping on someone else's conversation than reading an "interview" but that may be why they're so frequently revealing. His reviewing style is just as skewed, but his novel use of language usually captures the feeling of a record better than the usual "compared to's" and rockcrit cliches. This is one of my favorite zines and always worth reading. This issue includes interviews with Boys Life, Rye Coalition, Dahlia Seed, Garden Variety, Small, and the Cheater Slicks, and Tanner, plus tons of reviews and a few enjoyable extras. Oh, and did I mention that the layouts make me drool with envy? (JT)

ORGAN #38 (Unit 206, The Old Gramophone Works, 326 Kensal Rd, London W10 5BZ, England UK, \$3) One of those ultra-busy U.K. punk zines with everything pasted up helter skelter against graphic backgrounds. Lots of attitude, good writing, and music you won't find in American zines, plus some you will (Faith No More, the Cult.) (JT)

OUT OF BOUNDS #4 (P.O. Box 5108, Arlington, VA 22205 \$3.00) Letters, piece on the Net and politics. In fact, this zine is loaded with political crap, something I could care less about. An article on how to get free shit from doing a zine; quite brilliant. The rest of it is zine/music/book reviews. I had a particularly hard time swallowing their piece entitled "Why Zines?" where they add all this mindless fluffy politic crap into the stew. A zine is a zine, not a fucking experiment in consciousness. (AS)

PLOTZ (Box 819, NYC 10009, \$1) Like Mazel Tov Gocktail, this zine looks at the confluence of Judaism and punk. Dan Segal of the Super-suckers, Steve Albert of Edsel, and Zack Kurland of Sweet Diesel get interviews, plus there are tips on Yiddish and some funny columns. (JT)

POLYVINYL PRESS #4 (P.O. Box 1885, Danville, IL 61834-1885 \$1.00PPD) Your standard fanzine, straightedge bent. Skate demo reviews, reviews of bands I've never heard of. One of those zines that offers introspection into things I could give a shit about. Interview with some label. Sorry, too generic for my tastes. Email: mlumpy@dacc.cc.il.us. (AS)

POOPIE #3 (195 Killarney Dr, Berkeley Hts NJ 07922) A silly mini-zine by Chris The Noodle of the band Thirsty. Lots of rants and opinions and an interview with Oblivion. (JT)

POPWATCH #7 (PO Box 440215, Somerville MA 02144, \$4) A big, fat, high-toned zine for the intellectually ambitious and musically adventurous. Interviews explore the back alleyways of indie rock esoterica - Strapping Fieldhands; violinist Tony Conrad; America through the eyes of Japan's Ghost, from the vantage point of their tour bus; the Dirty Three; an appreciation of the Undertones, and an encyclopedic reviews section. (JT)

THE PROBE #5 (Aaron Muentz, PO Box 5068, Pleasanton CA 94566, \$4) Four bucks may seem like a lot for a fanzine, but not for The Probe. Besides the always amusing photos of naked breasts and erect penises, it's worth the price of admission to wallow in editor Aaron's rambling introductions and stumblebum live reviews, which include uproarious accounts of drunken bacchanals, strange sexual liaisons, beatings, arrests, and general tomfoolery. And there's even some music stuff in here too. Aaron Muentz is about as close as Generation X is going to come to its own Dr. Hunter S. Thompson - a belching, politically incorrect lunthead whose ravenous appetite for punk, pot, and pussy makes The Probe one of the most indispensable zines of our time. (JT)

PUNK PLANET #11 (PO Box 1711, Hoboken NJ 07030, \$2) I was at a Queers show in Boston recently and bumped into PP's Will Dandy. It was sort of like meeting Pinocchio face-to-face - I've always thought of the Punk Planetters as faceless email addresses and disembodied



zine geeks, not real people. So let me just say that Will was every bit as friendly, bright (and good looking, of course - zine editors are *such* studmuffins) as I had expected. And Punk Planet remains an energetic, engrossing and essential compilation of punk news and opinions, with layouts so nice that I'm always a little jealous every time I pick up a new issue. If this isn't part of your regular zine diet, you're starving your mind. (JT)

R.A.D. #4.21 (826 Old Charlotte Pike E, Franklin TN 37064; conmedia@aol.com; \$2) A printing

snafu delayed this Summer 95 issue into the late fall, by which point coverboys TechnoSquid Meets Parliament had broken up and most of the news was badly dated. But R.A.D.'s reviews are always well written and a little more expansive than most zines', and it as a clean, bright look that I enjoy leafing through. (JT)

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE #13 (RD 1, Box 3370, Starksboro VT 05487 \$2) No-frills typewritten zine with New Bomb Turks, Showcase Showdown, Red Aunts, lots of reviews, and some publicity photos of bands reprinted on glossy stock. (JT)

SCHTUFF #5 (Jason Schreuers, 7110 Westminster St, Powell River BC Canada V8A 1C6 \$1) One of the things I liked about this newsprint zine is that Jason gripes about all the things that drive me crazy doing a zine. But beyond that, this has a unique layout style and a good mix of music interviews and reviews, opinions, and non fiction. The Facepuller interview actually convinced me to give the band's CD another chance (still didn't like it, tho.) - Jim T.

SCRAWL #1 (PO Box 205, New York NY 10012, \$2) A gorgeous new zine from NYC's Lower East Side. Interviews with Alice Donut, Jennifer Convertible, Civ, Lunachicks, Karen Black, Ultra Bide, and more, plus reviews, plus eye-candy layouts and terrific photos (by one-time JB photog Sam Lahoz). Check it out. (JT)

SCREED #3 (Terry Burke, 3100 Markbreit Ave #2, Cincinnati OH 45209, \$2) A regional zine dedicated to Cincinnati's music scene: The main article is about women in local bands, along with profiles of some of them. Plus reviews of regional releases. (JT)

SNOT #5 (Box 1273, Buffalo NY 14213 \$1) Cool half-size zine dedicated to Buffalo's scene. Interview with the band Beat Poetica, scene report, plus short pieces on the Melvins and Lunachicks, and reviews. (JT)

SON OF SKAM #3 (Box 781, Granby Ct 06035 \$1) Slight halfpage zine. Interviews with NJ's own Thirsty, Brad of Rhetoric Records, cereal reviews, music reviews, and some opinion columns. (JT)

SOUND VIEWS #39 (96 Henry St #5W, Brooklyn NY 11201, \$2) New York City's scene zine hits its 5th birthday and includes a retrospective of past issues and covers to celebrate. Plus Girls Vs Boys, Lifetime, Inspector 7, Old, Shake Appeal, FF, and lots more. New York is still a horrible place to be a band but it's still a much better scene thanks to Sound Views. (JT)

STAIN #10 (PO Box 2501, Philadelphia PA 19147, \$3) A nice beefy issue, with articles on pro wrestling and hunting (pro.), moshing from a girl's point of view (anti.), and lots of band articles, include a white-trash-core 3-way extravaganza featuring AntiSeen, Cocknoose, and Rancid Vat, as well as more, um, traditional indie-rockers like Grover and the Lunachicks. Consistently well done and readable. (JT)

SUCK #9 (298 Oxford St, Rochester NY 14607 \$2) This issue is the Upstate NY DIY Database, a great resource for bands, labels, and zinesters. It includes listings of radio stations, bands, and zines. Plus there's the usual review section, and a nifty color cover. (JT)

TAPEWORM #2 (Jeff Pike, PO Box 19351, Seattle WA 98109, \$2) Here's an interesting

idea for a zine: readers put together compilation tapes, based on themes or moods or whatever inspires them, and Tapeworm prints the annotated track listings. It's not that different from the old "desert island discs" gambit but the results do provide some interesting insights into the obsessive personality (not to mention some good ideas for tapes, to wit, "Brian Eno's Ambient Music For being Around Stupid Drunk White People,") plus some trenchant essays ("Sing Out Nirvana Style," by Jack Thompson.) Jeff invites readers to send his IRS forms in with a tape for next issue. (JT)

TESTICLE PRESSURE Vol 9. #3 (176 Madison Ave 4th Fl, NY, NY 10016 \$4.00) zine that came with a 7" of which I either threw away or lost. This zine is a chore to read. Multi-colored pages, lot's of weird fonts. The only thing I bothered looking at were the Mike Diana comics, always worth a read. Interviews with the Melvins and Monster Magnet. Standard lot of zine/record reviews. Twisted and fun. (AS)

UNDERGROUND ZINE SCENE #4 (John Ridge, 6611 Milligan Rd, Cass City MI 48726) Like it says, a comprehensive listing of zines, with thumbnote reviews and contact addresses. While I appreciate the effort, I do have a quibble - the font they use is a fancy serif typeface that's hard on the eyes. (JT)

UNTITLED #1 (P.O. Box 607571, Chicago, IL 60626 \$2.00) Untitled adolescence angst pervading it's way into society with racism, socialism, and a healthy anti-everything attitude. Somewhere deep in the mind(s) of these editor(s) lurks a venomous devil impregnating these pages with a sobering look at life in the nineties. A mish-mash of imagery and words

that instill fear into even the most seasoned zine reader. I would title it, "Quiescent". Like the calm before the storm, but there is no calm. (AS)

UPSTATE #6 (283 Betsinger Rd, Sherrill NY 13461, \$2) Dave and Tracy are studying graphic design and it shows; this is one sharp looking zine, innovative but not twistily unreadable (ala Raygun and that ilk.) They contemplate Jawbreakers' navel, recommend some good books, review some records, rant a bit and write some fiction. Arty and interesting, and the fact that the editors aren't utterly obsessed with music is actually refreshing. (JT)

URBAN RAG #19 (Jon Ment, Box 272, Center Valley PA 18034, \$1) Jon Ment used to live in Brooklyn, play in bands, and release records. He has since shucked NYC for the PA suburbs but is still keeping his hand in music, as witness this latest issue of his reviews-only zine, Urban Rag. (JT)

VELOCITY NYC #1 (Shawn Collins, 97 Lexington Ave #5a, NYC 10016, \$2) The editor is a freshman experiencing college and NYC for the first time. This zine is a collection of short pieces detailing his experiences, from buying fireworks in Chinatown to poems about riding the subways, to a think piece on scalpers. Some of it is a bit too self-consciously collegiate but I found most of this amusing. (JT)

YOU COULD DO WORSE #5 (P.O. Box 74647, Cedar Rapids, IA 52407 \$3.00) Mary Lou Lord, Guided by Voices, Goo Goo Dolls, Steelpole Bathub, Milk, etc. The other 80% is all reviews. Some nice comics. Layout is groovy. Yeah, you COULD do worse. (AS)

BACK ISSUES

#46 (Summer 1992) 10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE; False Prophets: A History Of NY Hardcore, Firehose, Lester Bangs interview, Trusty, Sweet Lizard Illt, L7

#47 (Fall 1992) & #48 (Winter 1993) SOLD OUT

#49 (Summer 1993) NEW JERSEY: A State Of The State Report; Whatever Happened To Hoboken?, New Brunswick Scene Report, South Jersey -White Trash Heaven, NJ Hip Hop, Hardcore Scene Report by Mat Gard, Black Train Jack, Sons Of Elvis

#50 (Winter 1994) GIRLS AGAINST BOYS, Nudeswirl, Garden Variety, G.G. Allin obituary, Cucumbers, New York's Club Scene: A Special Report

#51 (Spring/Summer 1994) IS PUNK DEAD? The Selling Of Punk: Green Day, Jawbox, Lawrence Livermore, Kurt Cobain obituary, Sinkhole

#52 (Fall/Winter 1994) NEW BANDS ISSUE: The Figgs, Deadguy, Bouncing Souls, Madball, Ex-Vegas, WOOL, Sound Advice, lots more

#53 (Winter 1995) MAKING IT IN NEW YORK: A Special Report on the special problems and challenges faced by bands in NYC - interviews with Quicksand, Jeff Buckley, Xanax 25, plus an in-depth interview with punk legend Mike Watt, plus local bands, reviews, photos, columns, etc.

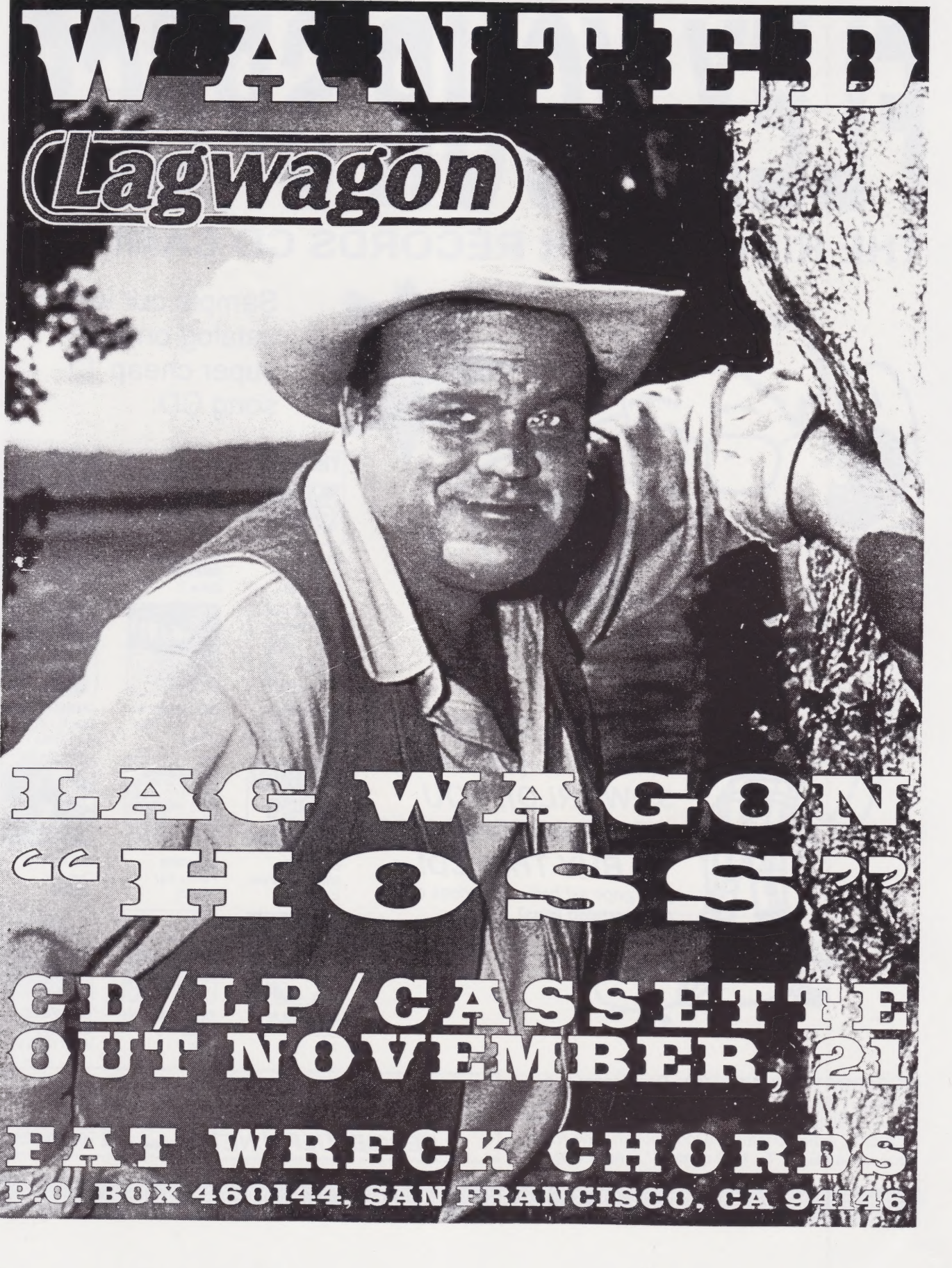
#54 (Summer 1995) THE DO-IT-YOURSELF ISSUE: Tips on DIY projects like recording at home, putting on shows in your basement, running a DIY labels, & publishing a fanzine, including interviews with local notables who Do It Themselves; American Standard interview, NJ Hardcore Scene update, the usual reviews, photos, columns, and so on.

#55 (Winter 1995) THE OLD PUNKS ISSUE: Into Another, Circle Jerks, ALL, Jawbreaker, Civ, a really old Green Day interview, plus all that crap you've come to love & expect.

ALL BACK ISSUES ARE \$2 POSTPAID. SEND CASH OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO JIM TESTA TO: JERSEY BEAT, 418 GREGORY AVE, WEEHAWKEN NJ 07087

WANTED

Lagwagon



LAG WAGON
"HOSS"

CD/LP/CASSETTE
OUT NOVEMBER, 21

FAT WRECK CHORDS

P.O. BOX 460144, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146

FLEX YOUR SPECS

THE RINGING EAR RECORDS CD SAMPLER



\$3 CD!

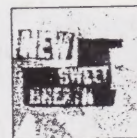
Sample our entire catalog on one super cheap 12-song CD:

AT ONLY \$3 POST-PAID U.S. (\$4 CAN., \$5 WORLD), YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO BUY THIS CD!

(see price list below for prices on other catalog titles)



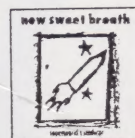
THE A.G.'S
This Earth Sucks CD



NEW SWEET BREATH
Silka 7"



HUFFY
Anything Goes 7"



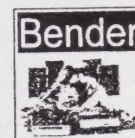
NEW SWEET BREATH
Super-Sound... CD/CS



DOC HOPPER
Ask Your Mom CD/LP



QUEERS/SINKHOLE
Love Ain't Punk 7"



BENDER
Music For Four Ears 7"



BENDER
Funny Kar CD/CS



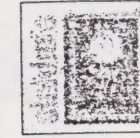
BUGJUICE
Que Va! CD/CS



SINKHOLE
Donkey 7"



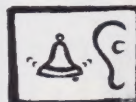
DOC HOPPER
Aloha CD/LP



SINKHOLE
Groping For Trout CD/CS

WE CARRY THIS STUFF TOO: Doc Hopper and Sinkhole T-Shirts (XL only), Sinkhole *Space Freak* CD/LP, Sinkhole *Tumble Mat 7"*, Doc Hopper *Chaser 7"*, Atomic Action comp. 7" (Doc Hopper), The A.G.'s *Because A Mind... 7"*, THD comp. 7" (The A.G.'s).

**9 MAPLECREST
NEWMARKET, NH 03857
RER@BLUEFIN.NET**



**Ringing
Ear
Records**

PRICES: SHIRT \$10, CD \$9, LP \$7, CS \$5, 7" \$3.50 PPD. U.S. OTHERS ADD POSTAGE.